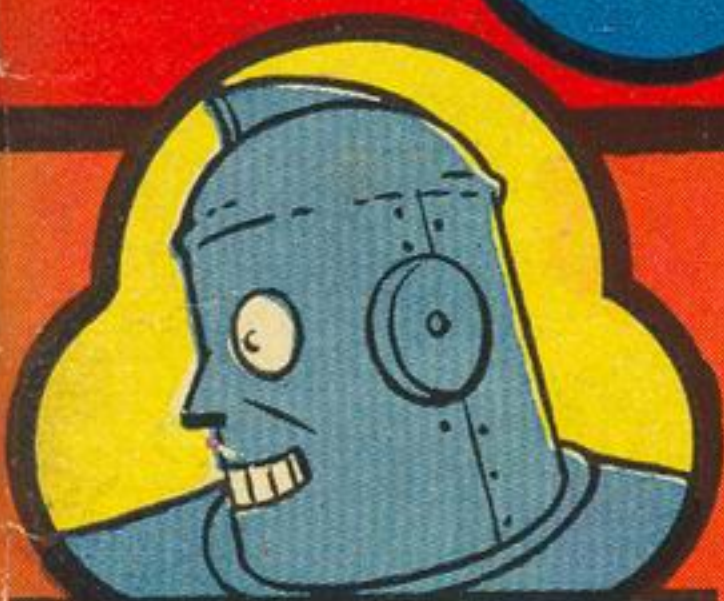


APRIL

No. 9

10¢

SMASH COMICS



BOZO THE ROBOT



WINGS WENDALL



INVISIBLE HOOD



CLIP CHANCE



Starring
ESPIONAGE
WITH THE BLACK 'X'

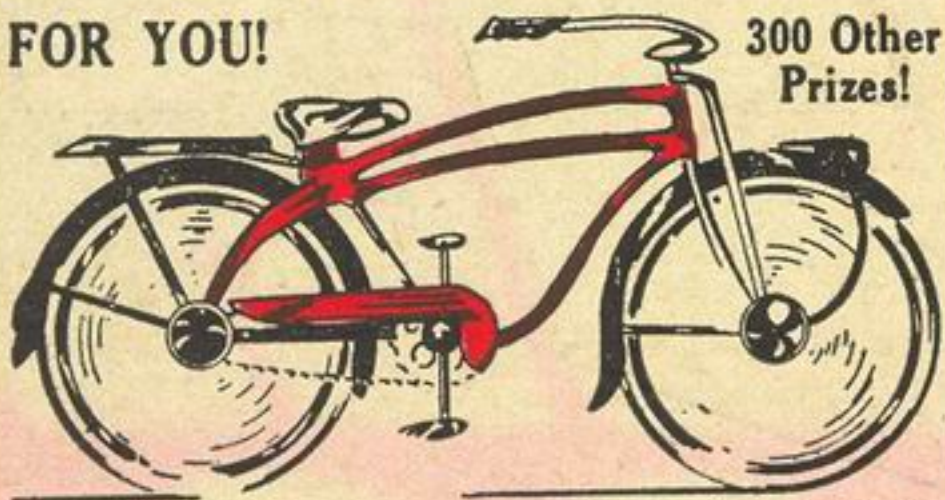
ABDUL THE ARAB, CHIC CARTER, WUN CLOO,
ARCHIE O'TOOLE, CAPTAIN COOK, PHILPOT VEEP,
JOHN LAW, FLASH FULTON & SMALL STUFF
64 PAGES
OF ADVENTURE, THRILLS AND HUMOR...



WEB COMIC
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STREAMLINED BIKE FOR YOU!



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**MAIL
COUPON
TODAY**

LOUIS STRAKES
WAS A SANDWICH MAN
IN A NEW YORK REST-
AURANT.... BY ACCIDENT, HE
FOUND THAT UNUSUAL
CARICATURES COULD BE
MADE WITH
COMMON
TOAST...



Money for Toast!

**STRAKES IS NOW KEPT VERY
BUSY CREATING HIS FUNNY
FIGURES FOR MANY PURPOSES,
AND EARNS A NICE INCOME
FROM IT...**

ALLEN

ESPIONAGE

STARRING BLACK X



"OUR MIGHTY LEGIONS WILL SWEEP EUROPE," CRY GOLD-CLAD WAR LORDS... ..AND THEIR GREY PUPPETS RISE WEARILY TO SHED BLOOD FOR A BIT OF TIN, A HERO'S GRAVE, OR FOR FALSE "ISMS" OF HATE.



AND NOW MAN HAS LEARNED TO FORGE NEW WEAPONS FOR WAR.



FROM THE SKY HE RAINS DEATH— WHILE ACROSS THE SHELL-POCKED LAND, RIDE THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF DEATH...



EVEN BENEATH THE SEAS, MAN IS LOCKED IN STRUGGLE WITH WEIRD INSTRUMENTS OF DESTRUCTION.



AND IN AMERICA, THE CITADEL OF MAN'S GREATEST GIFT TO CIVILIZATION.

LOOK AT THOSE PEOPLE RUSHING DOWN INTO THE SUBWAY.



IN EUROPE, THEY RUSH INTO A BOMB SHELTER LIKE THAT- IT'S GOOD TO LIVE IN AMERICA..IN PEACE!



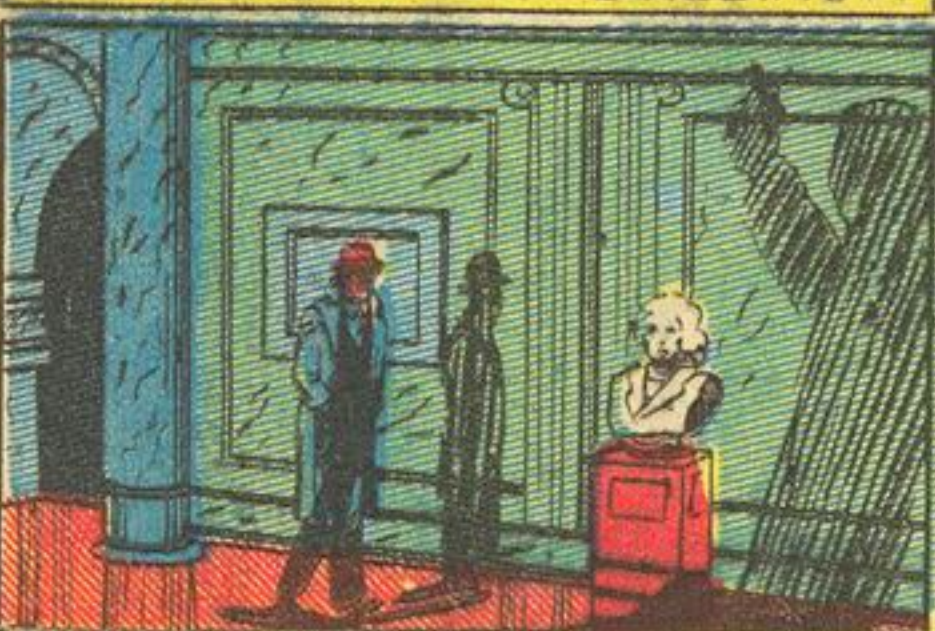
AS **BLACK X** ENTERS HIS APARTMENT THE DESK LAMP FLICKERS A SIGNAL...



A SECRET PANEL SLIDES BACK REVEALING A PHONE.



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE TALL FORM OF THE FAMOUS SECRET AGENT STRIDES BRISKLY DOWN THE MARBLE HALL OF A GOVERNMENT BUILDING.



SUDDENLY...



IN AN INSTANT **BLACK X** LEAPS INTO ACTION.



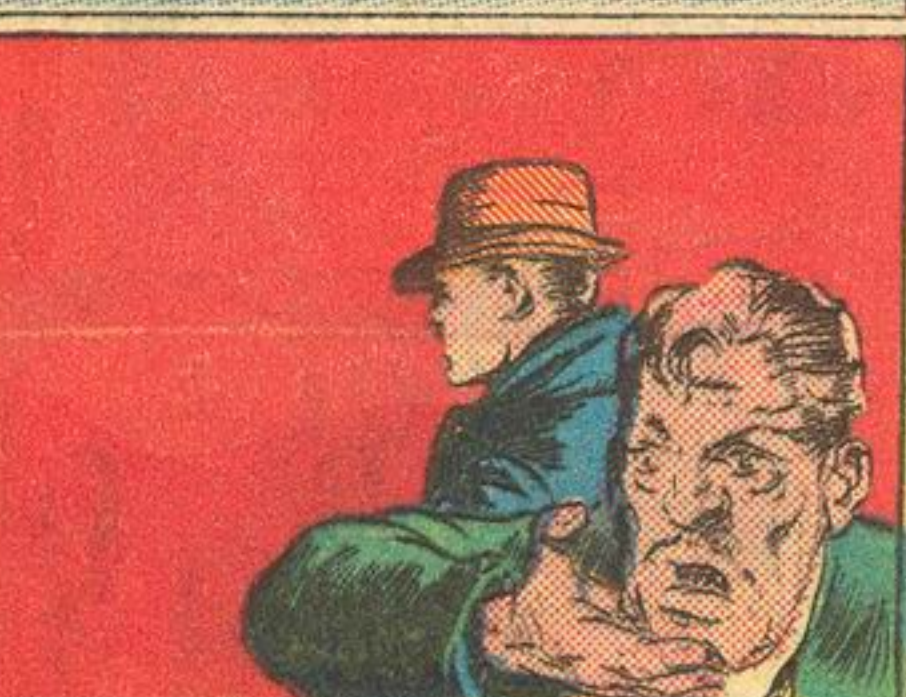
THROWING KNIVES! TSK-TSK-A BAD BUSINESS!



ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE, **BLACK X**'S CHIEF SUDDENLY APPEARS IN A DOORWAY...



SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY WHEN **BLACK X** TURNS, THE CAPTIVE HASTILY SWALLOWS A CAPSULE...



WITH AN EERIE GRUNT, HE STRAIGHTENS, AND AS HE SINKS TO THE GROUND, HIS FACE WITHERS TO A SKULL.



BEWILDERED, THE GOVERNMENT AGENTS CARRY THE CORPSE TO A LABORATORY AS BATU ARRIVES



STRANGE - ALMOST LIKE A COMIC MAGAZINE STORY!

BUT FAR MORE GRIM! BATU, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

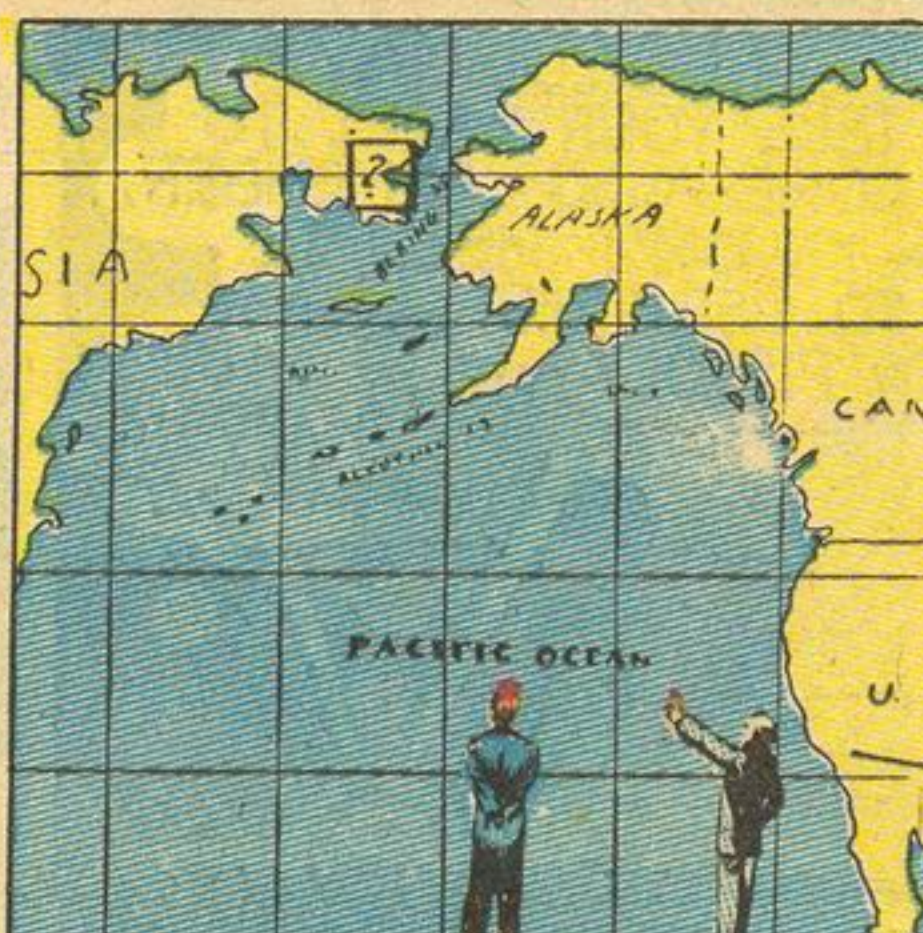


HAVE HEARD OF SUCH THING - IN INDIA THERE IS ANCIENT LEGEND TELLING OF HERB FOUND IN NORTHERN SIBERIA THAT TURN MEN TO SKELETON AND KILL - VERY RARE..



THAT REMINDS ME OF WHAT I CALLED YOU DOWN FOR - I'VE A NEW CASE FOR YOU THAT MAY TIE UP WITH THIS WEIRD CORPSE-- COME INTO THE CHART ROOM...

IT'S CERTAINLY AN INTERESTING START!



SEE THAT SQUARE MARKED OFF UP THERE? ONE OF OUR FLIERS REPORTED SEEING CAMOUFLAGED GUN EMPLACEMENTS SOMEWHERE ON THAT COAST - IT WAS SO FOGGY, HE COULD NOT DETERMINE HIS EXACT LOCATION..

- FRANKLY, THE STATE DEPARTMENT IS WORRIED - GUNS ON THE SIBERIAN COAST!

THEN YOU FEAR A RUSSIAN INVASION OF ALASKA?

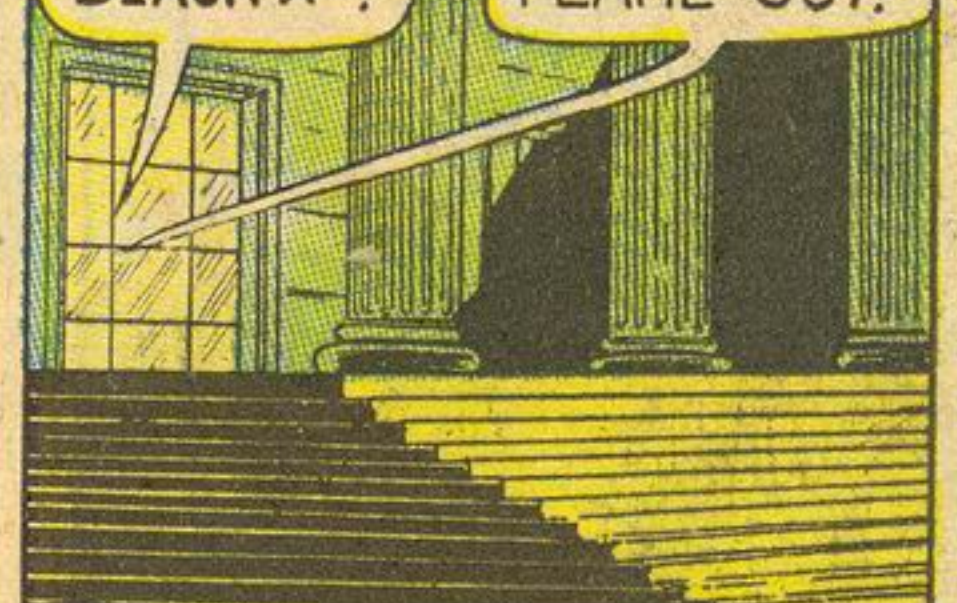


NO, SOMETHING OR SOMEONE FAR DEADLIER - WE IN WASHINGTON HAVE GOOD REASON TO BELIEVE THAT AN UNKNOWN POWER THREATENS THE SAFETY AND SECURITY OF THE UNITED STATES. I HAVE NO OTHER INFORMATION - ALL YOU HAVE TO WORK ON IS WHAT I'VE TOLD YOU...



WHAT'S YOUR FIRST MOVE, BLACK X?

TO ALASKA - I'LL TAKE THE NEXT PLANE OUT!



SOMEWHERE OVER CANADA.

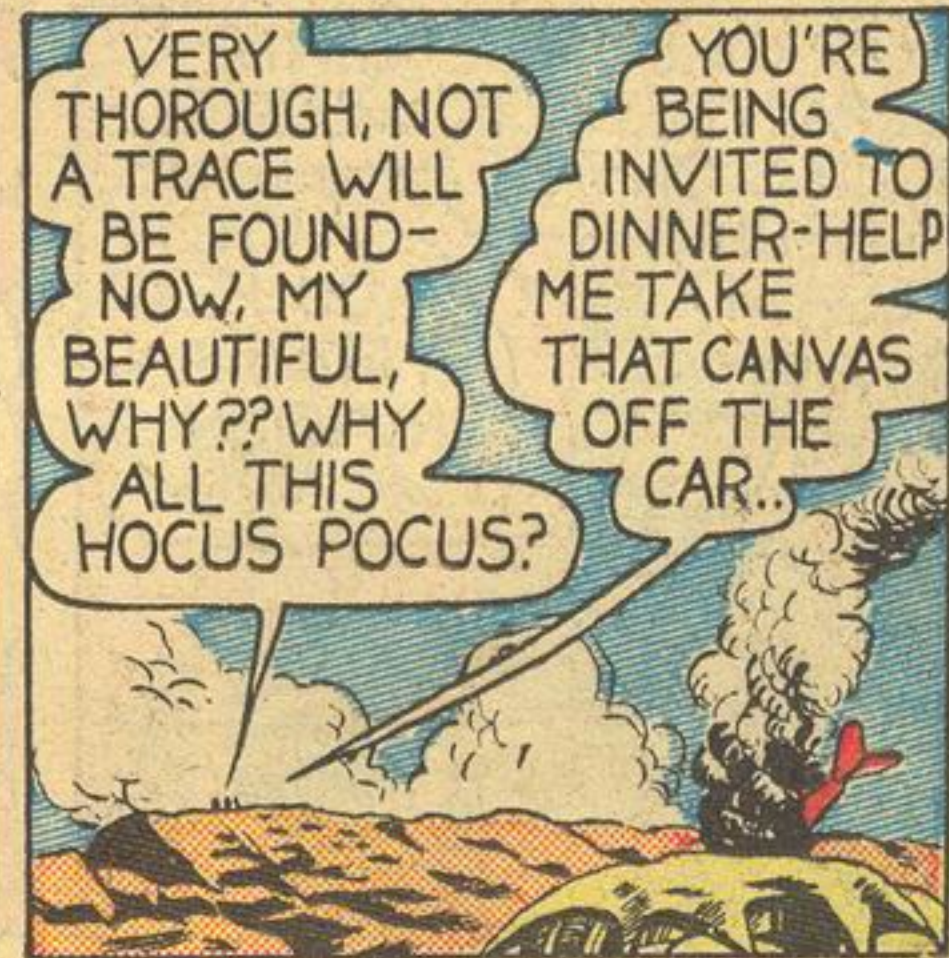
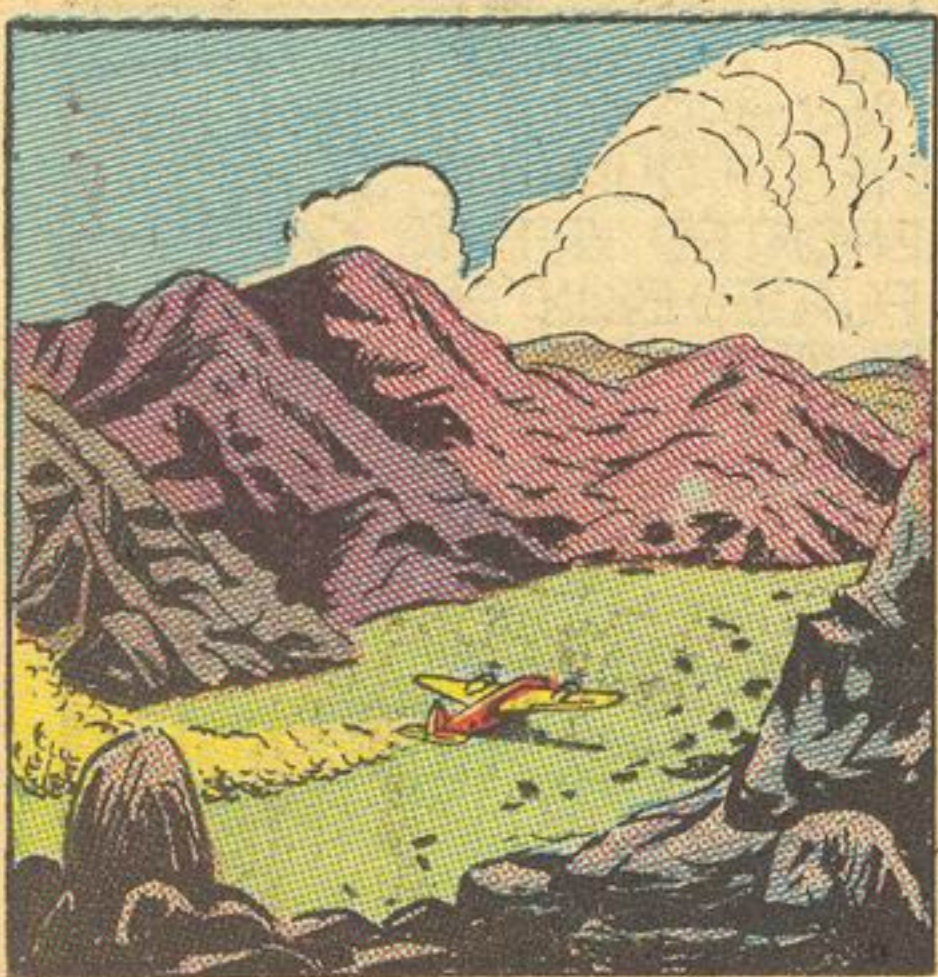
IT SEEMS TO ME WE'RE CHANGING OUR COURSE - ASK THE HOSTESS -

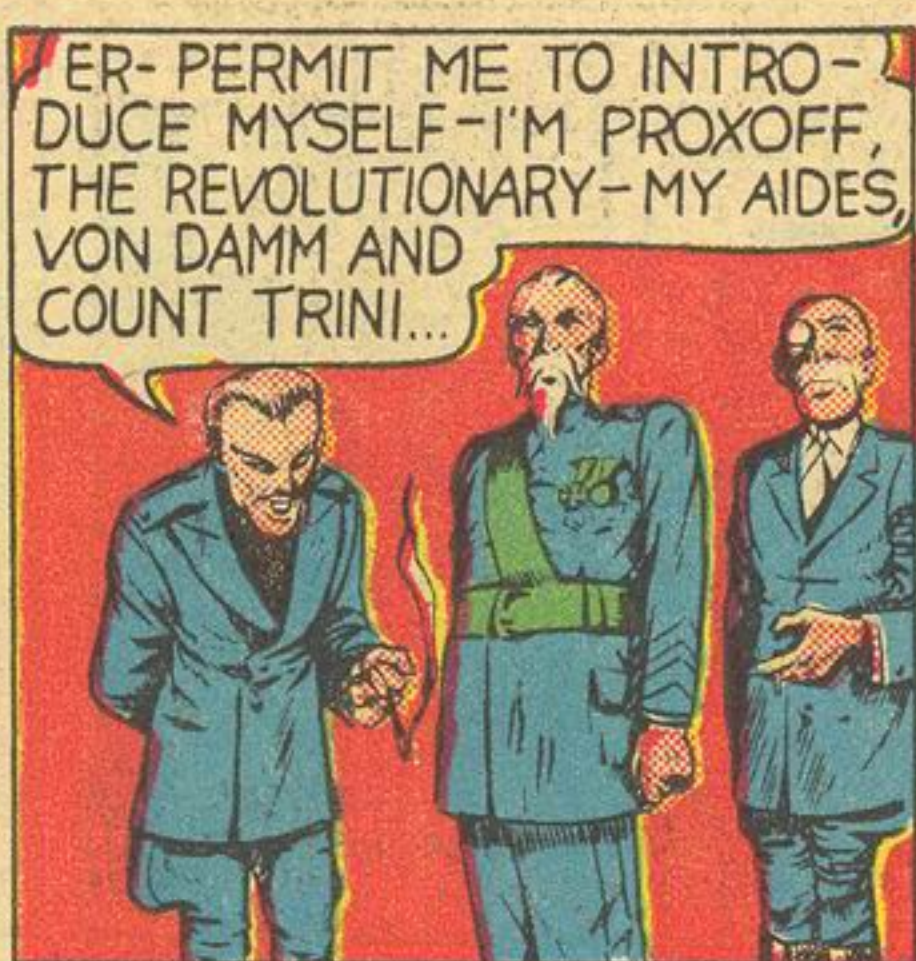
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY.



YOU WILL ALL PLEASE REMAIN SEATED - YOU WILL CONSIDER YOURSELVES PRISONERS... THE FIRST TO MAKE A FALSE MOVE WILL BE SHOT!

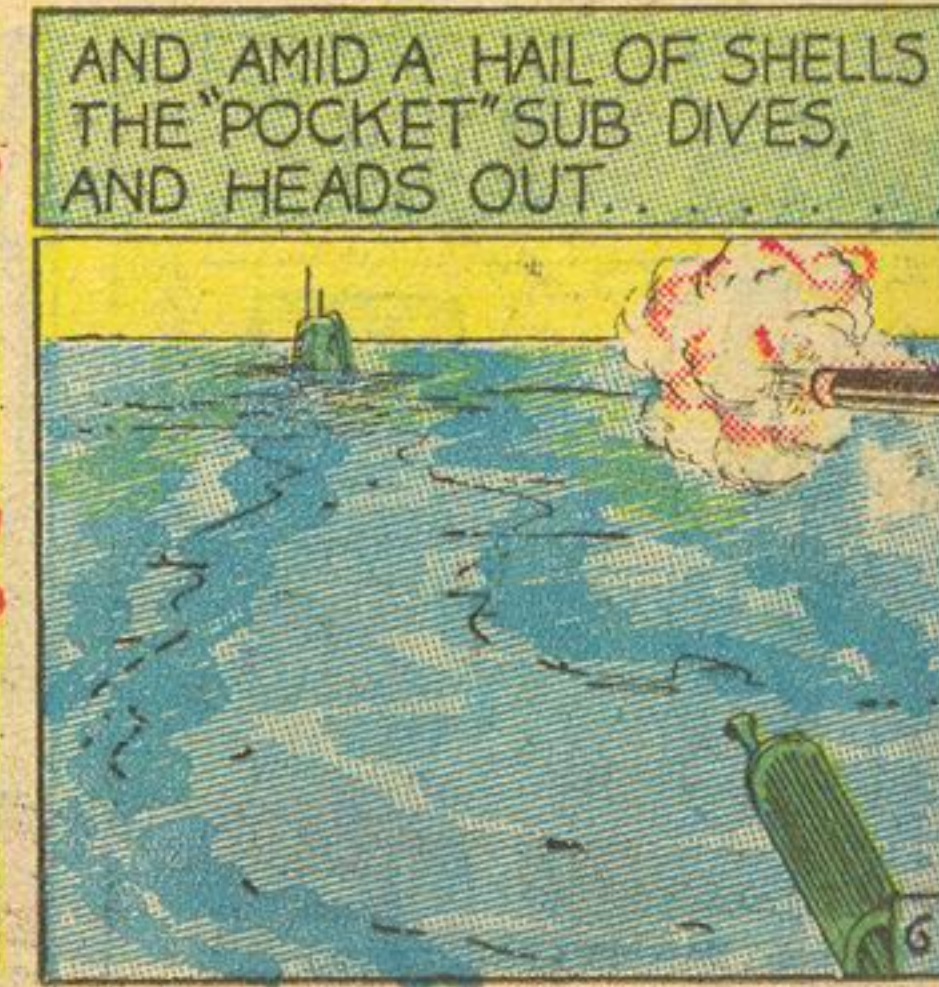
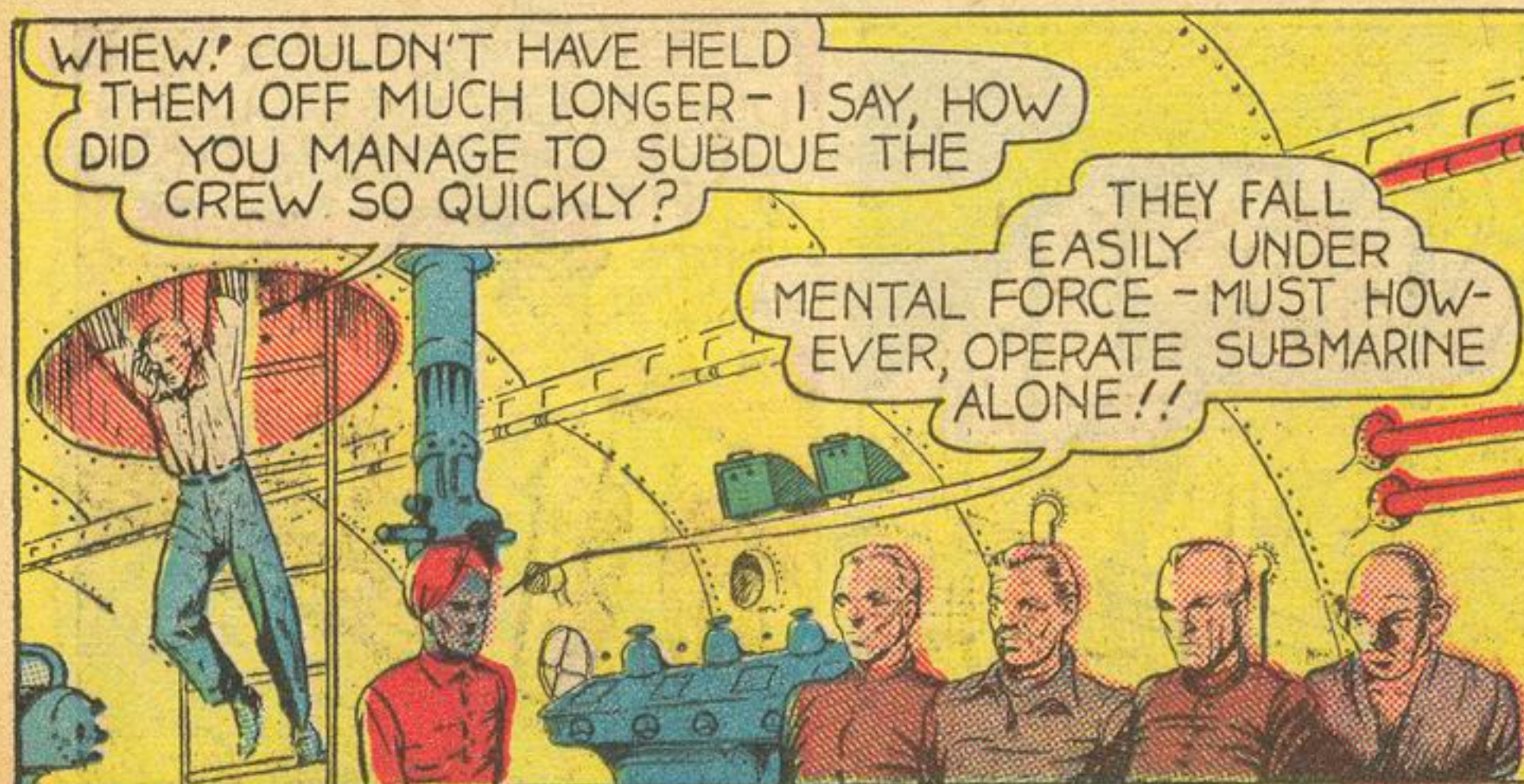
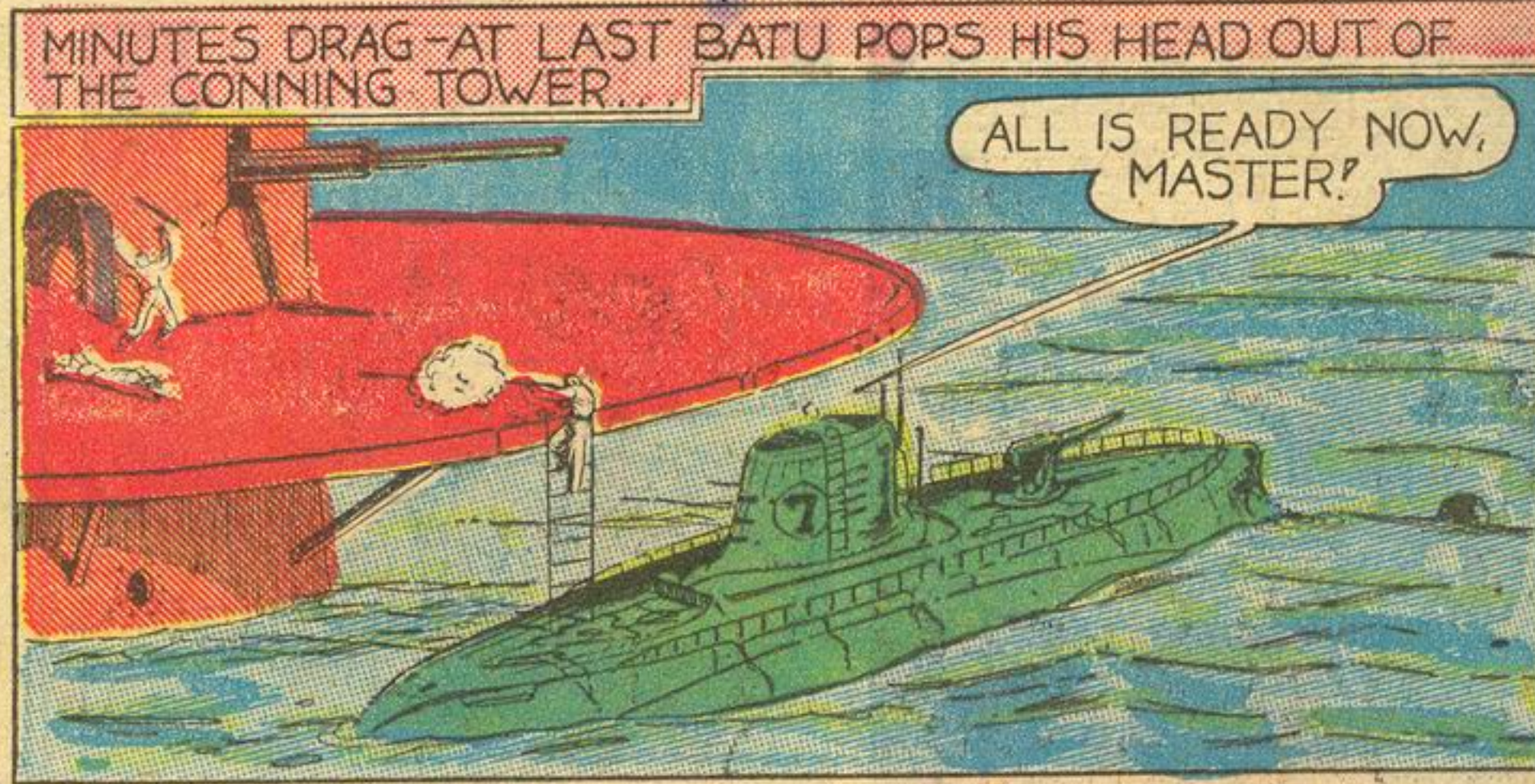
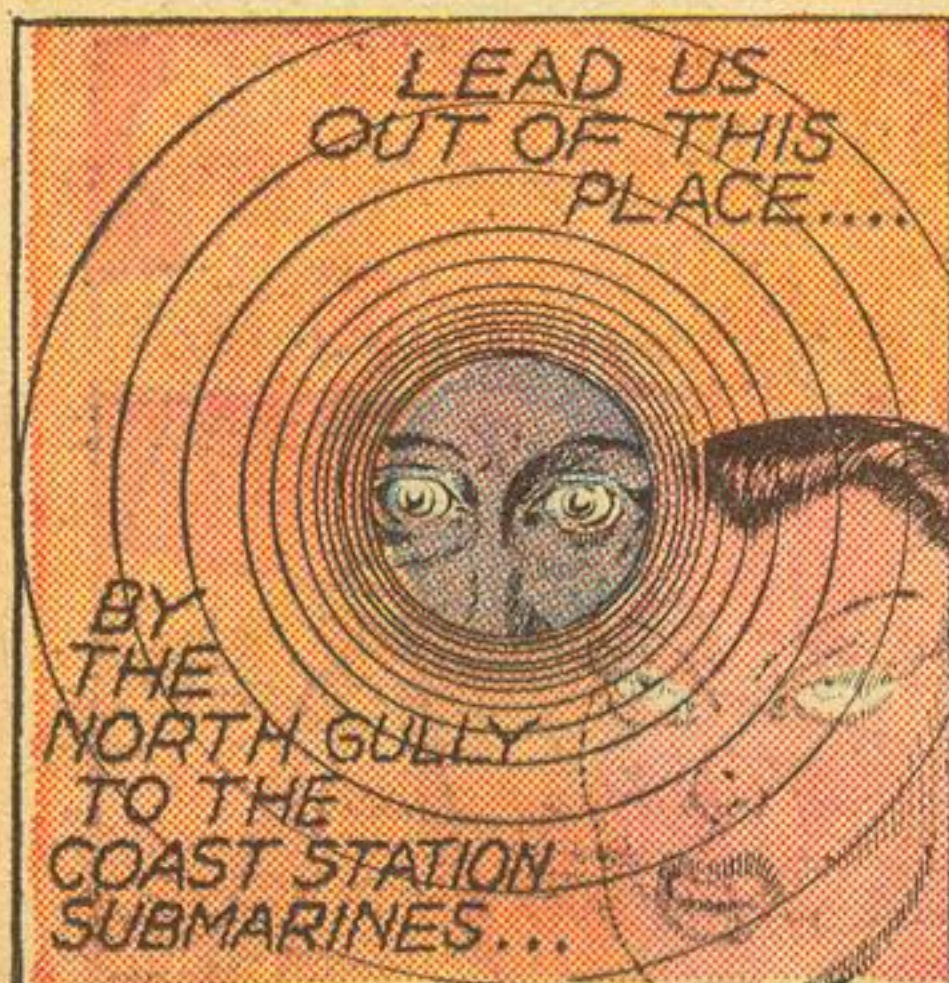


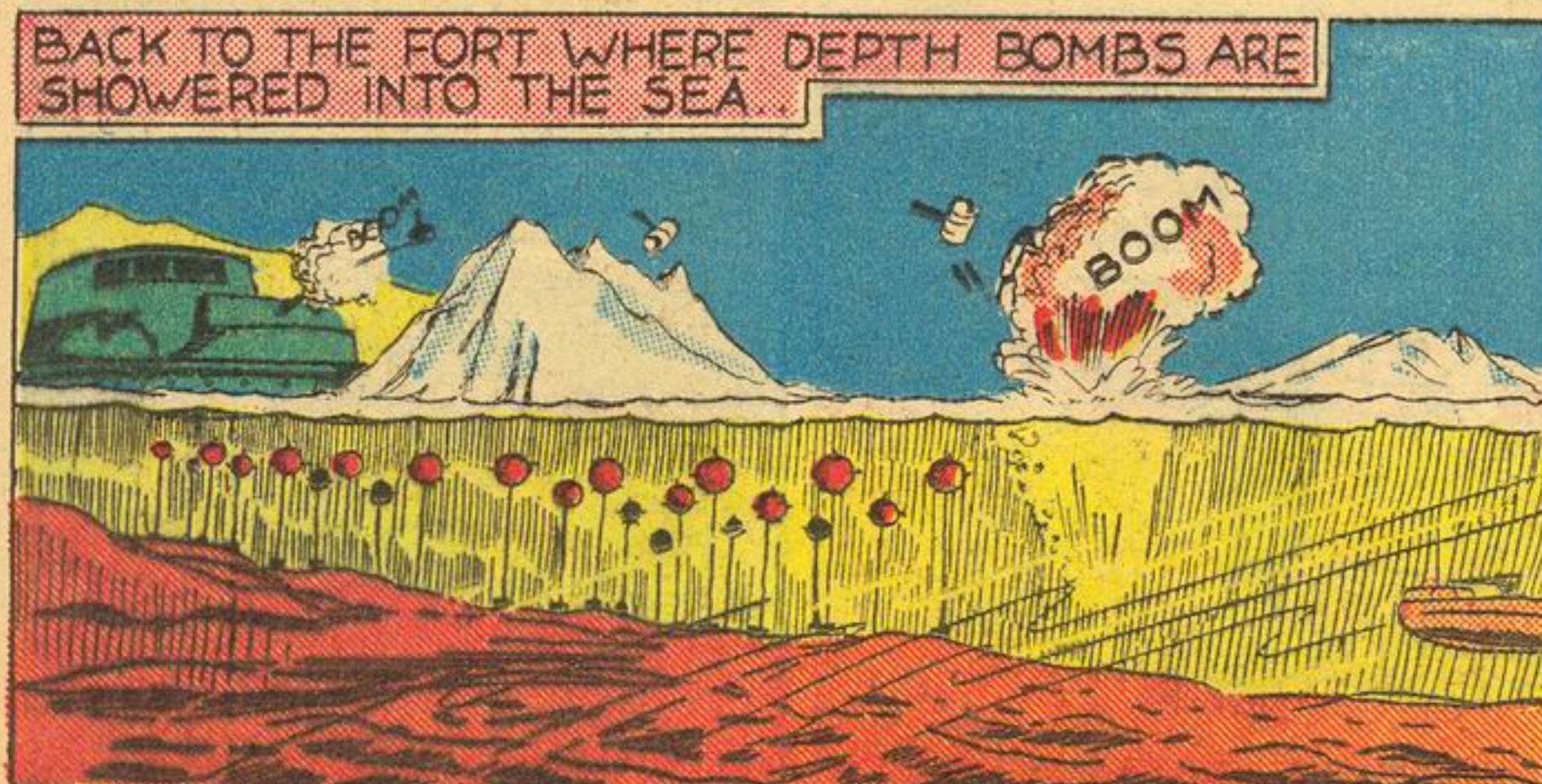
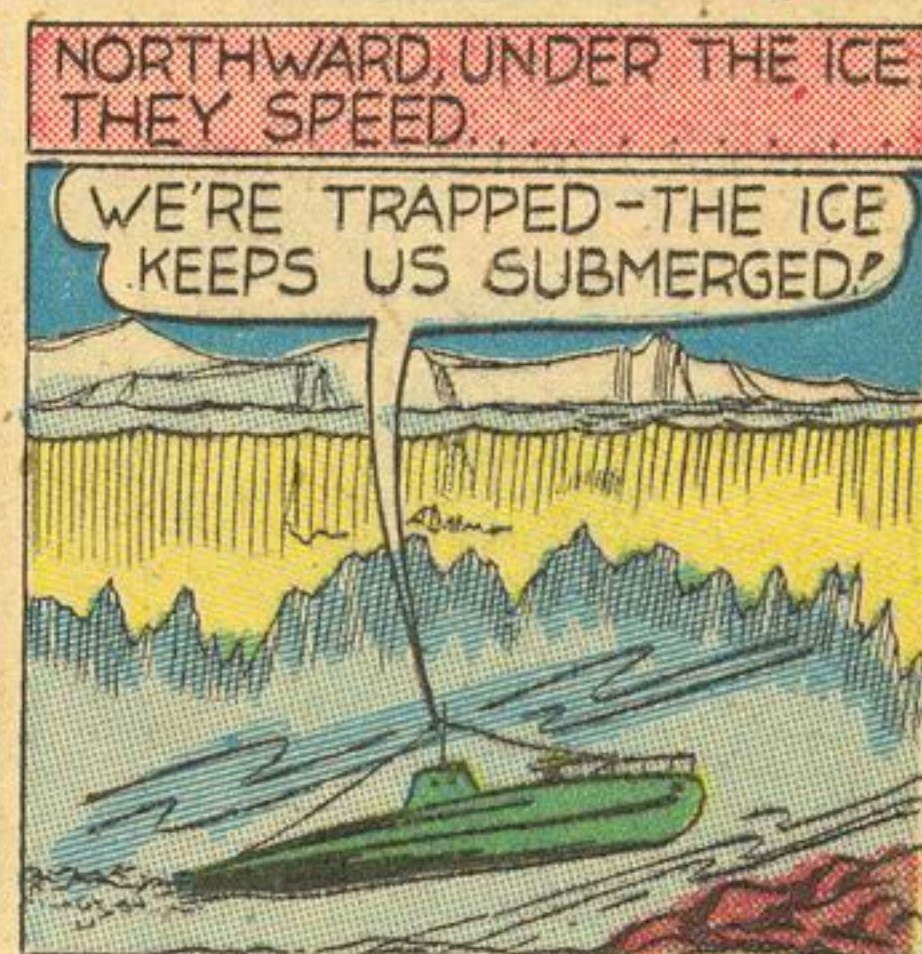




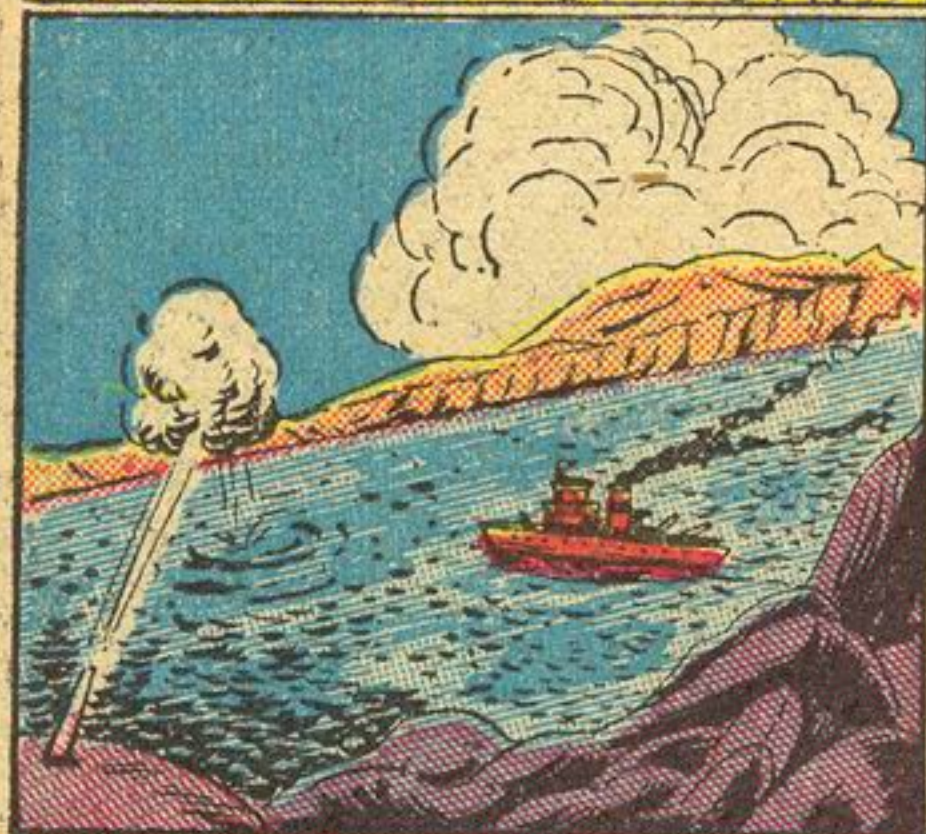
ONCE IN THEIR ROOM, BLACK X AND BATU PLAN AN ESCAPE...



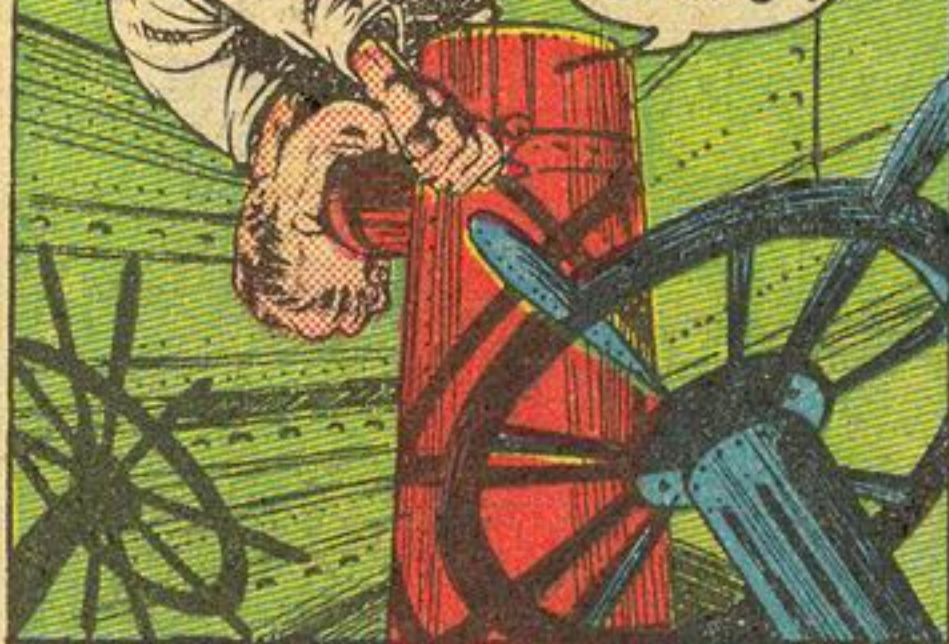




A GREY SUBCHASER
STEAMS OUT OF PORT..



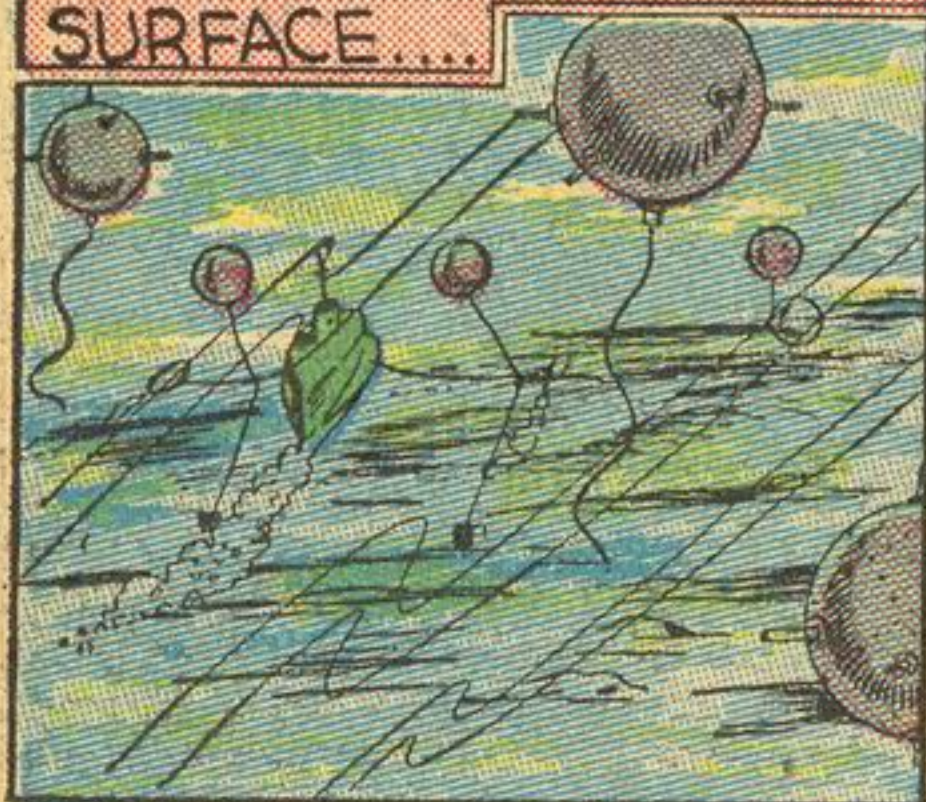
GOT TO STOP THAT
CUTTER...ARE THE
PARVANES CUTTING
LOOSE THOSE MINES,
BATU?



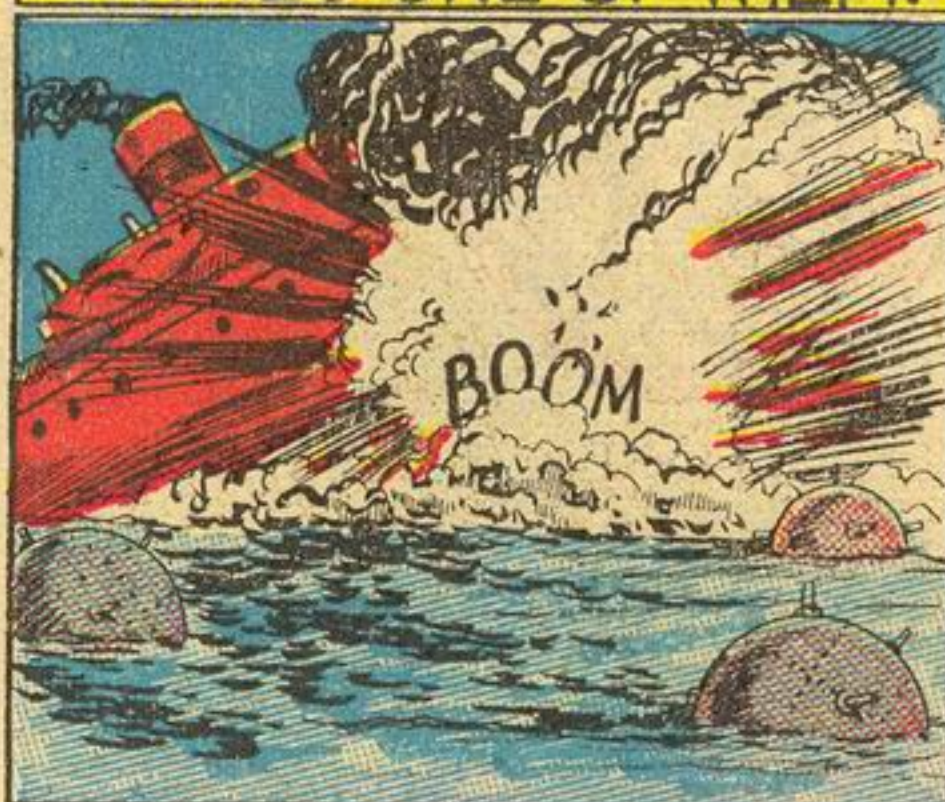
YES, MASTER.



ONE BY ONE, THE FREED
MINES FLOAT TO THE
SURFACE....



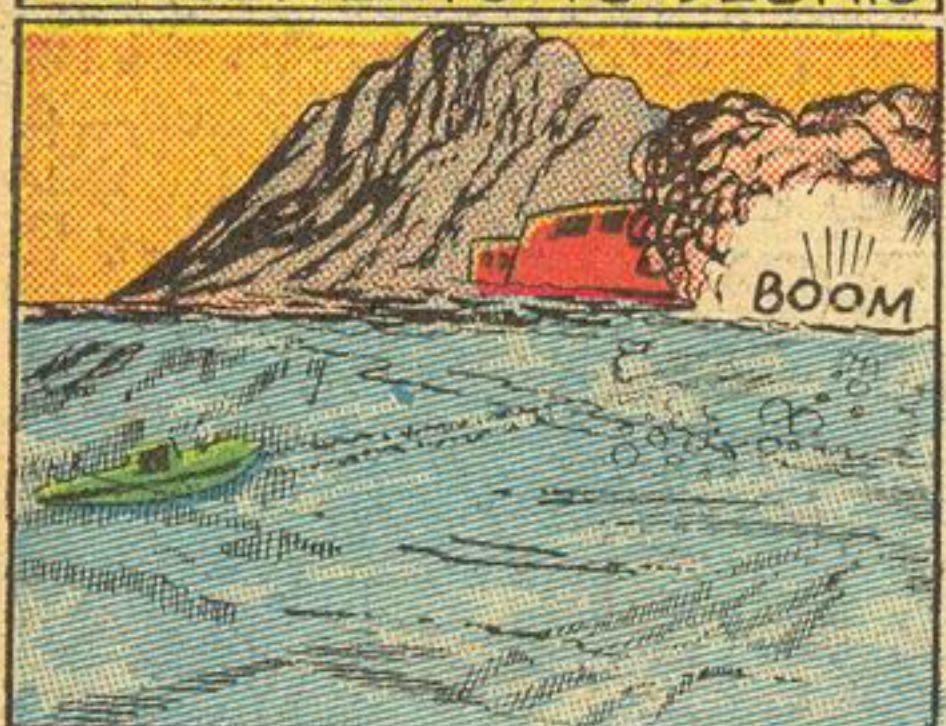
AND THE CUTTER'S BOW
STRIKES ONE OF THEM!



CONFUSION FOLLOWS
AT THE FORT.



A WELL-PLACED TORPEDO
REDUCES THE GUN EM-
PLACEMENTS TO DEBRIS



THE SUB NOSES TO THE
SURFACE.



PLACE ONE IN THE
DIRECTION
TOWER!



PROXOFF IS CAUGHT IN
THE WRECKAGE!

THE AMERICAN DOG! MY
DREAMS OF EMPIRE ARE
SHATTERED!



NO REPLY...I'M GOING
IN TO GET PROXOFF..
HE'D BE A NICE TROPHY
FOR THE CHIEF!



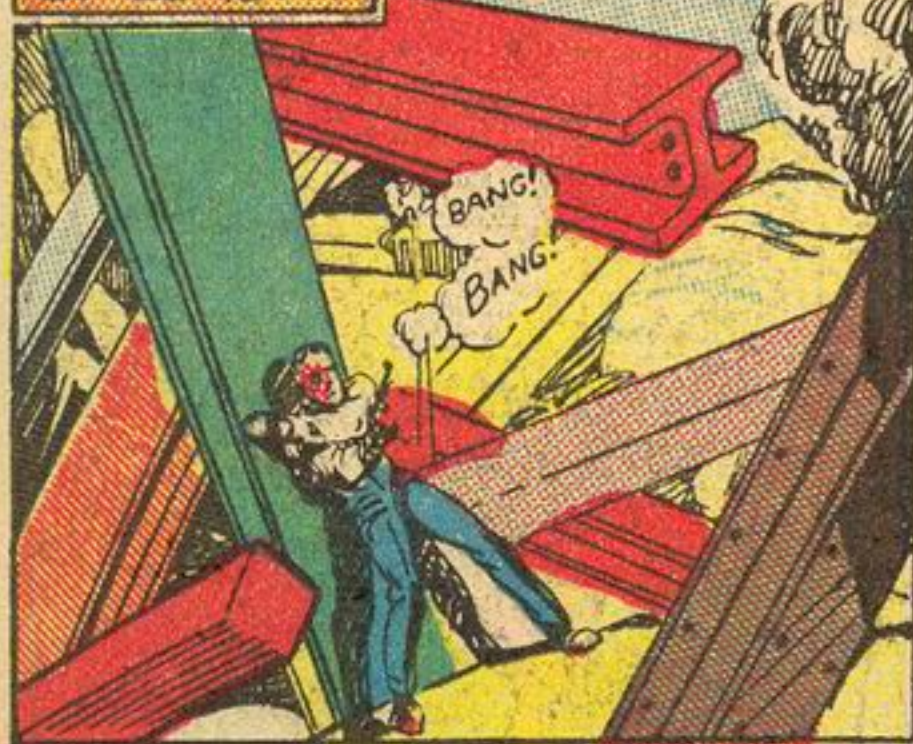
THROUGH SMOKING RUINS
BLACK X PICKS HIS WAY...



MY FORTS ARE RUINED. MY
MEN ARE DEAD. I HAD THE
WORLD IN MY GRASP...
BUT FOR YOU!!



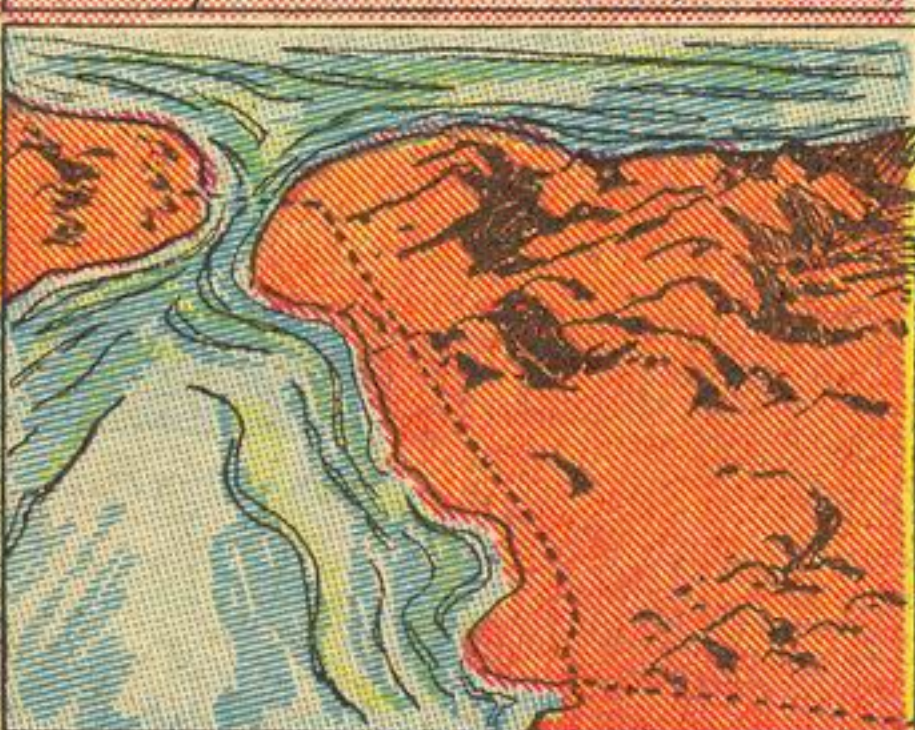
WITH FRACTIONS TO SPARE,
BLACK X SIDESTEPS THE HAIL
OF LEAD...



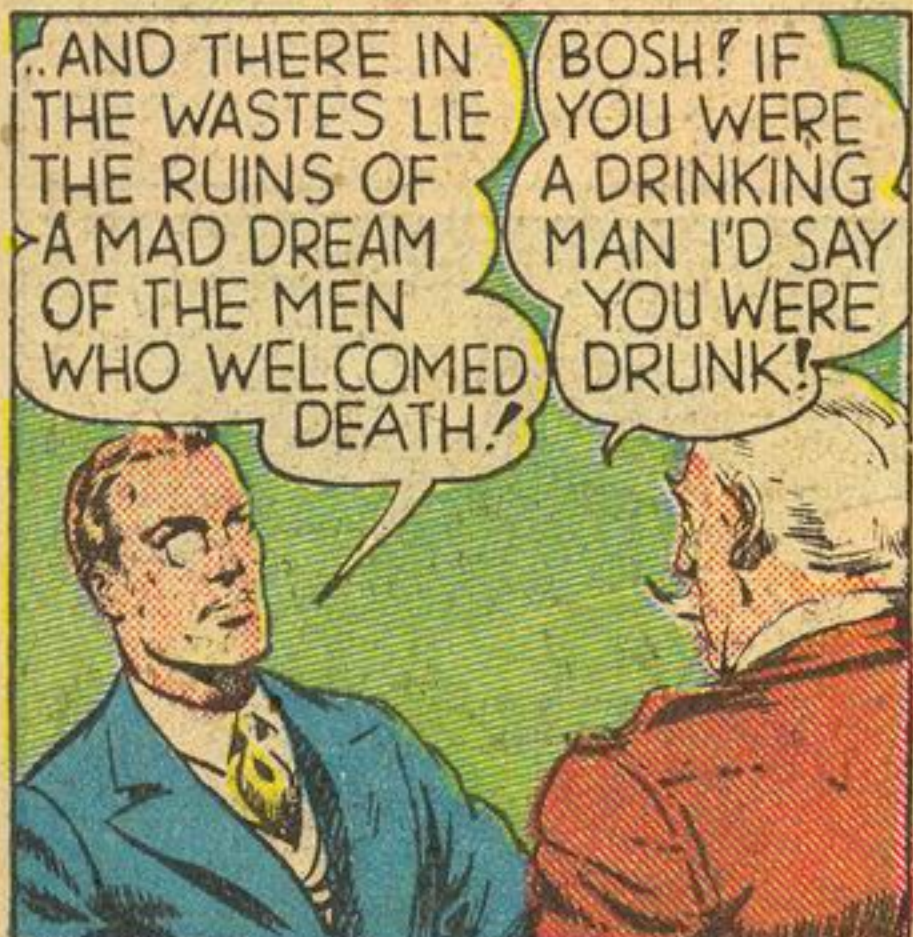
BUT WITH A VISIBLE EFFORT
PROXOFF HASTILY SWALLOWS
A CAPSULE OF THE STRANGE
POISON!



ACROSS THE BERING STRAITS,
DOWN ALONG THE WIND-SWEPT
COAST, BATU AND BLACK X RETURN.



AND IN WASHINGTON, D.C.
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER BLACK
X STRIDES INTO HIS FAVORITE
RESTAURANT...



ABDUL THE ARAB

ABDUL AND HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT, HASSAN, ARE ASKED BY THE BRITISH POLICE TO RUN DOWN AND CAPTURE THE KHABIB GANG -- A TRIO OF NOTORIOUS DESERT ROBBERS -----

CAPTAIN KING, I WAS ONLY ABLE TO CAPTURE ONE OF THE KHABIB GANG -- THE OTHERS ESCAPED--

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, ABDUL--



WE CAN MAKE THIS DEVIL TALK AND THE ARREST OF THE OTHERS WILL BE BUT A MATTER OF TIME--



I THINK NOT -- AS THIS SON OF A DOG HAS NO TONGUE--



--AND NOW, HASSAN AND I WILL CONTINUE OUR SEARCH FOR KHABIB HIMSELF--

GOOD LUCK TO YOU BOTH--



MEANWHILE--IN KHABIB'S CAMP--

WE MUST GET THIS PIG, ABDUL, BEFORE HE GETS US--



WE WILL LURE HIM TO US--



--BY CAMPING NEAR A WATER HOLE --HE KNOWS WE WILL NOT BE FAR FROM WATER, SO WE MAKE CAMP NEAR IT!



TO BE SURE HE SEE US WE BUILD A FIRE -- HE SEE SMOKE AND COME TO INVESTIGATE, AND THEN WE HAVE HIM--

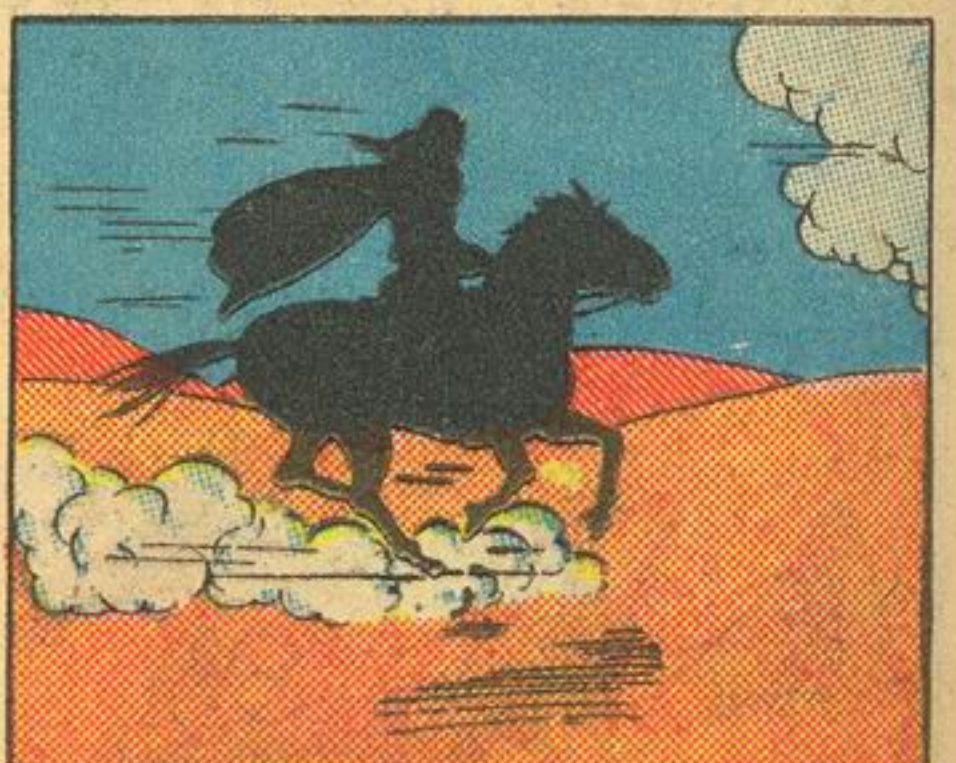


WHILE BACK IN THE CITY--

HASSAN-- GO BACK AND GET SUPPLIES FOR TWO DAYS -- I WILL GO ON ALONE AND MEET YOU LATER ALONG THE WATER ROUTE --



AND UNKNOWINGLY, ABDUL RIDES STRAIGHT FOR KHABIB'S TRAP--



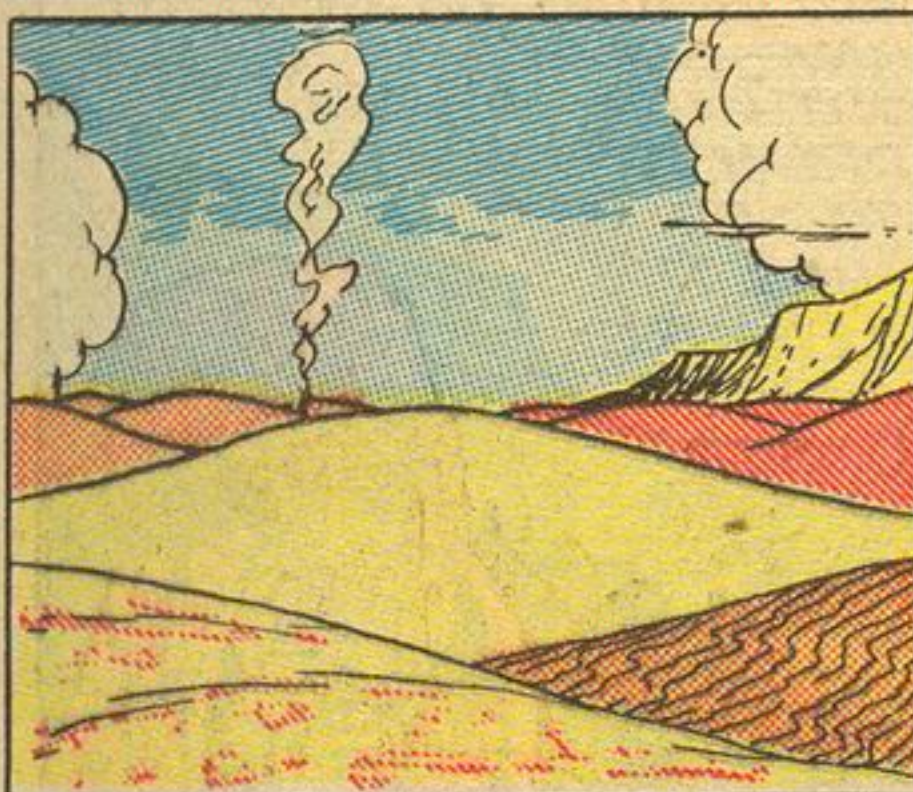
THE TWO ROBBERS HAVE THE TRAP SET AND WAITING --



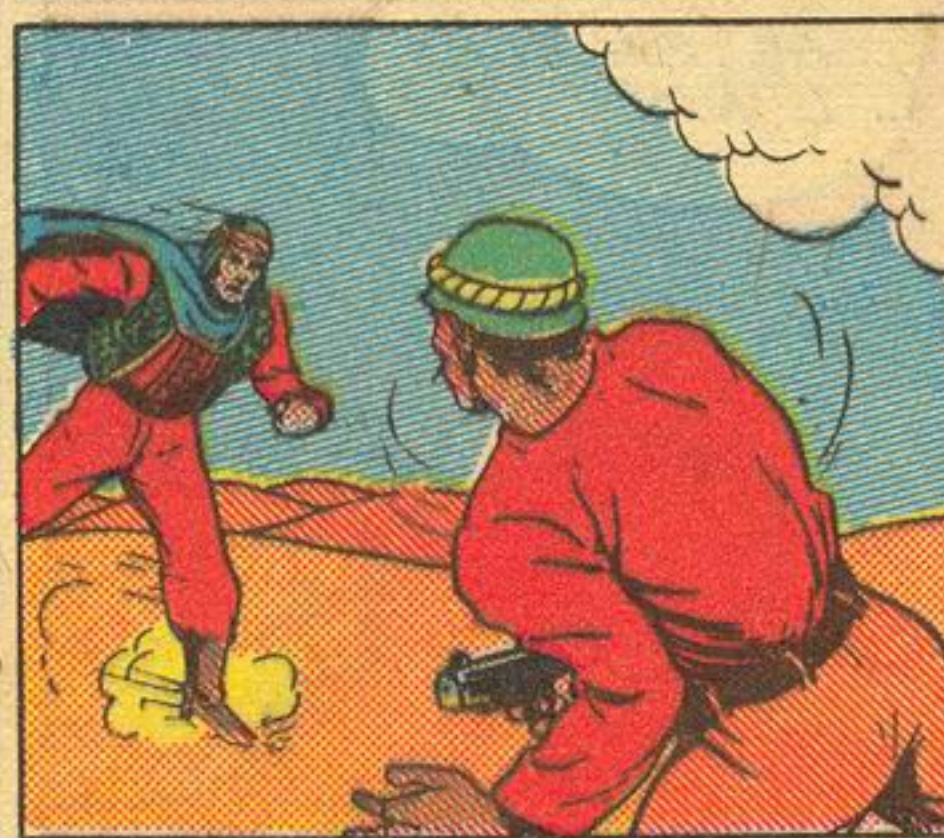
AND NOT FAR AWAY, ABDUL SCANS THE HORIZON FROM A HIGH CLIFF --

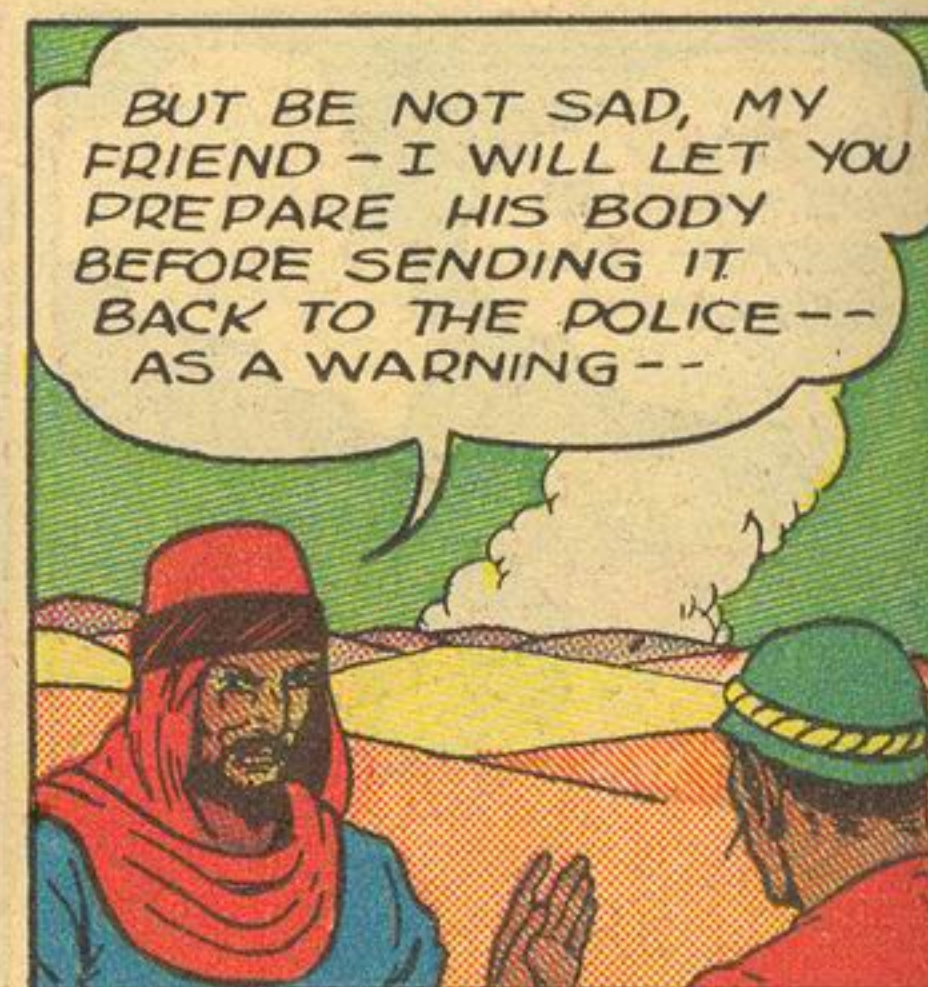
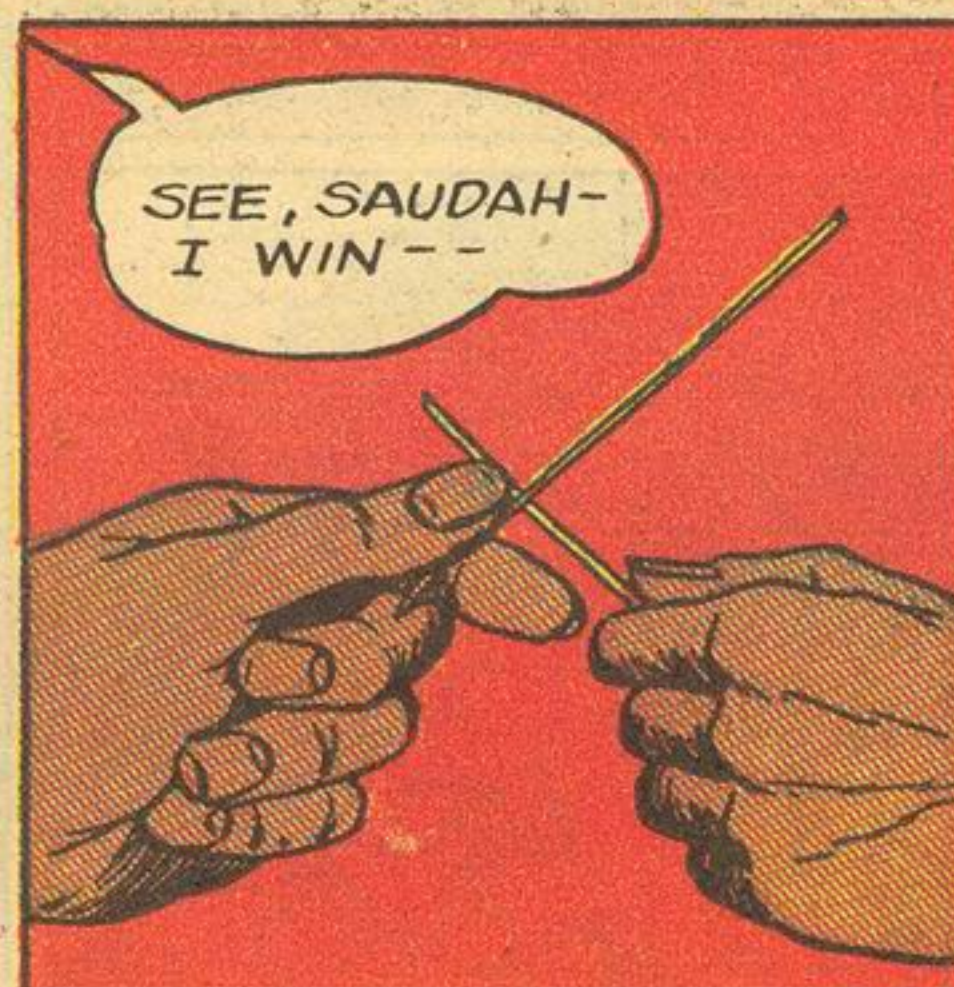
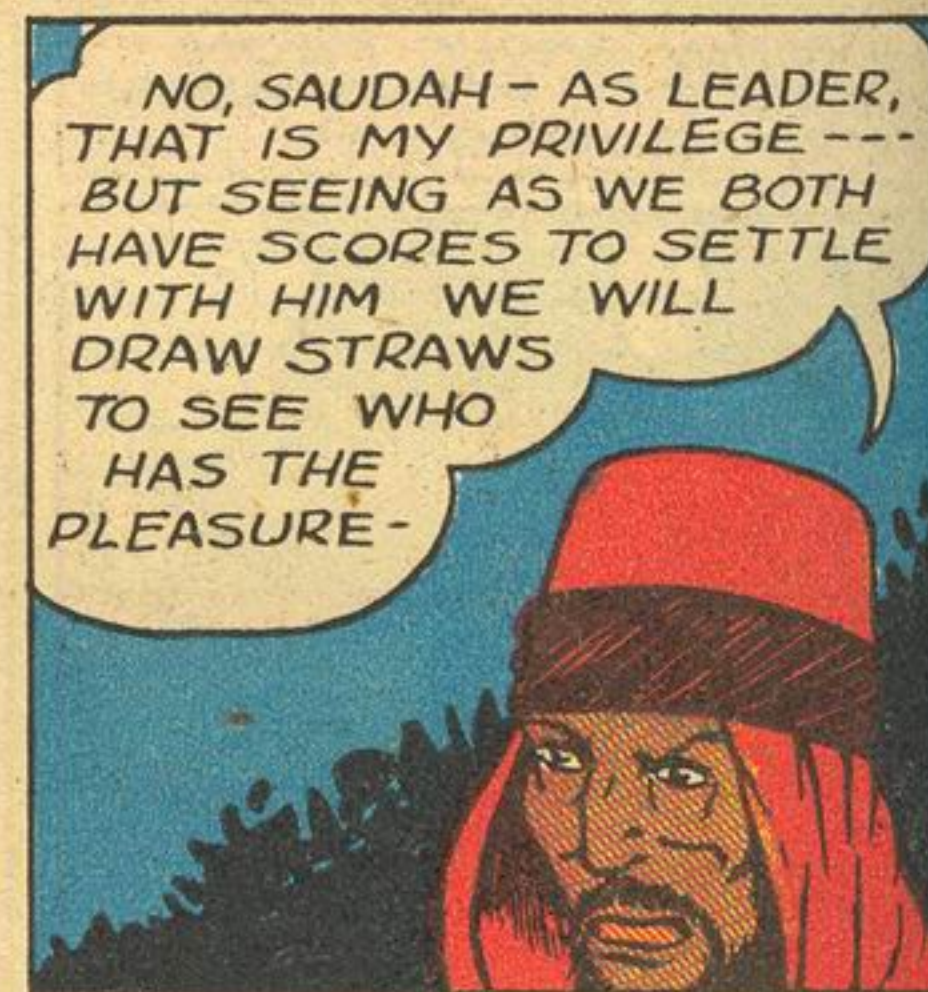
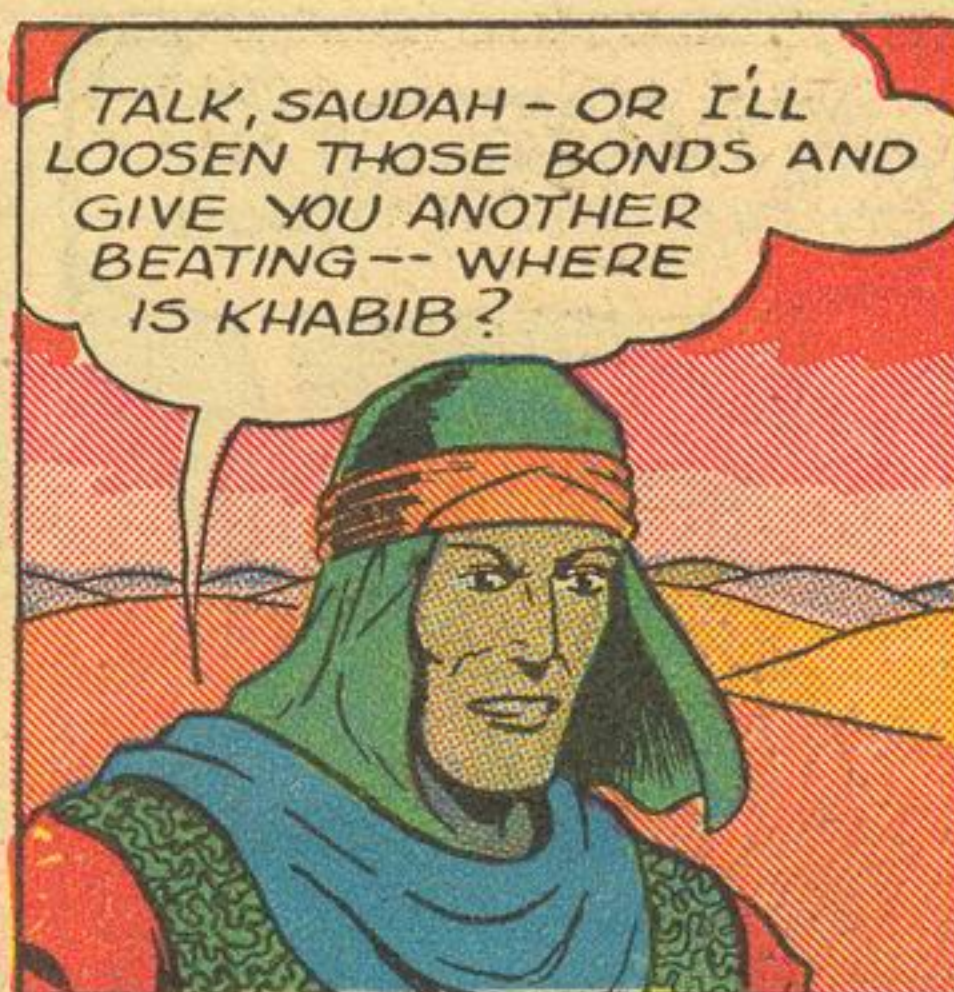


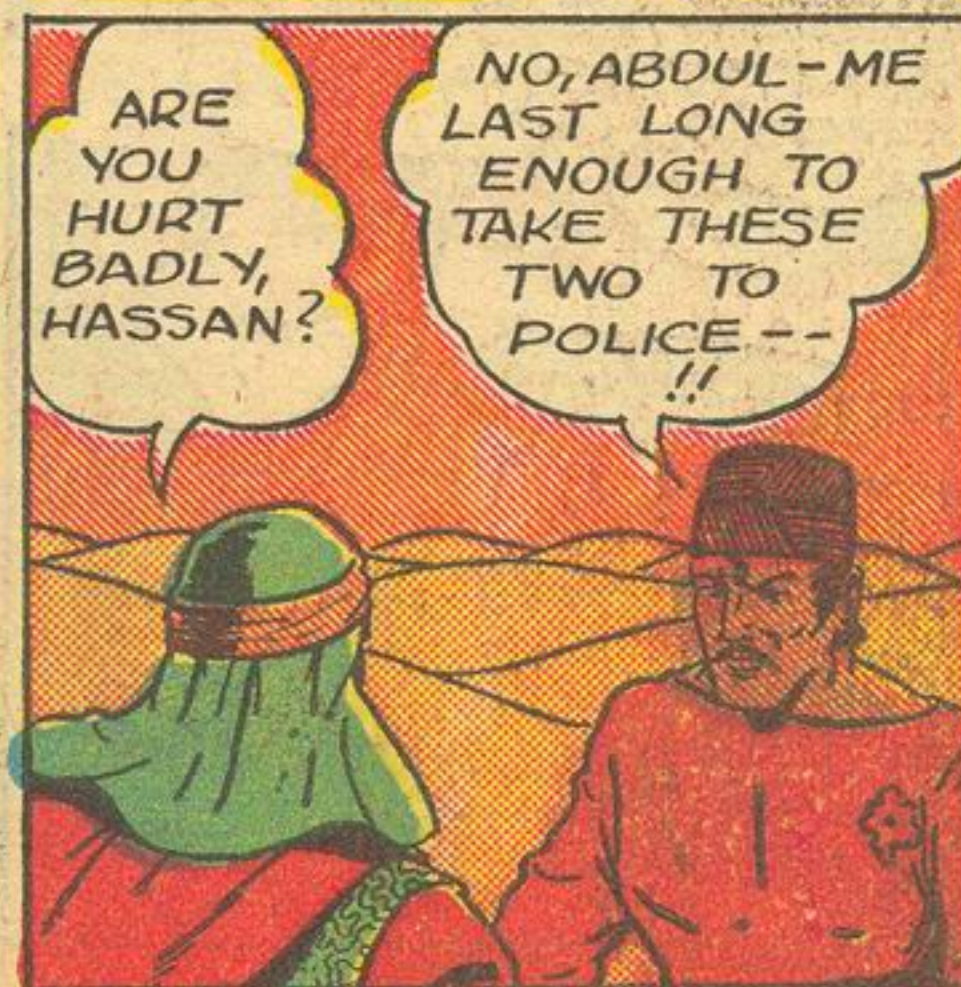
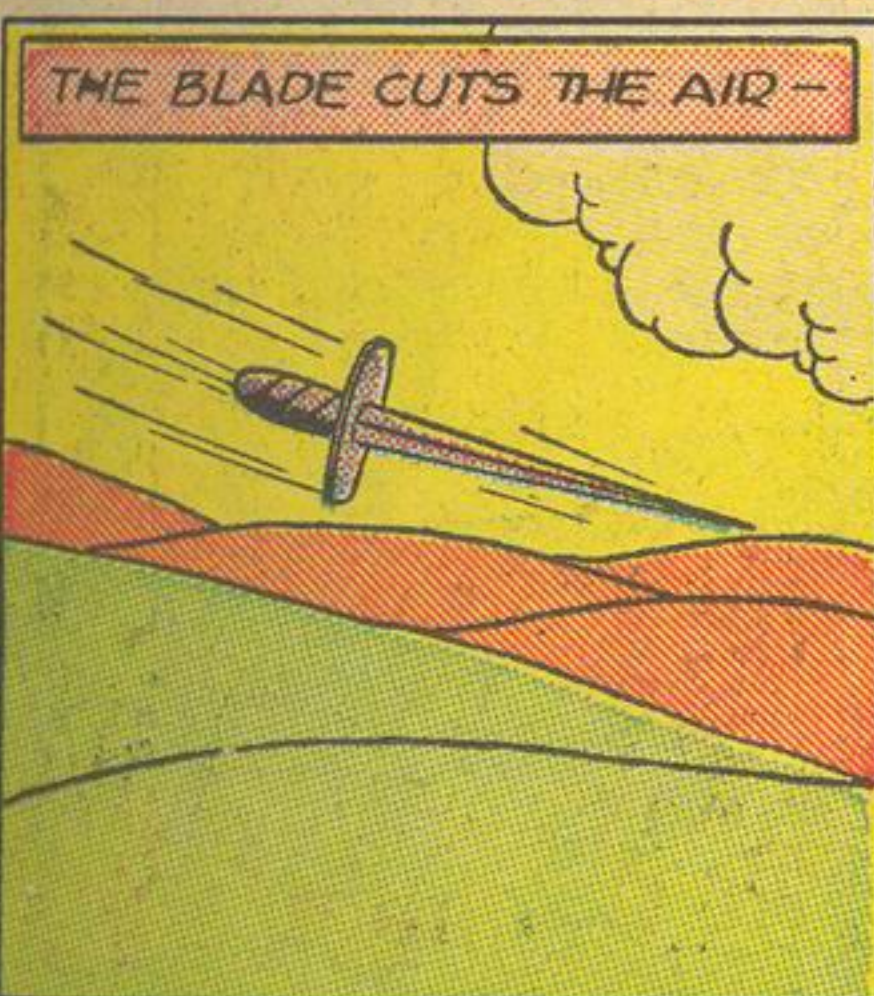
SUDDENLY SMOKE FROM SAUDAH'S FIRE FLOATS ABOVE THE SAND HILLS ---



AT THE NOISE THE ROBBER TURNS, DRAWING HIS GUN --







WUN CLOO

THE DEFECTIVE
DETECTIVE

WE LOOK
INTO THE
LABORATORY OF
THAT INFAMOUS
GENIUS OF
CRIME,
PROFESSOR
RATHEART!

by -GILL
FOX-

SO—HERE IS THE CHANCE FOR
ME, THE MASTER MIND OF
CRIME, TO MATCH WITS WITH
THIS SAP WUN CLOO! HA! HA!



THE RAY THAT COMES
FROM THE HEAD
OF THIS CANE
THAT I
INVENTED, CAN
DRIVE A
FEATHER THROUGH
STEEL!



HEH! HEH! IT'S
WORKING PERFECTLY!
NOW, TO TRY THE
RING!



THIS RING THROWS
A MAGNETIC RAY
THAT DRAWS ANY
THING IT TOUCHES
TO ME!! YES—
TO ME!



...AND THUS THE
GREAT PROFESSOR
RATHEART WILL
PROCURE THE
DIAMOND!



THE NEXT
DAY IN
THE
MUSEUM



SO! THAT'S THE
GREAT DIAMOND,
EH?



PARDON ME, BUT I CAN-
NOT CONTROL MY MAGNETIC
PERSONALITY!

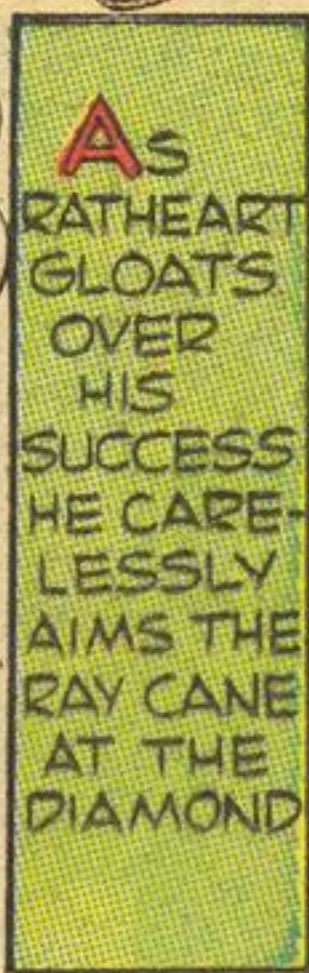


STOP! ONLY LUNATIC
WOULD TRY TO
SCRAM WITH DIAMOND
!!



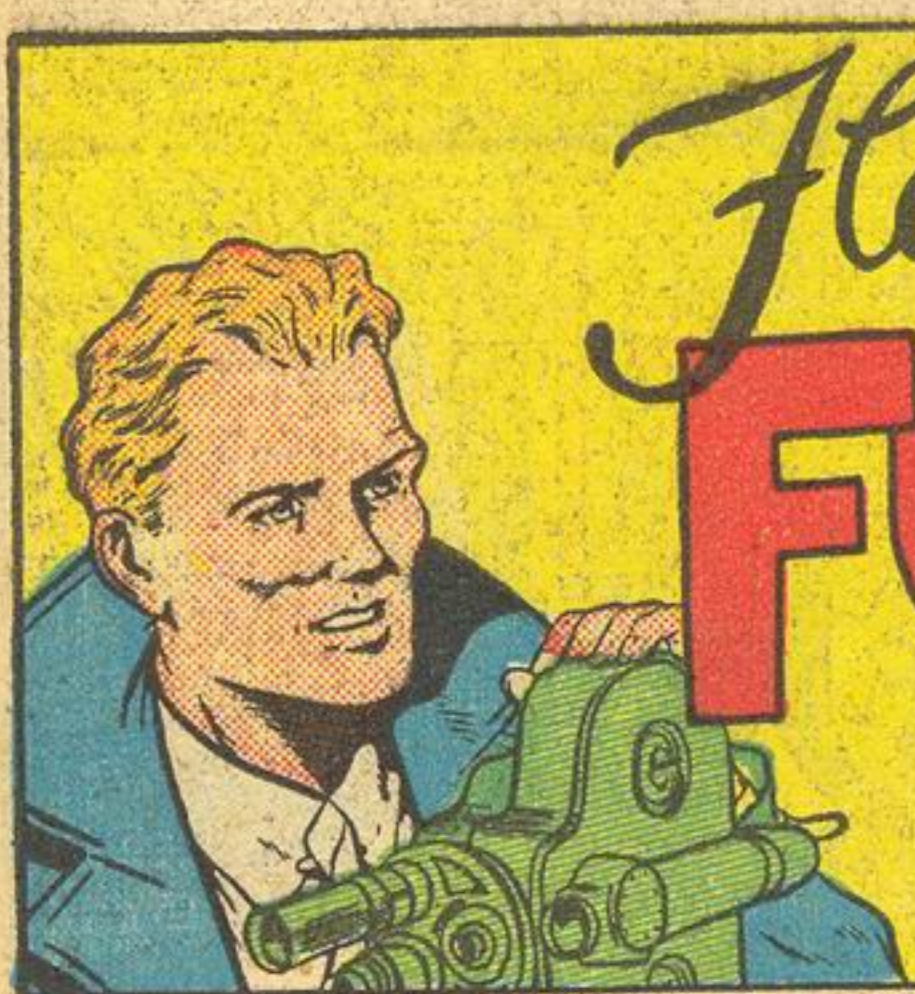
OOPS! WHY YOU GO
THRU THAT FLOOR
LIKE IT WAS AN
EGG SHELL!





Flash FULTON

NEWSREEL ACE
by PAUL GUSTAVSON



WELL, ANDY--- HERE WE ARE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EUROPEAN WAR ZONE --- SUPPOSEDLY GETTING PICTURES FULL OF ACTION! HUH--- THIS PLACE IS DEADDER THAN A GRAVEYARD AT MIDNIGHT!



GULP! I DON'T SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT IT, FLASH!

OH-OH! LOOK AT THIS SWELL GAL COMING THIS WAY!



YOU'RE FLASH FULTON, THE AMERICAN NEWSREEL ACE! I'VE HEARD AND READ SO MUCH ABOUT YOU, I JUST HAD TO COME OVER AND SAY HELLO!

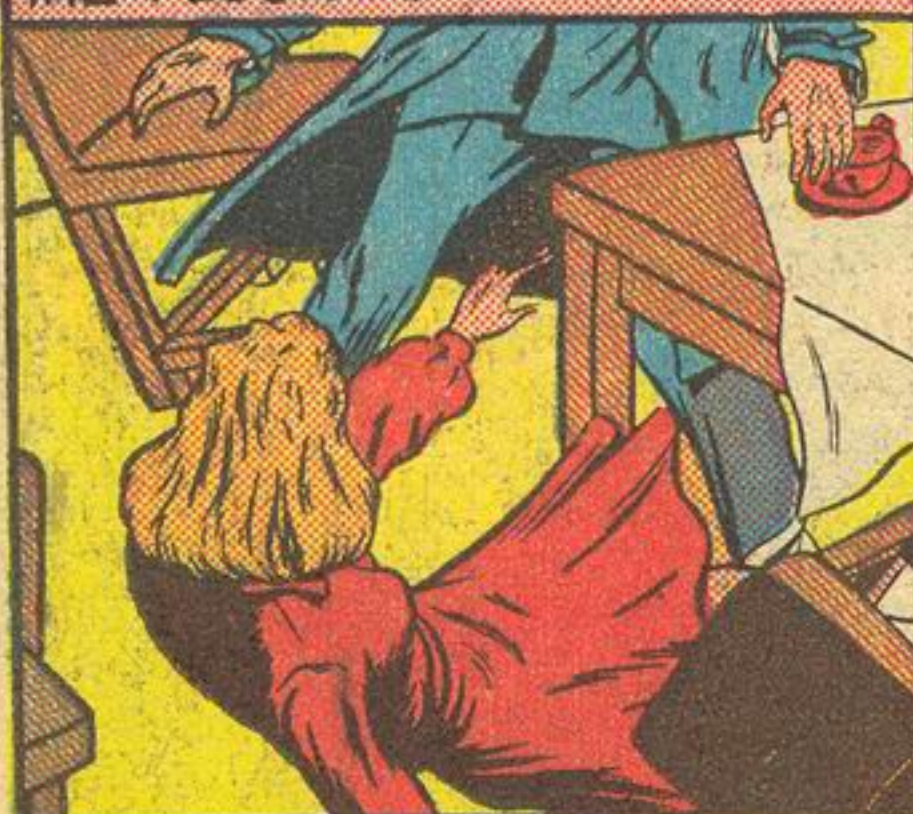
WELL --- WON'T YOU SIT DOWN?



AS THE GIRL IS ABOUT TO SIT DOWN, SHE GLANCES TOWARD THE DOOR TO SEE AN ARMY OFFICER WALK INTO THE RESTAURANT.



AT ONCE, THE GIRL FALLS TO THE FLOOR AS IF TRIPPED.



THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME UP, SIR! ER-- I MUST BE LEAVING!

HUH? SAY-- YOU LOOK AS IF YOU HAD SEEN A GHOST!



AS THE GIRL LEAVES, THE ARMY OFFICER STEPS UP TO FLASH'S TABLE.

DO YOU KNOW THE GIRL?

WHY-- ER--- NO-- SHE JUST TRIPPED AND I HELPED HER UP!



YOU ARE QUITE SURE OF THAT, EH? NEXT TIME BE MORE CAREFUL HOW YOU CHOOSE YOUR COMPANY--- ESPECIALLY IN TIMES LIKE THESE! GOOD DAY, SIR---



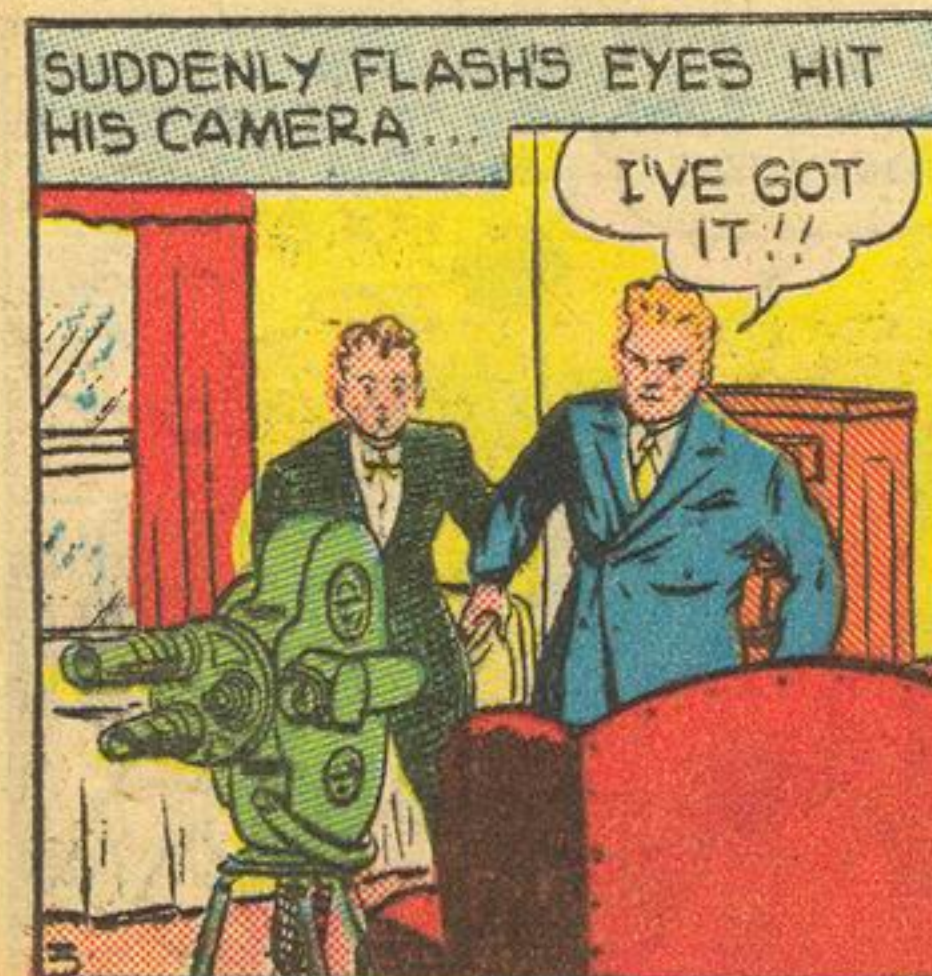
WELL I'LL BE--!! C'MON, ANDY-- WE'RE GOING TO FIND THAT GIRL AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF ALL THIS! WAITER-- THE BILL!!



HEY-- MY WALLET'S GONE! T-THAT GIRL --- SHE MUST HAVE TAKEN IT WHEN I HELPED HER OFF THE FLOOR! PAY FOR THE DINNER, ANDY, AND LET'S GET GOING!!









ALL RIGHT—I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET THE PAPERS YOU WANT, IF YOU RELEASE THE GIRL!

H-MMM! VERY WELL!

AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS...



A PLANE WILL BE READY AT MIDNIGHT TO TAKE US ACROSS THE BORDER...BRING THE GIRL THERE UNHARMED AND WE'LL CLOSE THE DEAL! BY THE WAY--DON'T BRING YOUR BODYGUARDS--!!



YOU--YOU--I WON'T GO!! I'D RATHER BE SHOT THAN GIVE THESE ARMY CROOKS THOSE PAPERS!



GET SET TO TAKE OFF, ANDY--HERE THEY COME!

MIDNIGHT... AT THE AIRPORT



OKAY--SHE'S IN! HERE'S MY PART OF THE BARGAIN!

YOU HAVE ACTED WISELY, MY FRIEND!



FLASH SEES THE ARMY OFFICER'S HAND MOVE FOR HIS GUN....

OPEN HER UP, ANDY!



BEFORE THE OFFICER CAN RECOVER FROM THE SUDDEN SURPRISE, THE PLANE ROARS OFF INTO THE SKY....



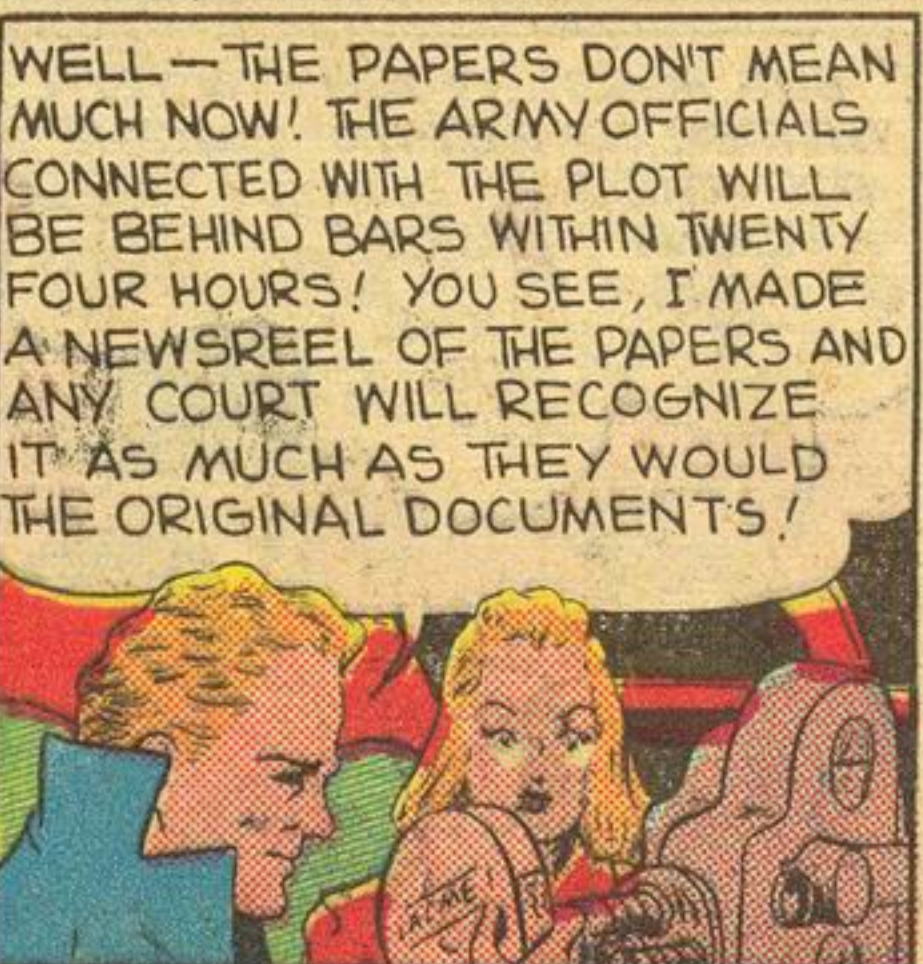
I THOUGHT HE'D TRY TO USE THAT GUN!

D-DID YOU GIVE HIM THE PAPERS??



YES--I NEVER GO BACK ON MY WORD!

OH--WITH PEACE AT STAKE YOU KEEP YOUR PROMISE TO A FIEND LIKE THAT! HOW COULD YOU?



WELL--THE PAPERS DON'T MEAN MUCH NOW! THE ARMY OFFICIALS CONNECTED WITH THE PLOT WILL BE BEHIND BARS WITHIN TWENTY FOUR HOURS! YOU SEE, I MADE A NEWSREEL OF THE PAPERS AND ANY COURT WILL RECOGNIZE IT AS MUCH AS THEY WOULD THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS!



NOW THAT THE EXCITEMENT IS ALL OVER, WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT? AFTER ALL--I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW **WHO** I WAS HELPING, AND **WHY!!**

CLIP CHANCE AT CLIFFSIDE

by SCOTT SHERIDAN



AT THE SAME TIME..IN A ROOM ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN..



THAT NIGHT...THE MEET IS WELL UNDER WAY.. AND THE SCORE-BOARD SHOWS THE TEAMS' STANDINGS...

HALE	183 POINTS
TILTON	165 "
CLIFFSIDE	152 "

GOSH, COACH...IT'S A SELL-OUT...THE ATHLETIC BOARD CAN'T SAY THIS MEET ISN'T PAYING!

THAT'S TRUE, CLIP..

BUT THINK OF THE FUTURE MEETS--THE WAY WE'RE SHOWING UP IN THIS ONE, THE NEXT ONE WON'T DRAW FLIES!

..AND FOR US TO WIN THIS MEET YOU'D HAVE TO TAKE 5 OF THE 6 EVENTS IN THE DECATHLON..

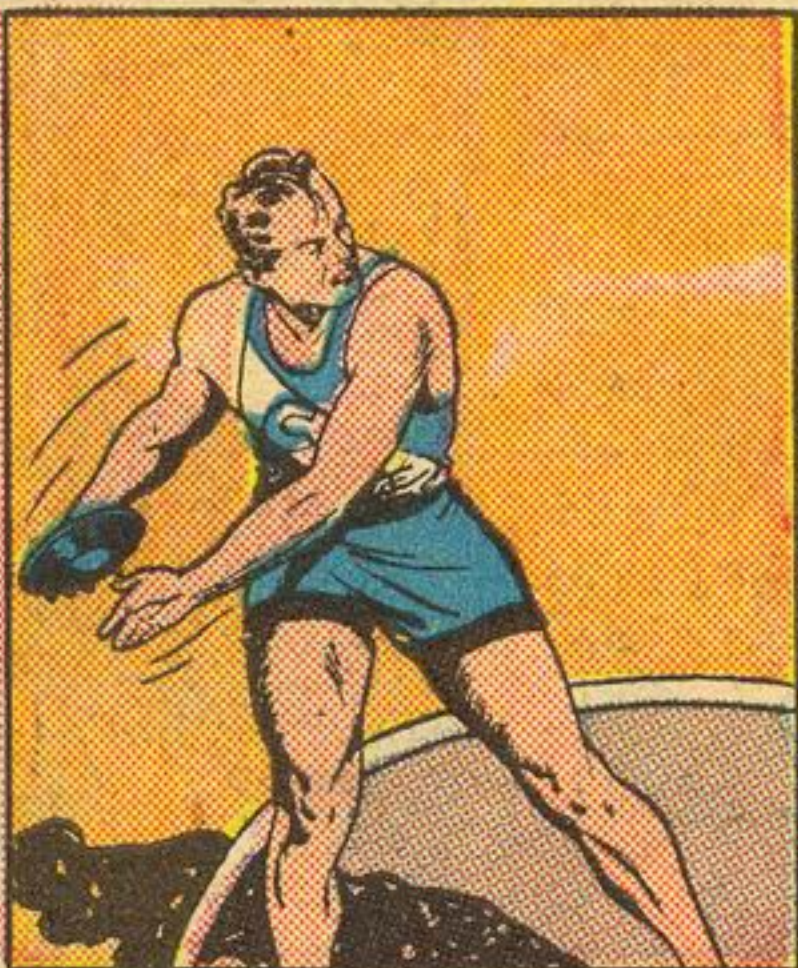
..THAT'S TOO MUCH TO EXPECT FROM ANY ONE MAN!

THERE'S MY CALL, COACH...

GOOD LUCK, CLIP!

THANKS!

IN THE FIRST EVENT CLIP HAS TO BEAT THE HALE MAN'S THROW OF 147 FEET, 2 INCHES TO WIN THE DISCUS THROW..AND HE CALLS ON EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH IN HIS BODY...



THE DISC SAILS THROUGH THE AIR..

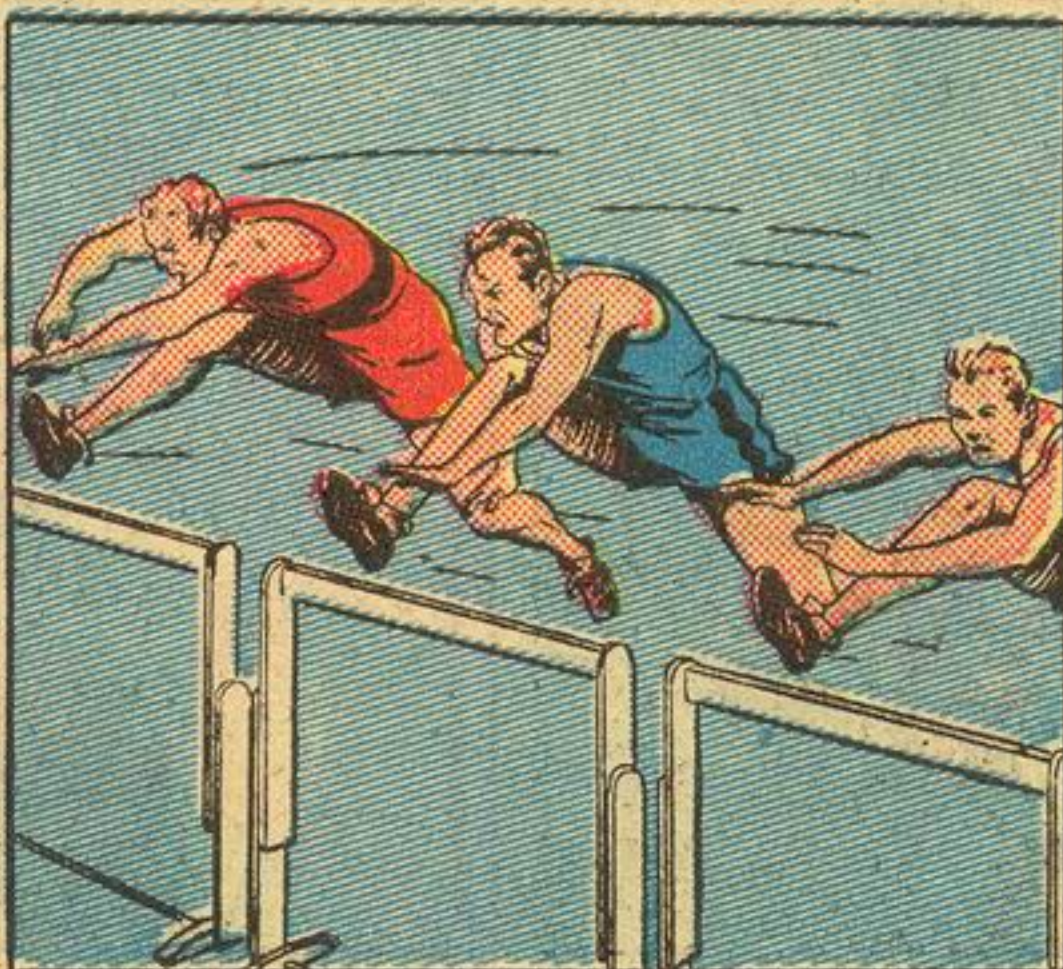


..AND FALLS AT THE FEET OF THE OFFICIALS...

149 FEET, 5 INCHES... SOME THROW!

THAT'S A WIN FOR CLIFFSIDE!

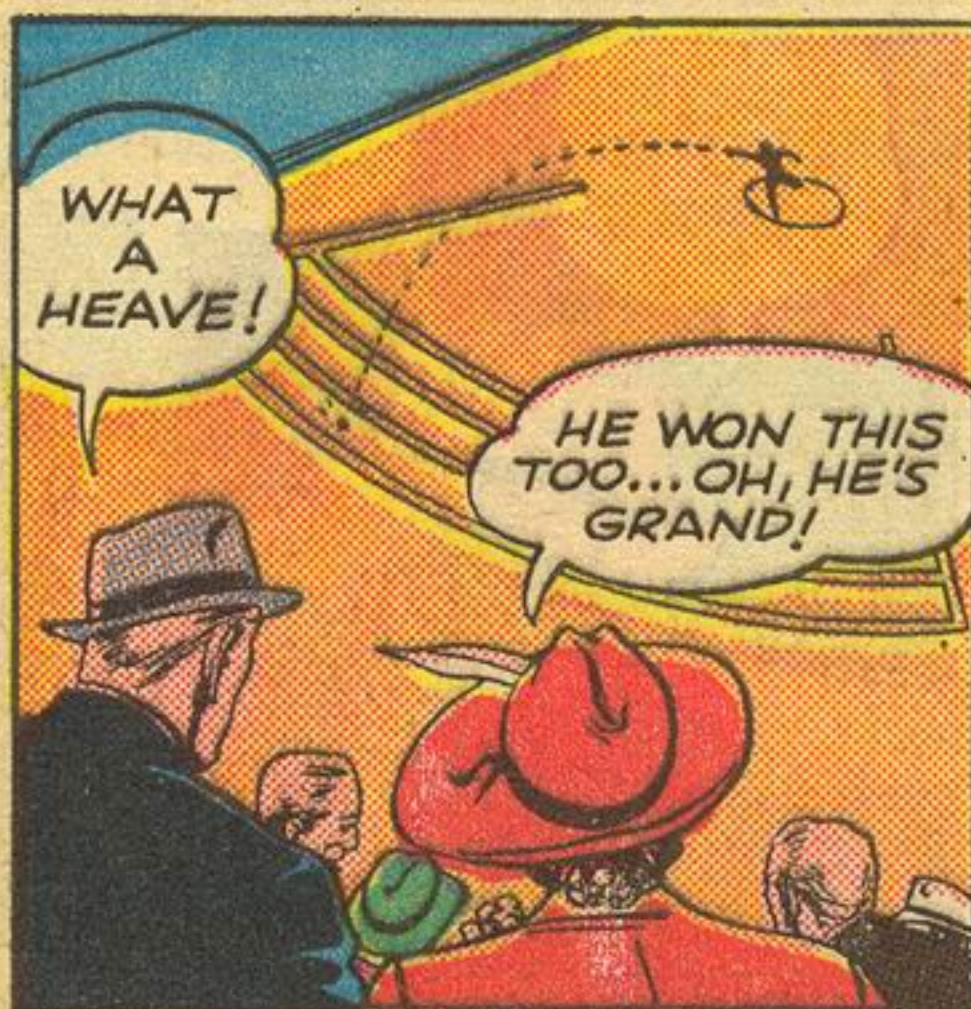
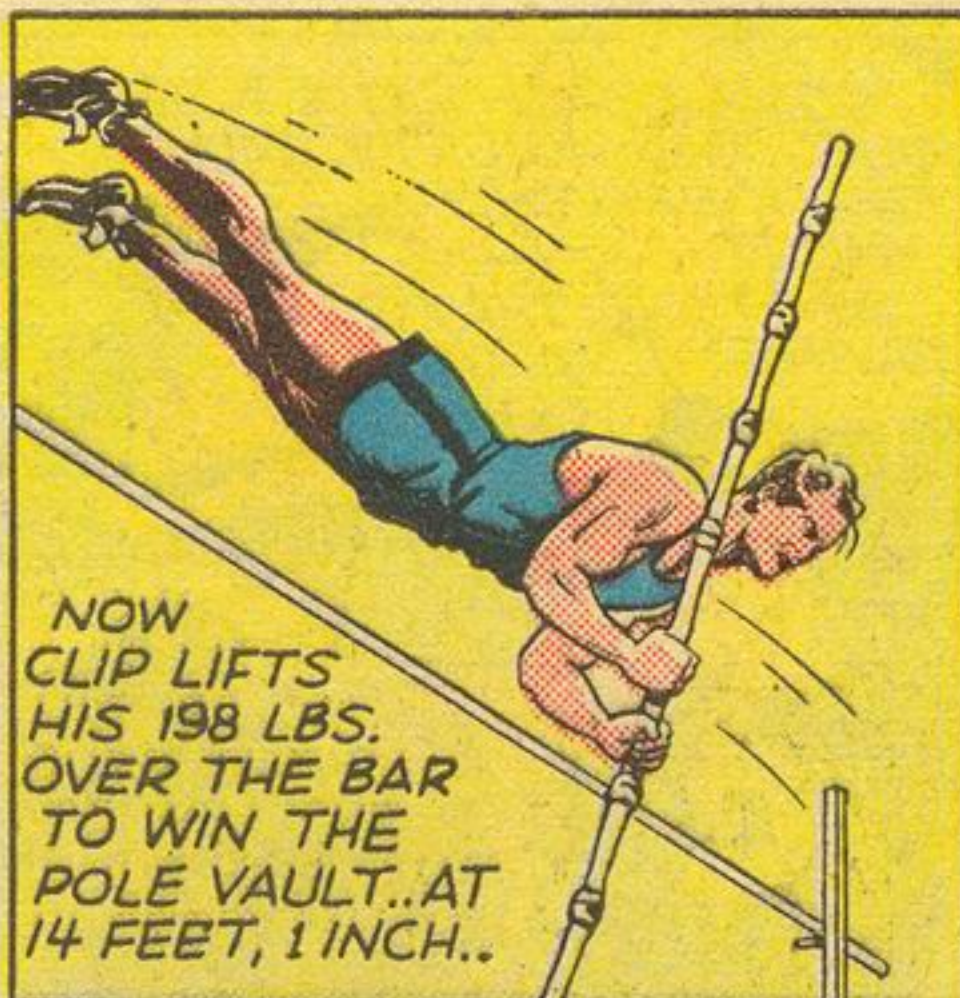
CLEARING THE LAST BAR IN THE 110 METER HURDLE RACE THE THREE MEN ARE NECK AND NECK...



COMING DOWN THE STRETCH CLIP TAKES THE LEAD..HE WINS IN THE AMAZING TIME OF 14.2 SECONDS !!



THROUGHOUT THE STANDS PRAISE IS HEARD FOR THE CLIFFSIDE STAR...



AND MEANWHILE...SLIM, AND THE 'BOSS' WALK TOWARD THE BOX OFFICE...



CLIP QUICKLY CLOSES IN ON THE FLEEING CROOK!



THE GATE RECEIPTS! I'D BETTER HURRY BACK WITH THEM...



...AND I HOPE I'M IN TIME FOR THE RACE!!



MEANWHILE.. THE BIG RACE IS ABOUT TO START...

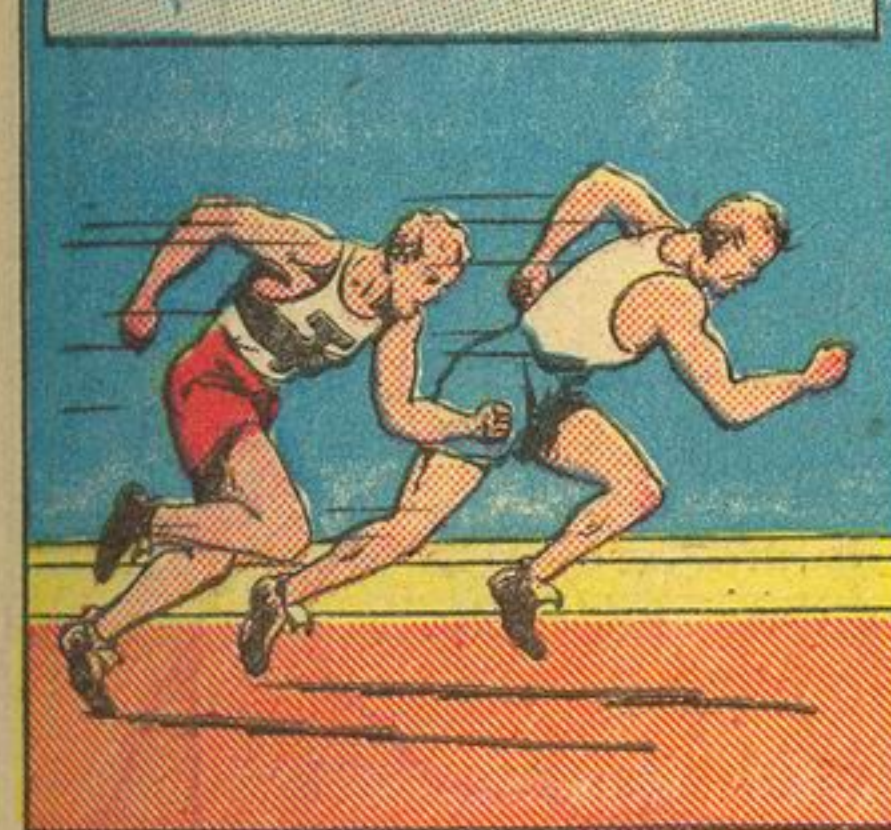
WE CAN'T WAIT FOR CHANCE ANY LONGER... LINE UP, BOYS!



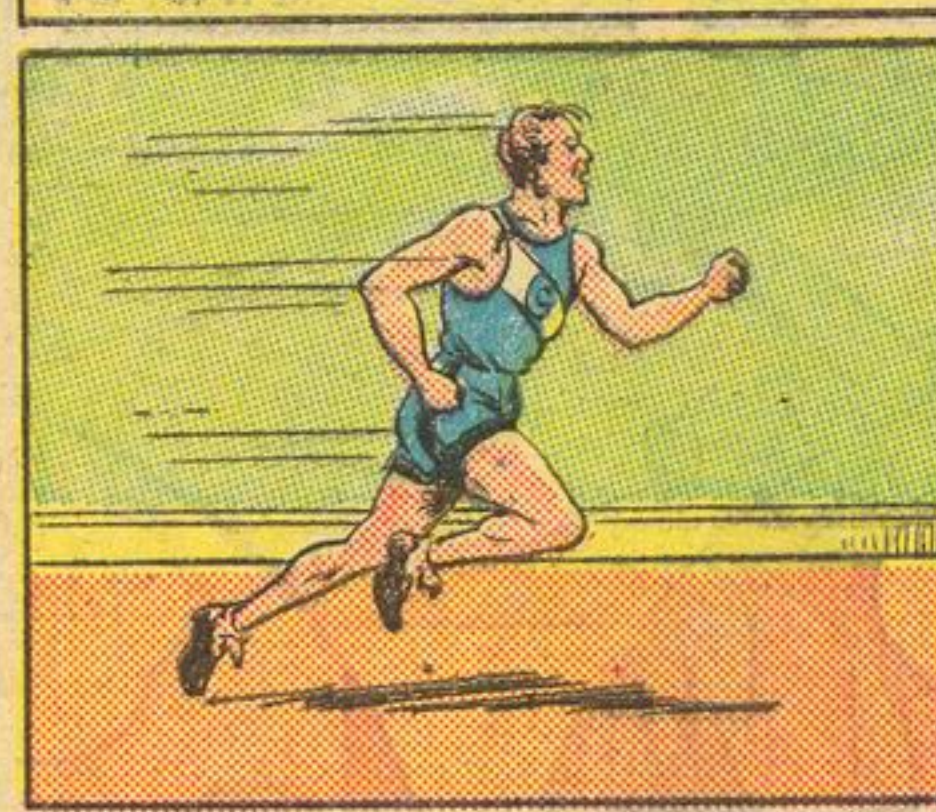
THE STARTER'S GUN BARKS..



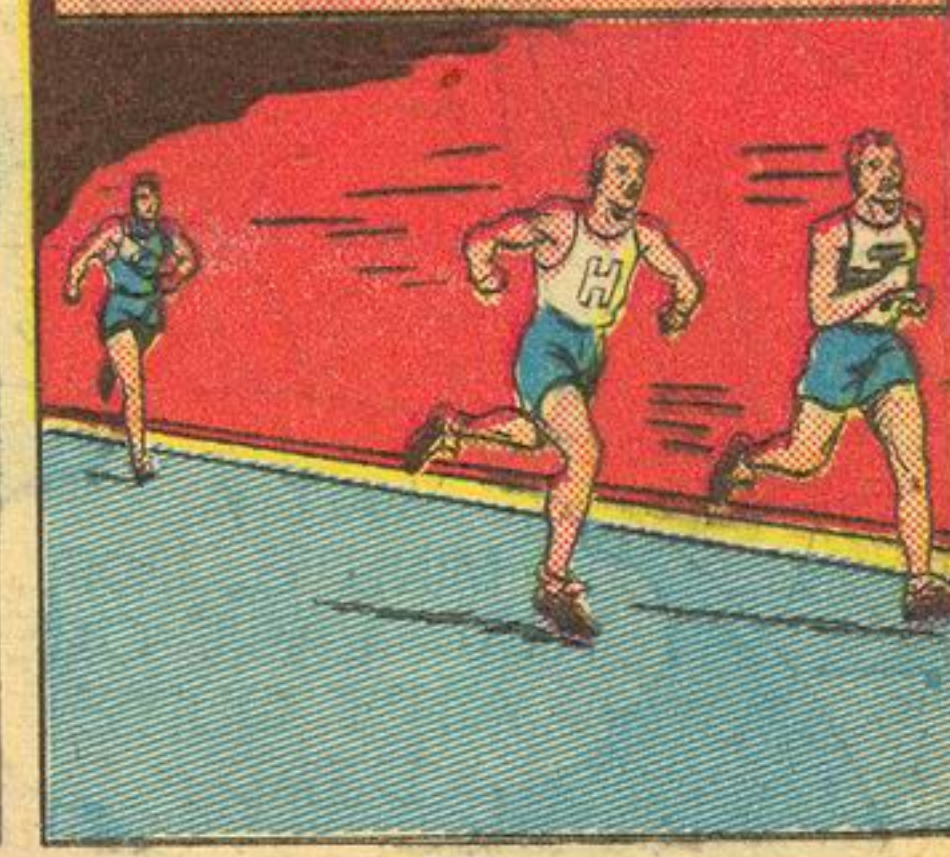
THEY'RE OFF!



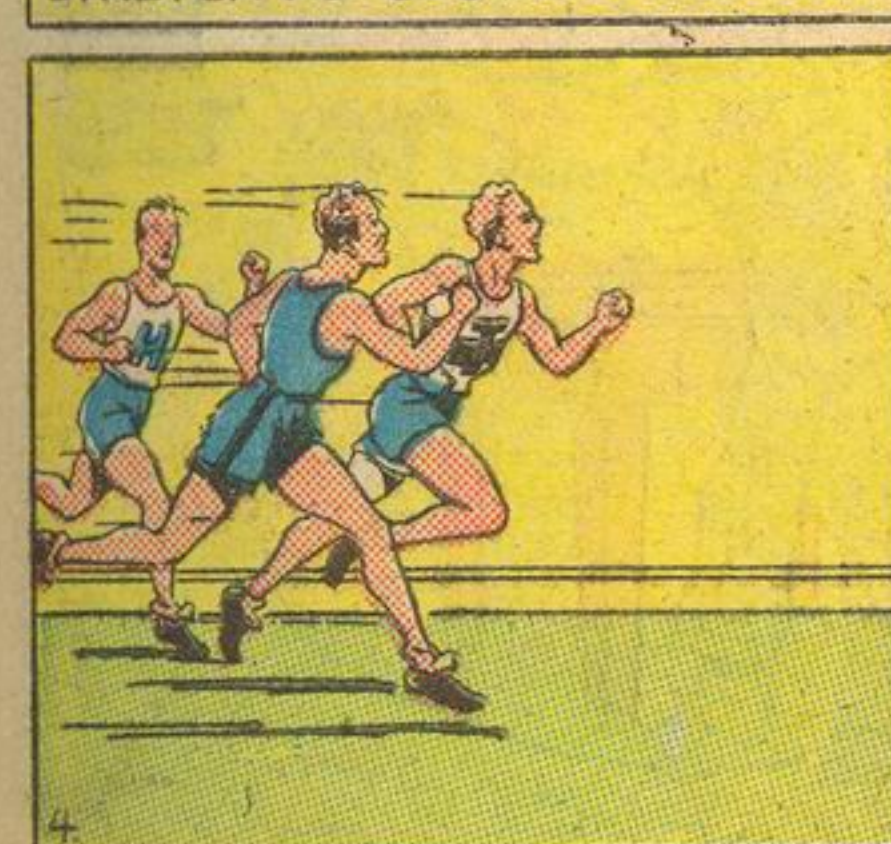
..AND CLIP RUNS ONTO THE TRACK, TRYING DESPERATELY TO CATCH HIS OPPONENTS..



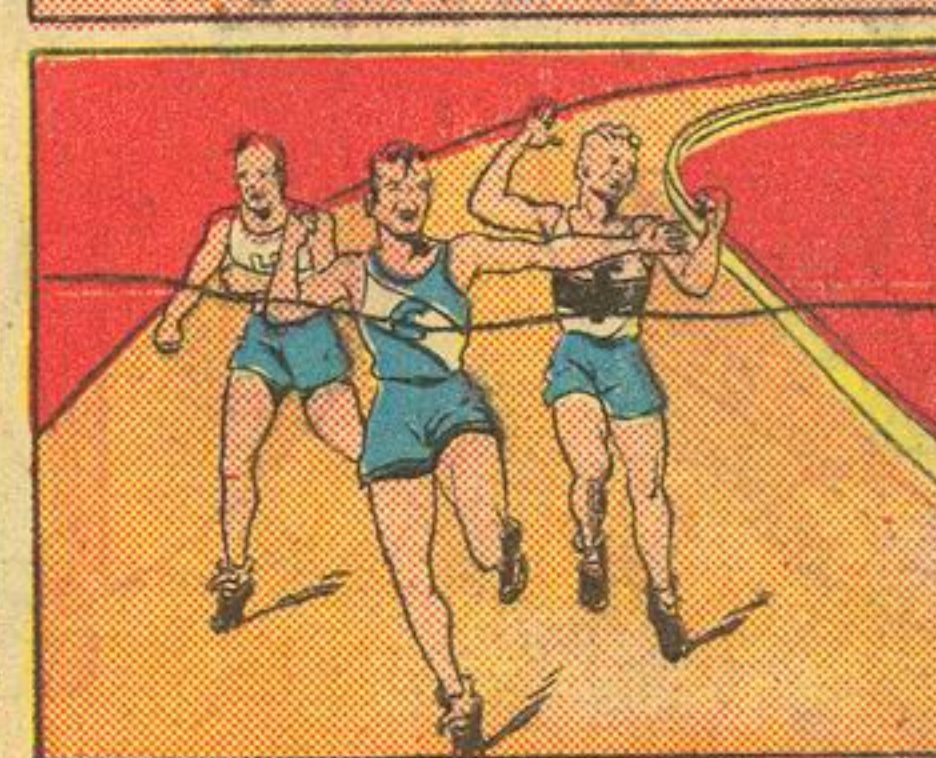
..AT THE HALF WAY MARK HE TRAILS THE FIELD...



COMING INTO THE HOME STRETCH HE CLOSES THE GAP.



..WITH A FINAL SPURT HE SNAPS THE TAPE ... THE WINNER!!



LATER...

CLIP, I JUST GOT WORD THE ATHLETIC BOARD IS GOING TO MAKE TRACK A MAJOR SPORT!

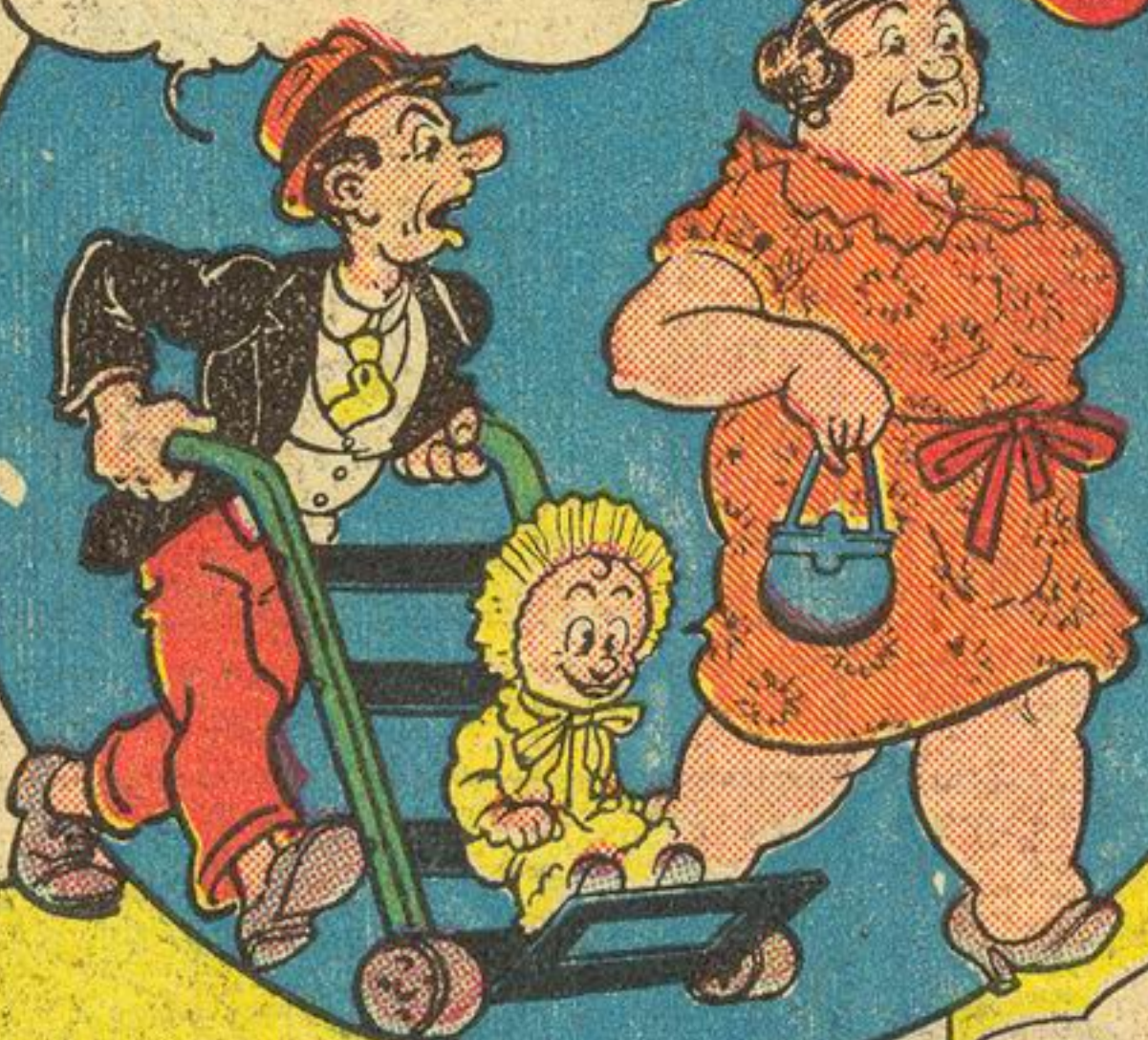
GOSH, COACH.. I'M GLAD FOR YOUR SAKE!!



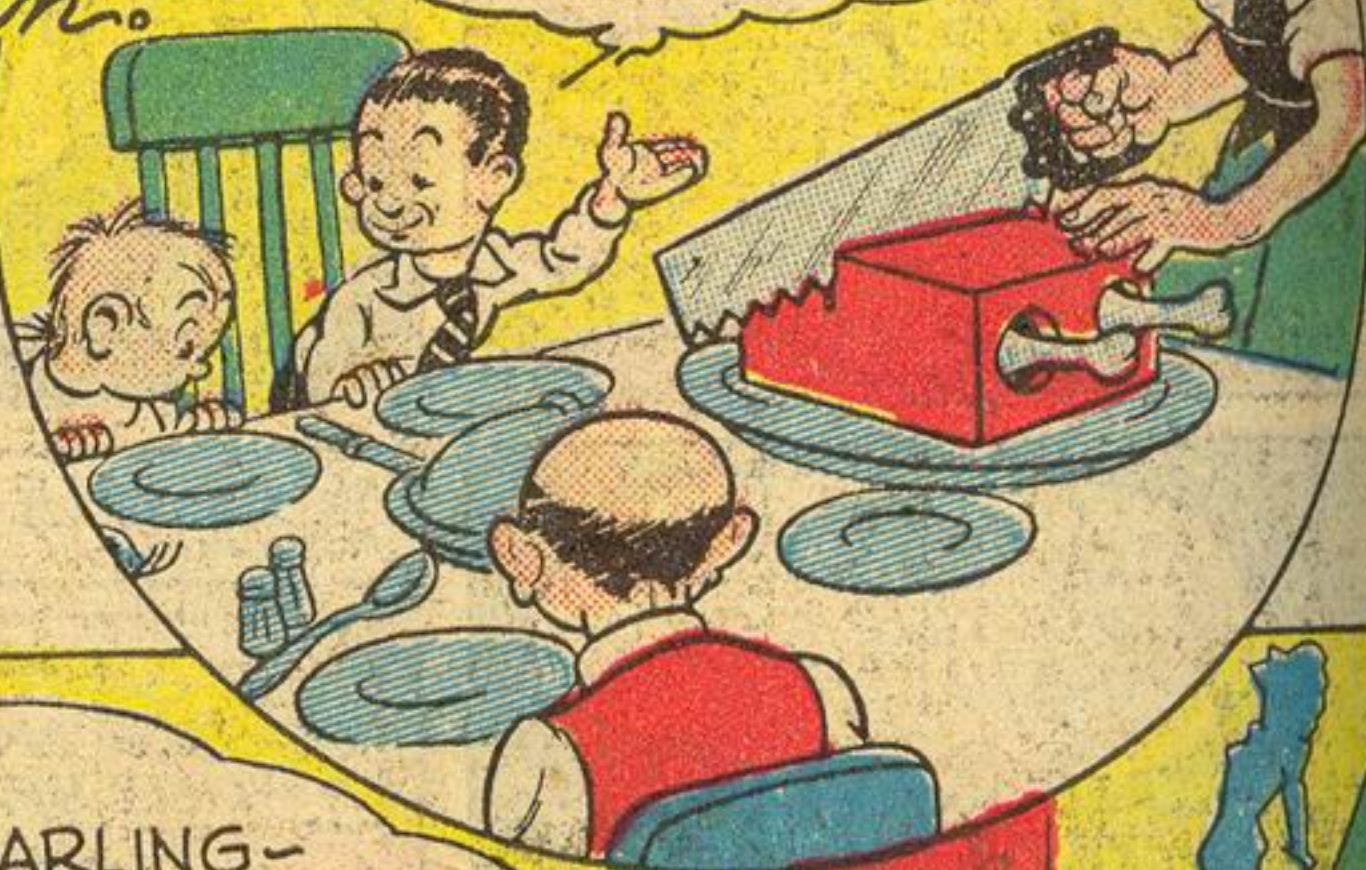
SMALL STUFF

by *Devlin*

WHY
BUY A
BABY CARRIAGE —
AN' ME AN
EXPRESSMAN?



YEAH,
POP ALWAYS
CUTS THE CHICKEN
LIKE THAT —
Y'SEE, HE USED
T'BE A
MAGICIAN!



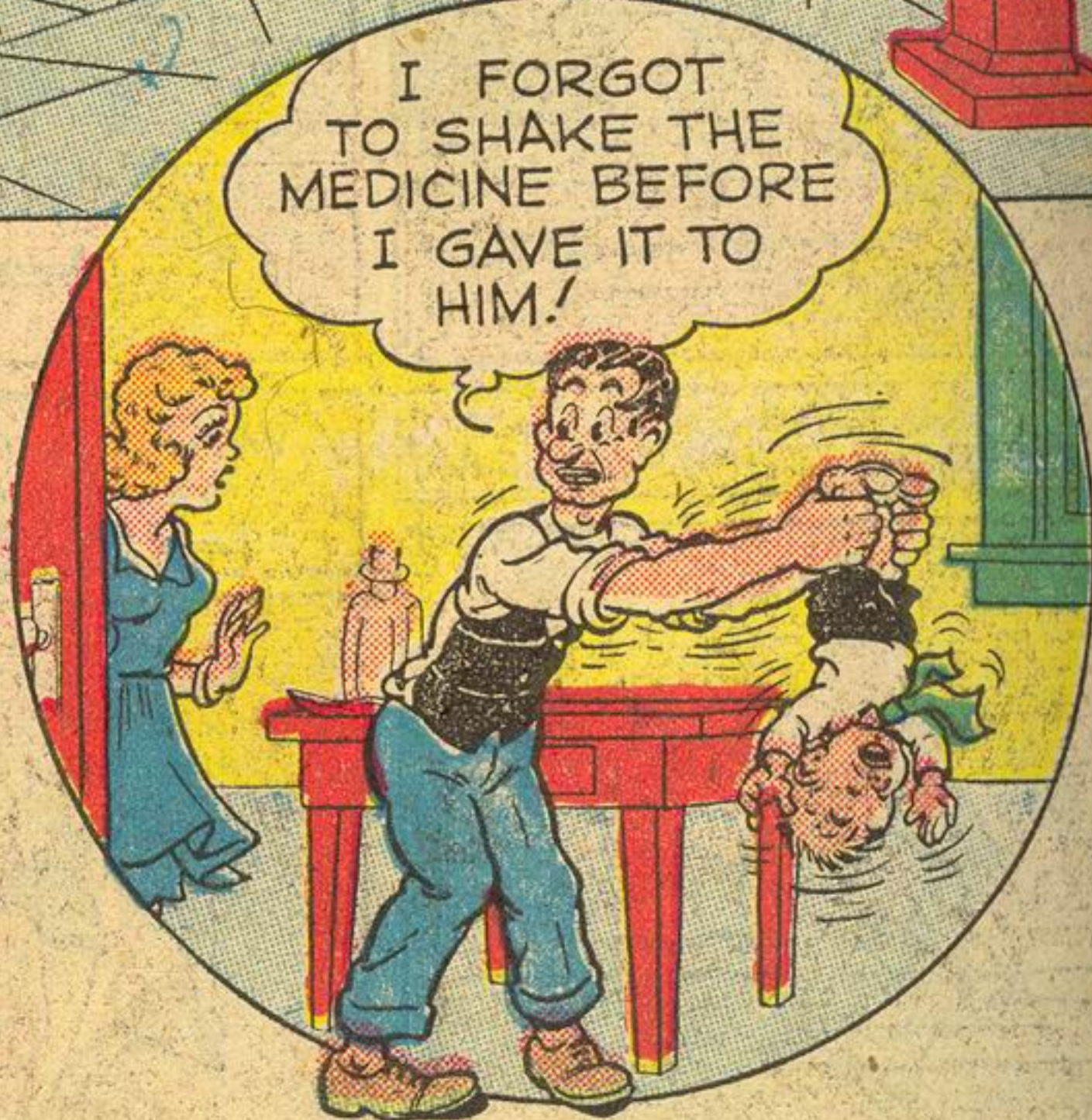
BUT, DARLING —
JUNIOR JUST DOESN'T
FIT THE
FURNITURE!



WAIT A
MINUTE, POP,
THAT LAST ONE
AIN'T QUITE
DEAD!



I FORGOT
TO SHAKE THE
MEDICINE BEFORE
I GAVE IT TO
HIM!





AT THE ARMY HEADQUARTERS IN SAN FRANCISCO... A RADIO OPERATOR STARES AT A DIAL... SUDDENLY HE SPRINGS TO HIS FEET...



CAPTAIN WENDALL, WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS?... IT JUST CAME IN... IT'S CODE FROM AN UNLISTED STATION!



SHOW THIS TO MAJOR ANDERSON IN THE CODE ROOM!



THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR YOU, WENDALL... HERE IS THE "DECODE!"



THE AURORA IS IN DANGER... HAVE A NAVY CONVOY PROTECT HER!



OUT IN THE PACIFIC THE AURORA PLOWS THRU THE WAVES....

AND BENEATH THE SEA....

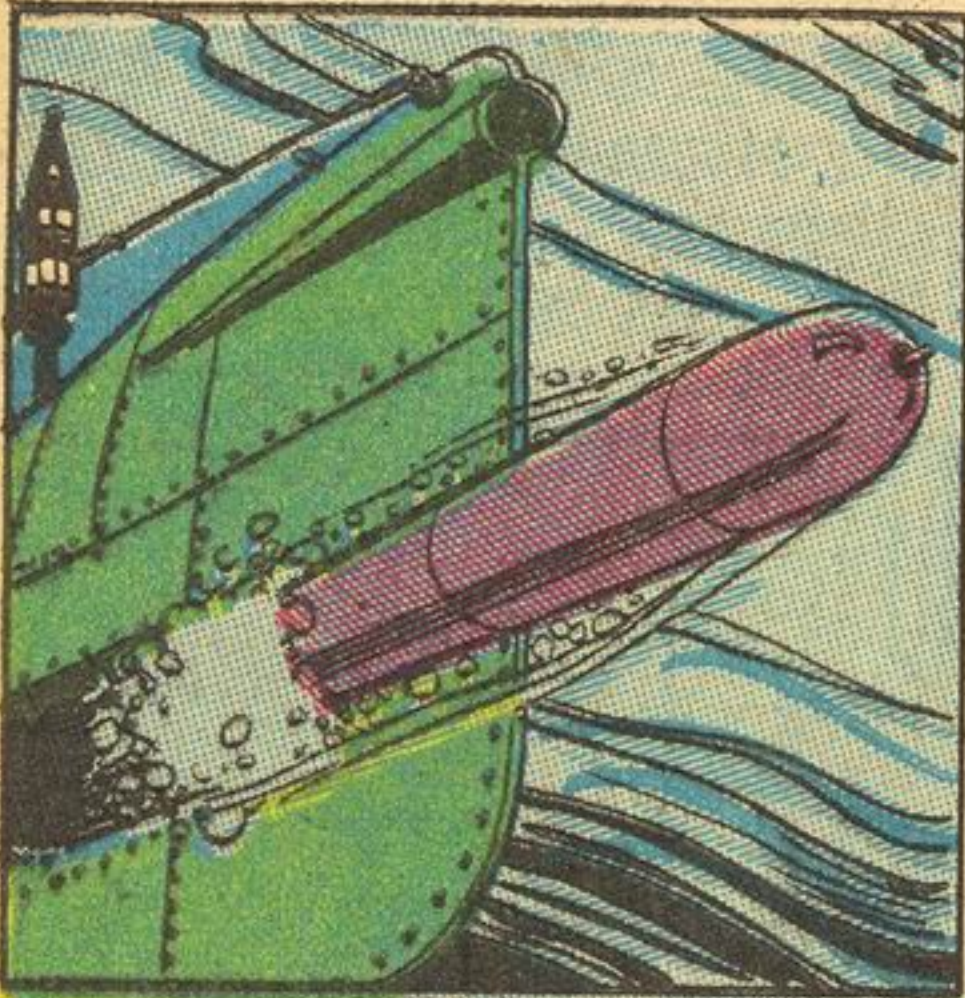


AURORA IN RANGE... TORPEDO ROOM, LOAD!



TORPEDO TUBES READY TO FIRE, SIR!





...AND THE DEADLY TORPEDO DOES ITS WORK...



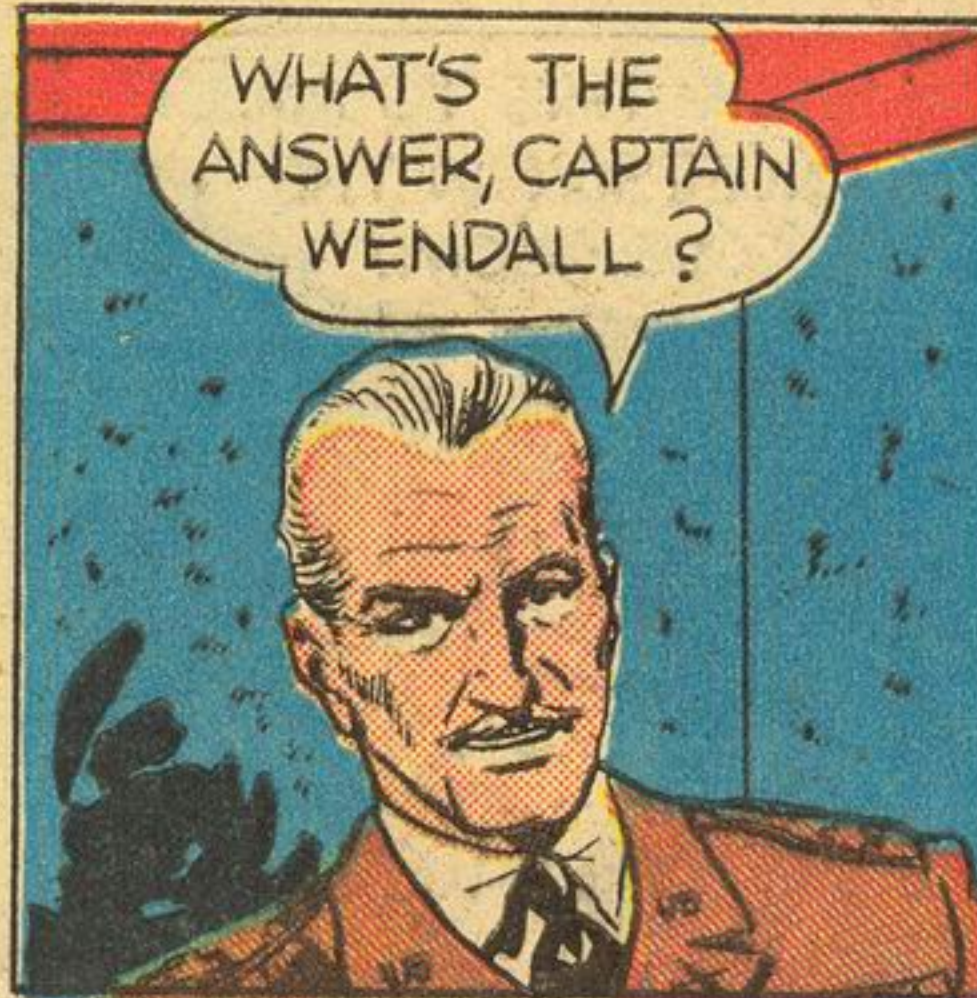
..WHILE IN SAN FRANCISCO..

THE NAVY HAS JUST RADIOD, SIR...THEY FOUND WRECKAGE OF THE AURORA.. NO OTHER SHIPS WITHIN SIGHT!

TOO LATE!



THE AURORA WAS SUNK AT SEA, SIR...NO OTHER SHIPS OR PLANES WITHIN MILES...AND SHE WAS TOO WELL GUARDED FOR SABOTAGE!



WHAT'S THE ANSWER, CAPTAIN WENDALL?



SUBMARINE! IT'S THE ONLY POSSIBLE SOLUTION.

SUBMARINE? IN THOSE WATERS?



WHY WERE NEW ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS BEING SHIPPED TO HAWAII?



UNIDENTIFIED MILITARY PLANES ARE TAKING PICTURES OF HAWAIIAN DEFENSES... OUR PRESENT ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS ARE UNABLE TO STOP THEM!



BUT WHAT OF OUR PLANES ON THE ISLANDS?

THE MYSTERY PLANES DISAPPEAR BEFORE WE CAN GET OUR OWN IN THE AIR!



CAPTAIN WENDALL, WE ARE REALLY ENGAGED IN A WAR... A VICIOUS HIDDEN WAR OF ESPIONAGE AND SABOTAGE!



...THE REGULAR ARMY AND NAVY CAN BE OF LITTLE HELP...IT'S UP TO YOU MEN OF THE INTELLIGENCE... THIS IS YOUR CASE, CAPTAIN WENDALL!

YES SIR!

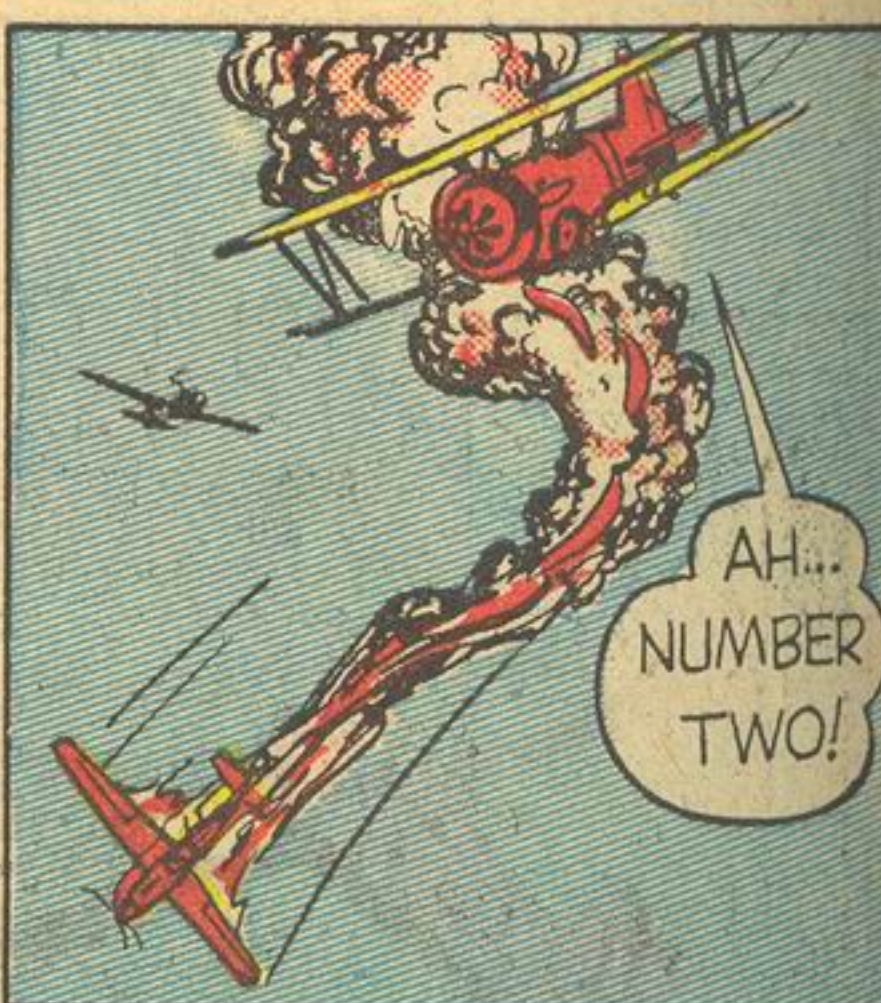
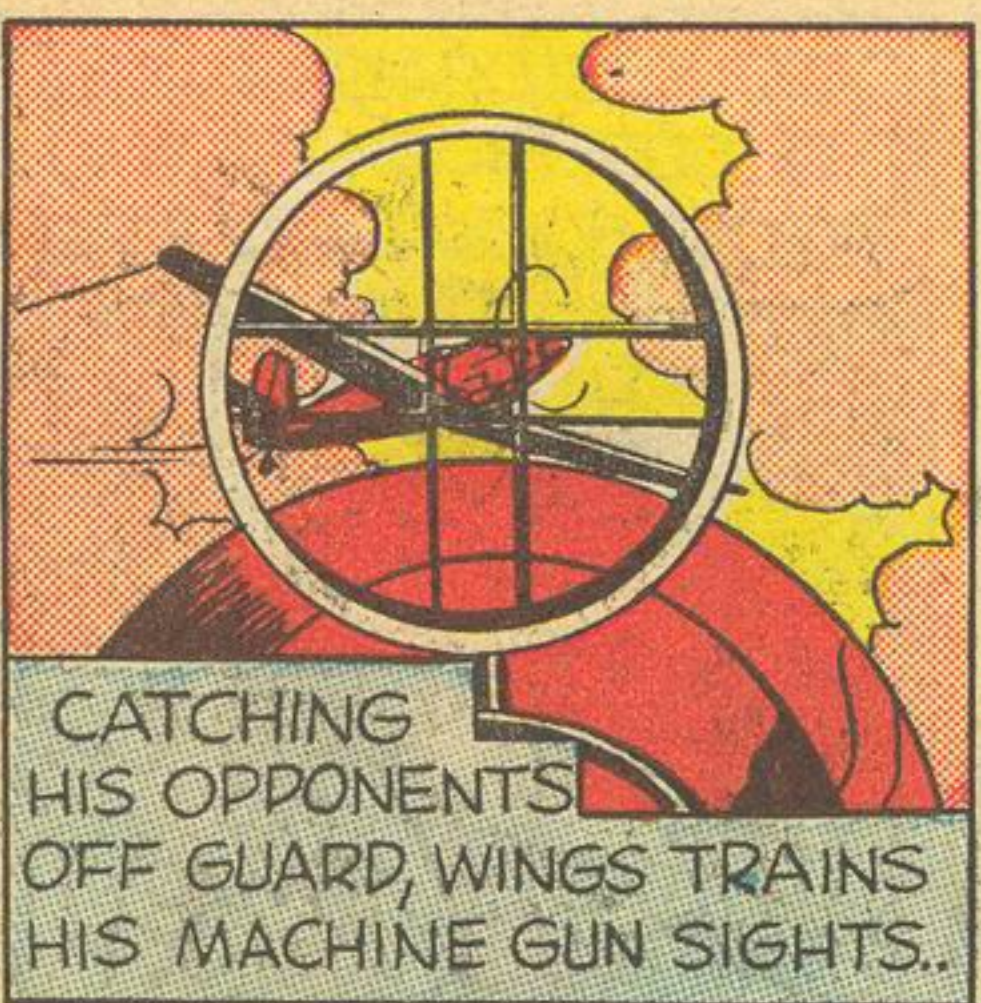
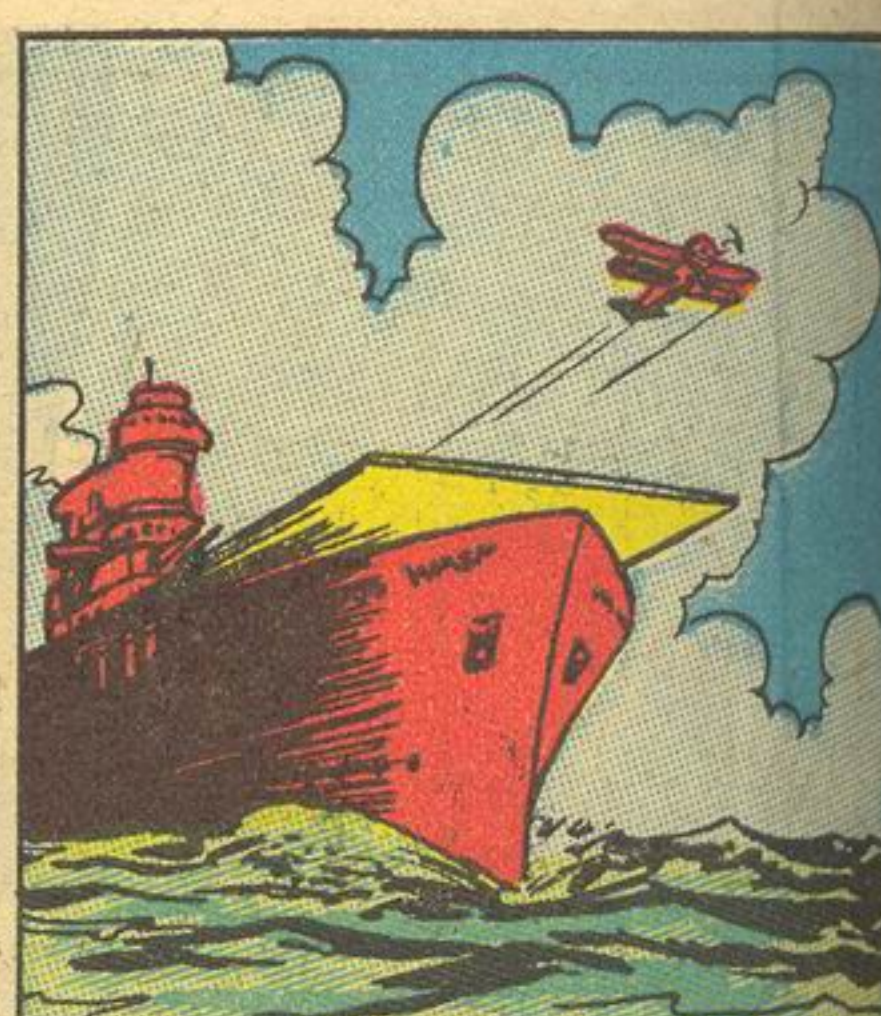


LATER...IN THE RADIO ROOM

DID YOU GET ANY MORE FROM THAT UNLISTED STATION?

YEAH... HERE'S ONE.. JUST CAME IN!







WAITING UNTIL NIGHTFALL,
WINGS APPROACHES THE CAMP.



A
GUARD!



WINGS DARTS FROM THE DARK!



I WONDER
WHAT'S IN
HERE?



PICTURES...OF OUR
HAWAII DEFENSES-I'LL
TAKE THEM WITH ME!



I MUST GET TO THAT
LARGER BUILDING...IT'S IN
THE OPEN...I'LL HAVE TO
RUN FOR IT...



WINGS DASHES FOR
THE BUILDING...



THEIR
HANGER!



AT THE HEADQUARTERS
OF THE ALIEN BASE...

CHIEF! THE PHOTOGRAPHIC
PLATES ARE GONE!



WHAT? THAT AMERICAN
PILOT MUST HAVE STOLEN
THEM!



ORDER ALL MEN OUT...
SEARCH ALL BUILDINGS!

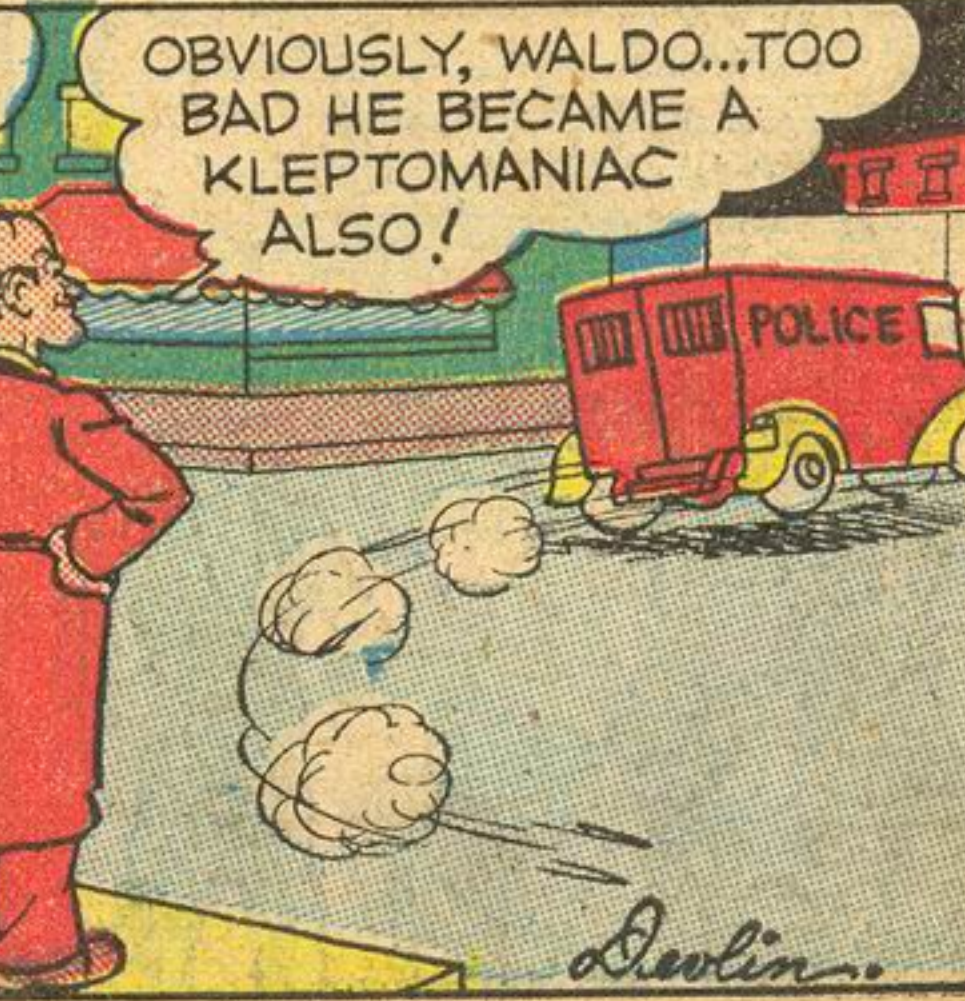


THEY'RE COMING...
I'VE GOTTA WORK
FAST!









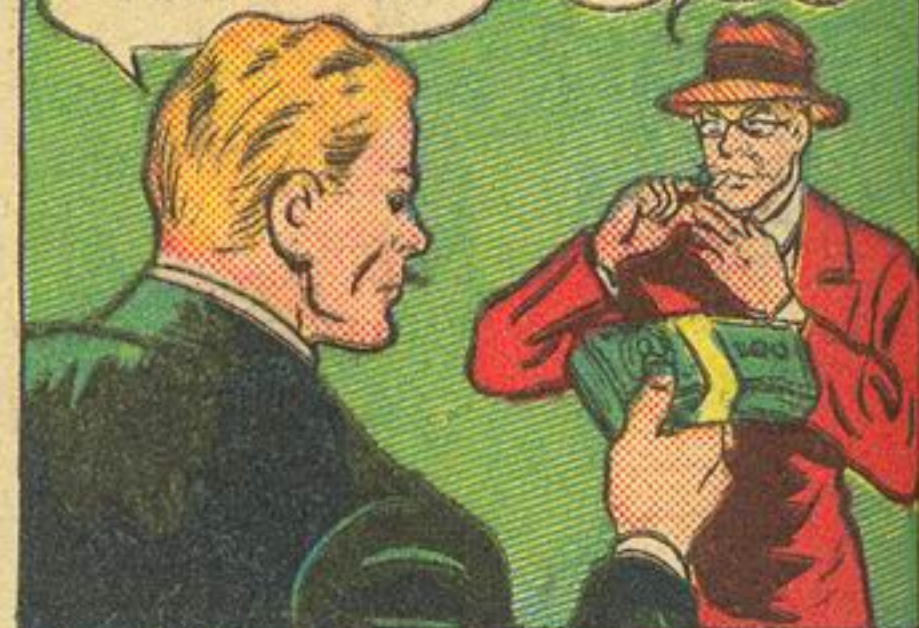
CAPTAIN COOK OF SCOTLAND YARD

THE CASE OF THE ROVING TAXICAB—

TWO MEN HAVE
JUST FINISHED
A BUSINESS
TRANSACTION
INVOLVING
TWENTY
THOUSAND
DOLLARS..

NOW THAT THE
DEAL IS CLOSED,
HERE IS THE
MONEY..IN
CASH, SIR
THOMAS..

THAT'S
A GOOD
SUM TO BE
CARRYING,
EDWARD!



THEY WALK TO THE STREET..

MY CAR
IS BEING
REPAIRED..
SHALL WE
WALK?

NO--HERE'S
A TAXI--
HEY
TAXI!



TWO HOURS LATER THE
SAME TAXICAB STOPS AT
THE HOME OF SIR
THOMAS WENTWORTH..

THIS IS WHERE YOU
WANTED TO BE TAKEN, SIR..



ARE YOU
ILL,
SIR?



G-GOSH!
HE'S
DEAD!!



I THOUGHT IT BEST
TO CALL YOU, INSPECTOR..
SIR THOMAS WAS
KILLED BY A
BLOW ON
THE
HEAD!

THAT'S
RIGHT--
WE'LL BE
RIGHT
OVER!

IMMEDIATELY A SERVANT REPORTS
THE DEATH TO SCOTLAND YARD...



CAPTAIN COOK AND SER-
GEANT KELLY ARE SENT
TO THE WENTWORTH HOME..

ARE YOU
THE
TAXICAB
DRIVER?

YES
SIR...

WHAT'S
YOUR
STORY,
BO?



SIR THOMAS AND ANOTHER
GENTLEMAN NAMED
EDWARD GOT INTO MY
CAB AT MARKET SQUARE,
THEN WE DROVE TO
PICADILLY
LANE..



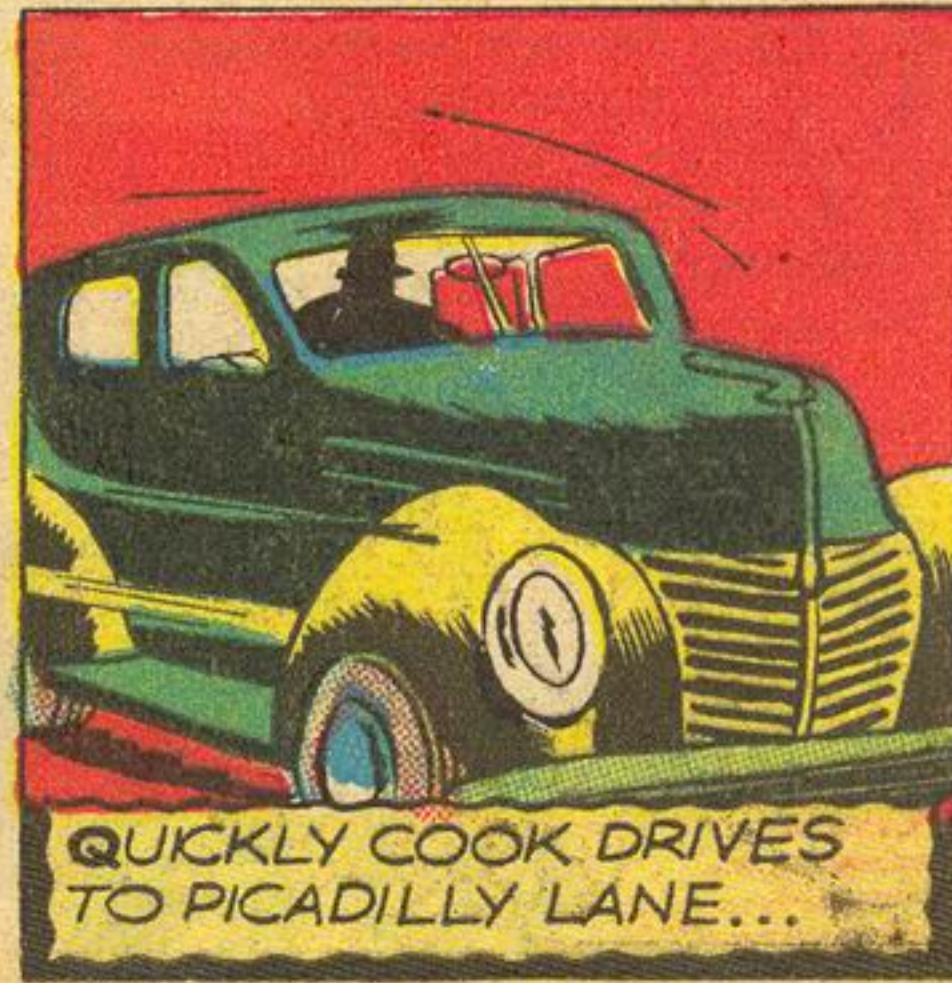
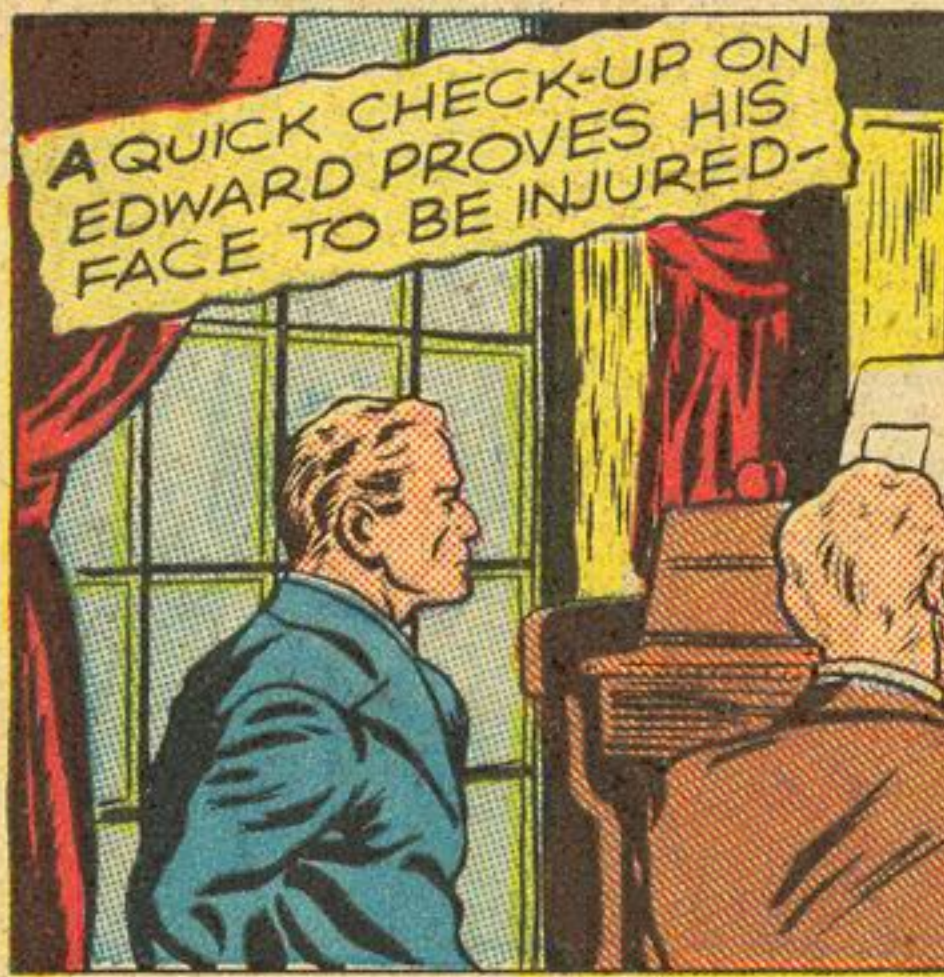
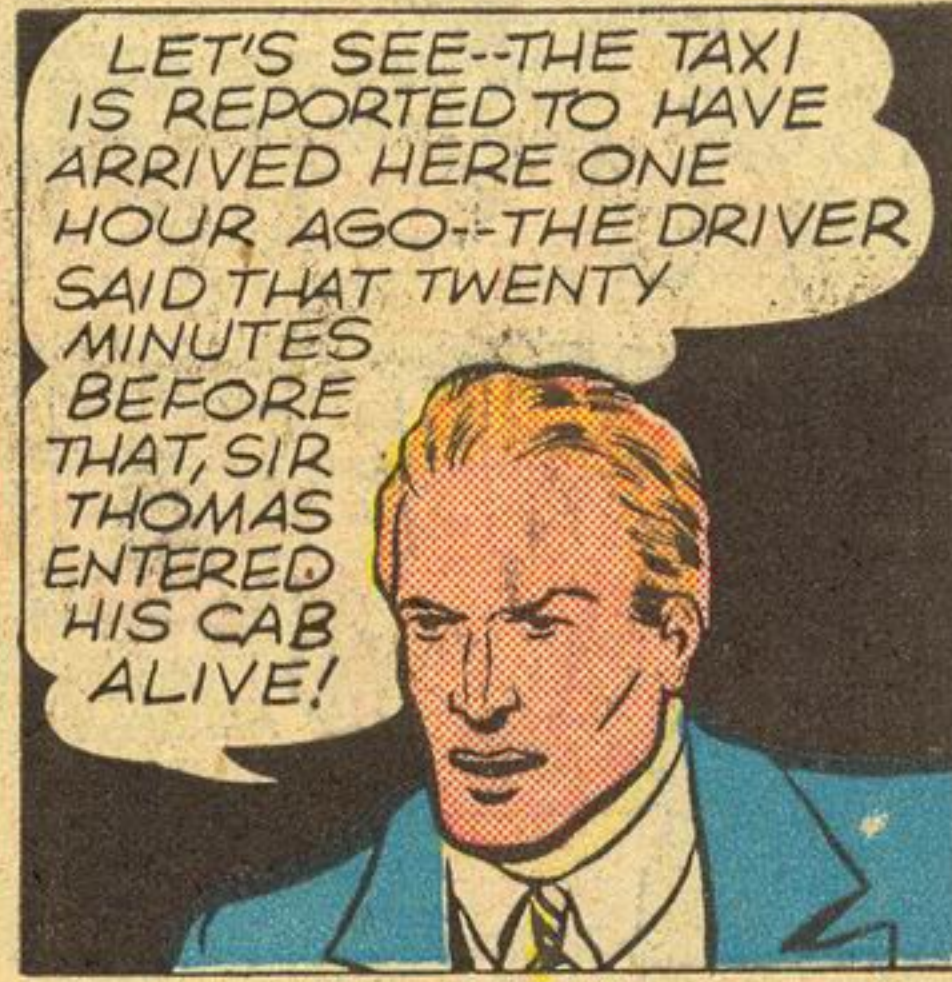
..THEN THE OTHER GENTLEMAN
GOT OUT..AND I DROVE SIR
THOMAS
STRAIGHT
HOME...
THAT'S
ALL
I
KNOW!

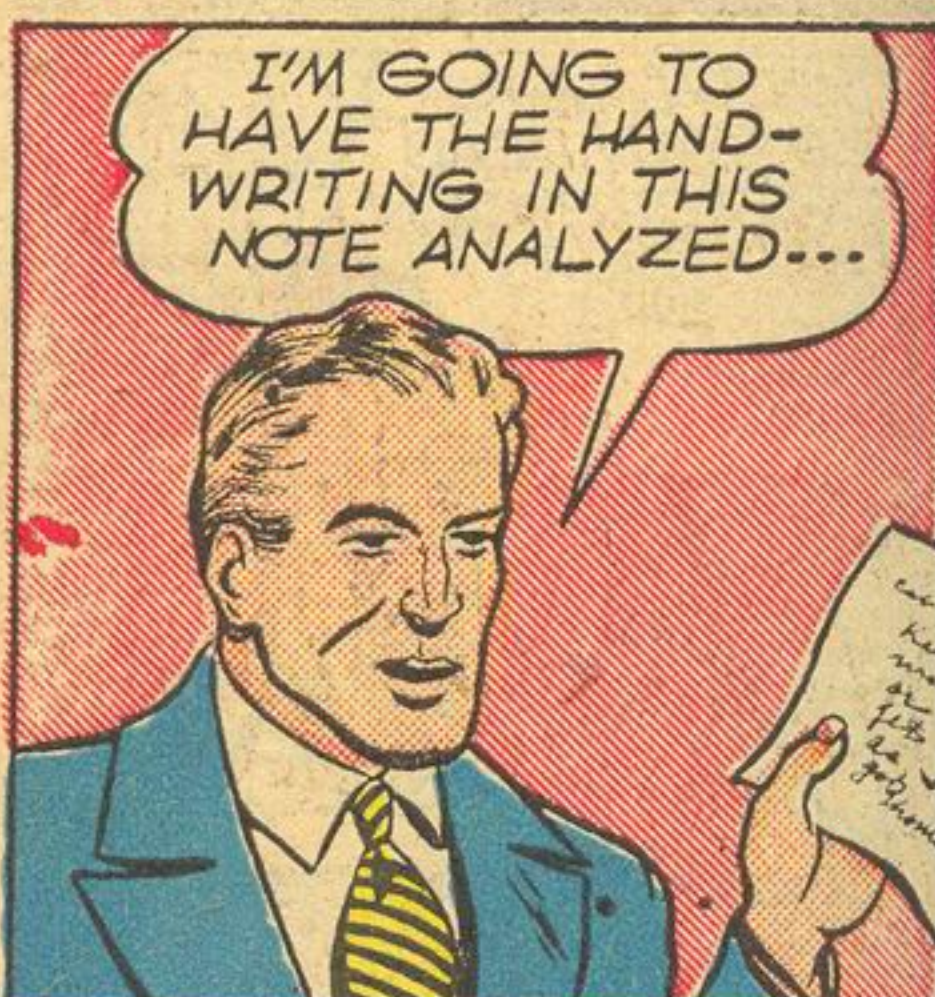
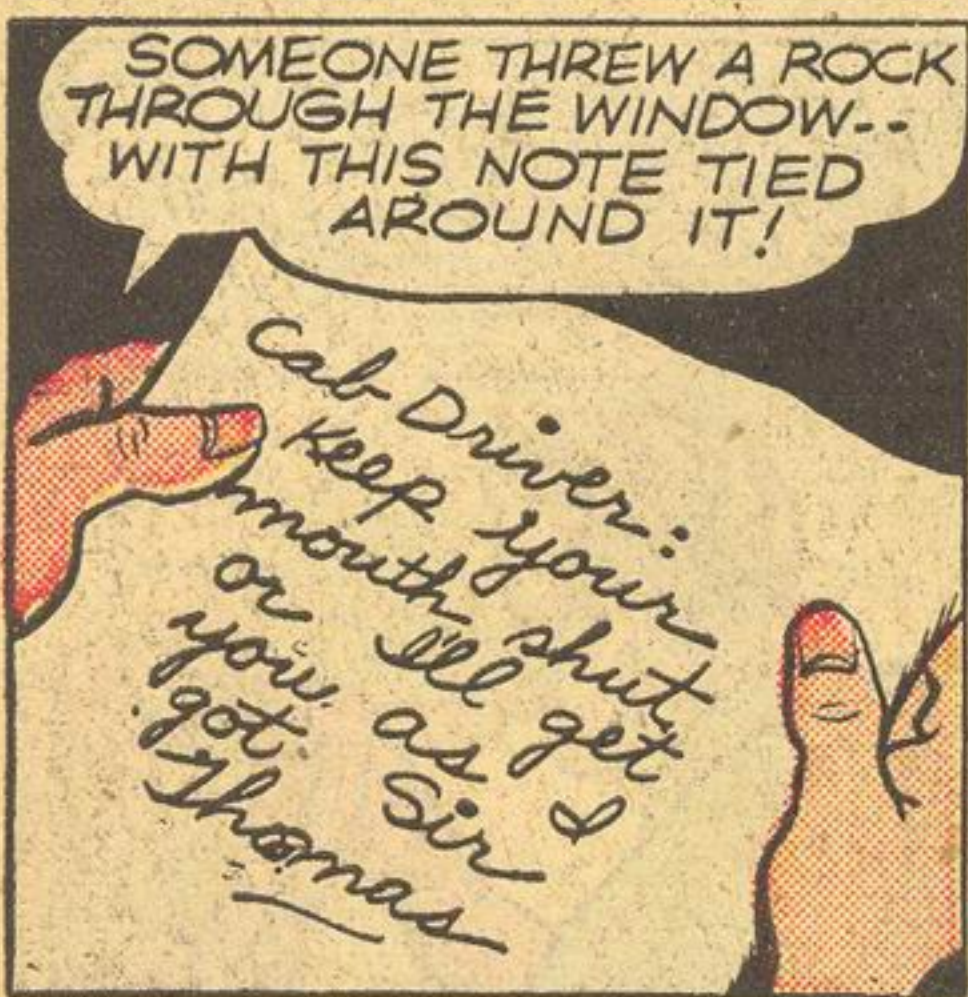


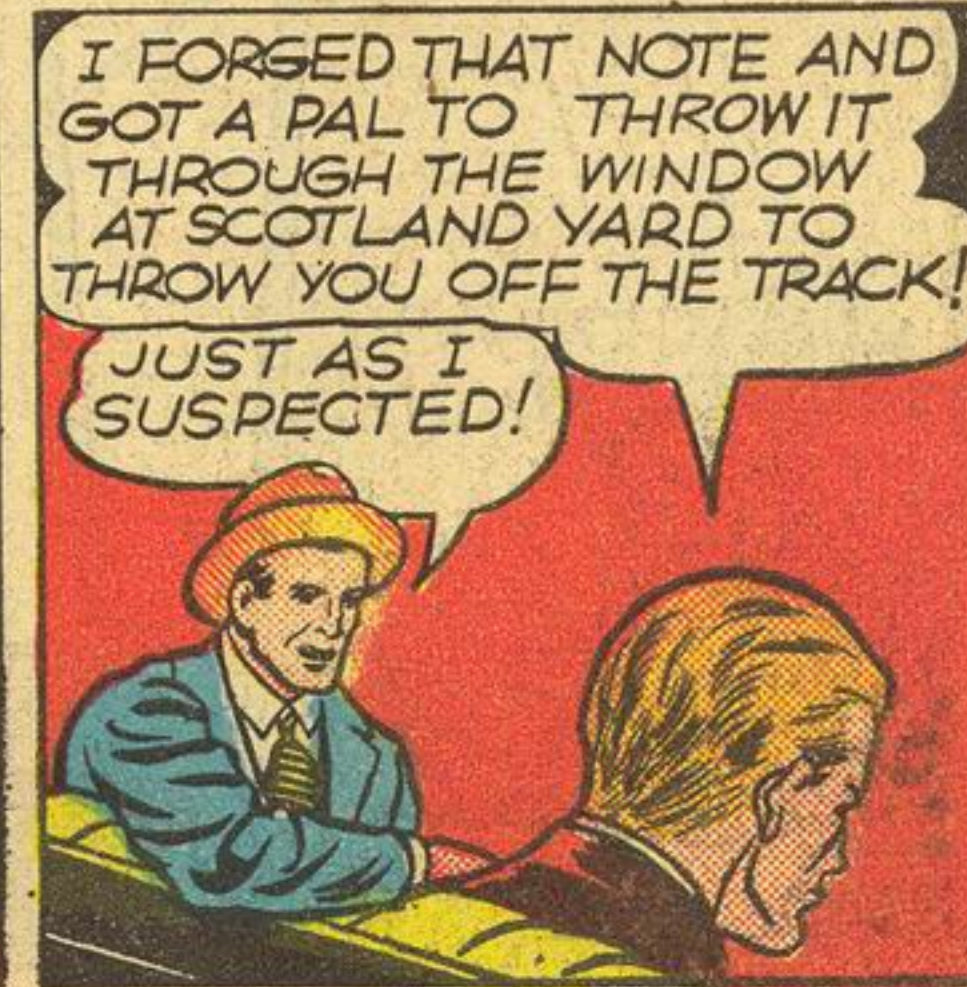
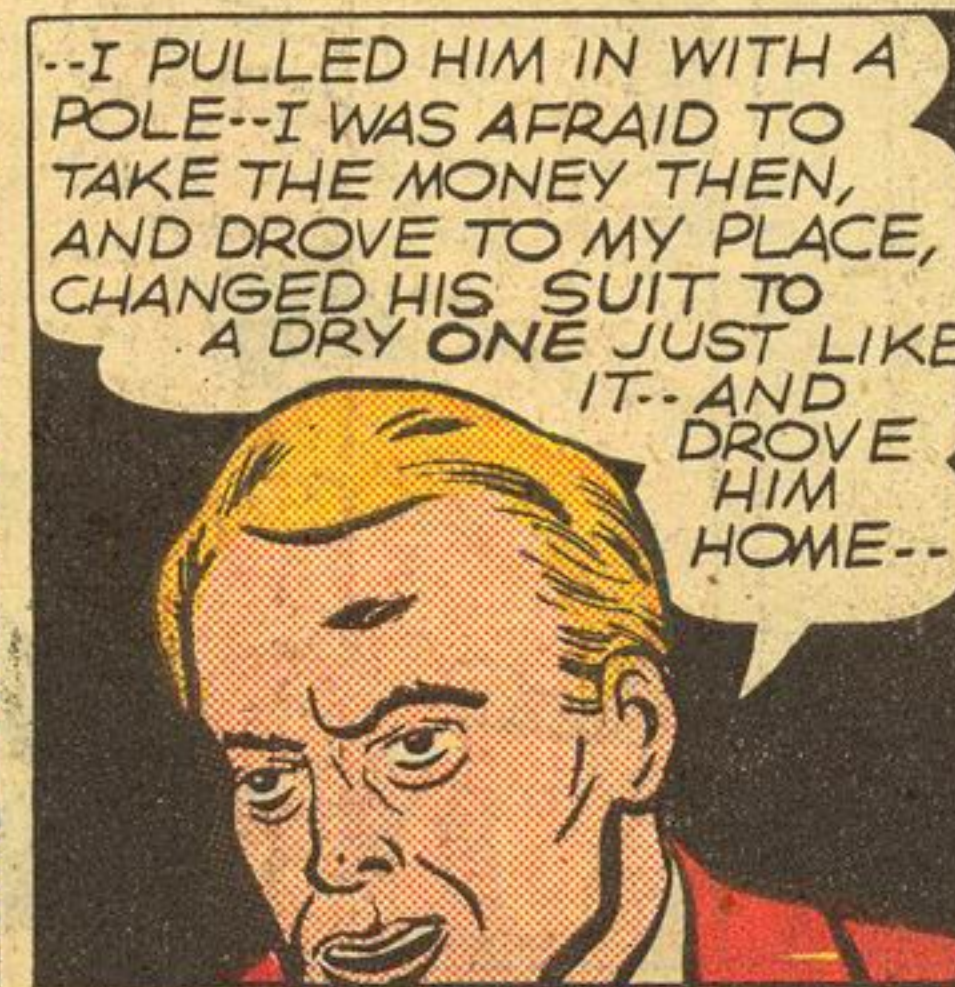
THAT MUST HAVE
TAKEN YOU
ABOUT TWENTY
MINUTES-- IS
THAT RIGHT?

THAT'S
RIGHT!







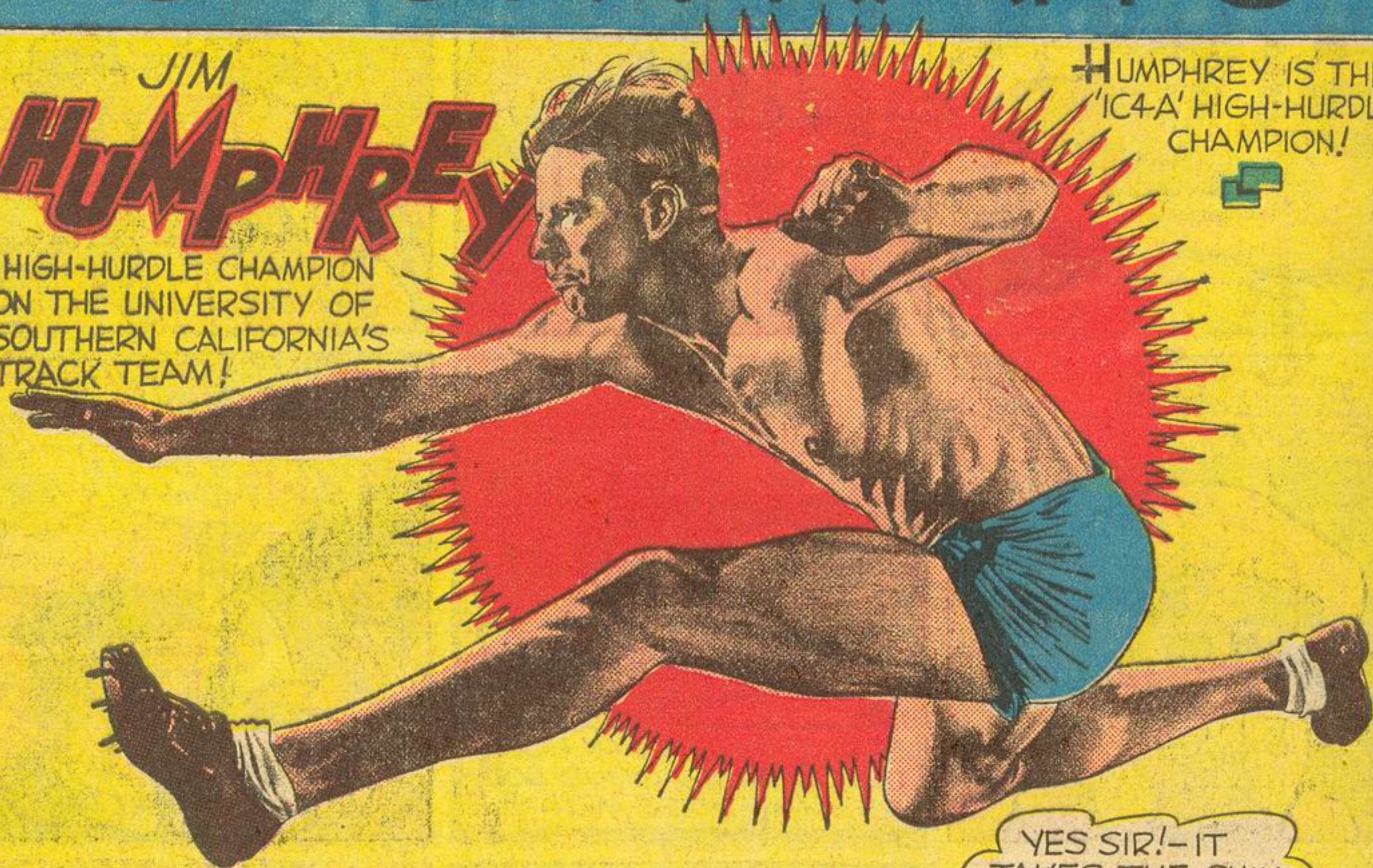


SPORTTRAITS

JIM HUMPHREY

HIGH-HURDLE CHAMPION ON THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S TRACK TEAM!

HUMPHREY IS THE 'IC4-A' HIGH-HURDLE CHAMPION!



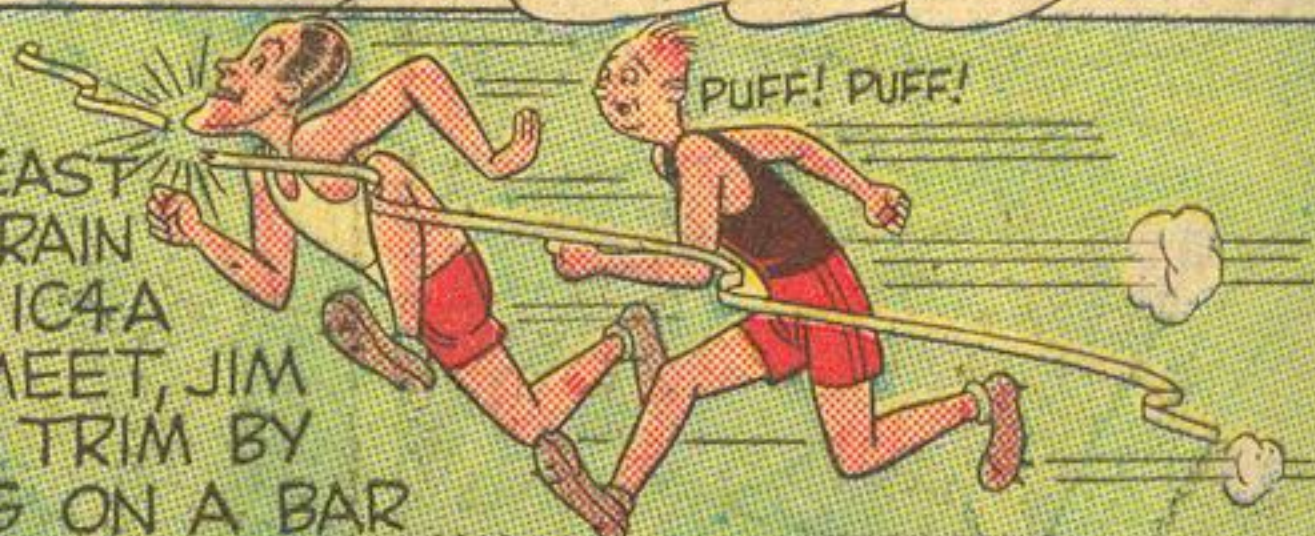
I NEVER COULD UNDERSTAND WHY THEY USE A POLE FOR THE POLE-VAULT!



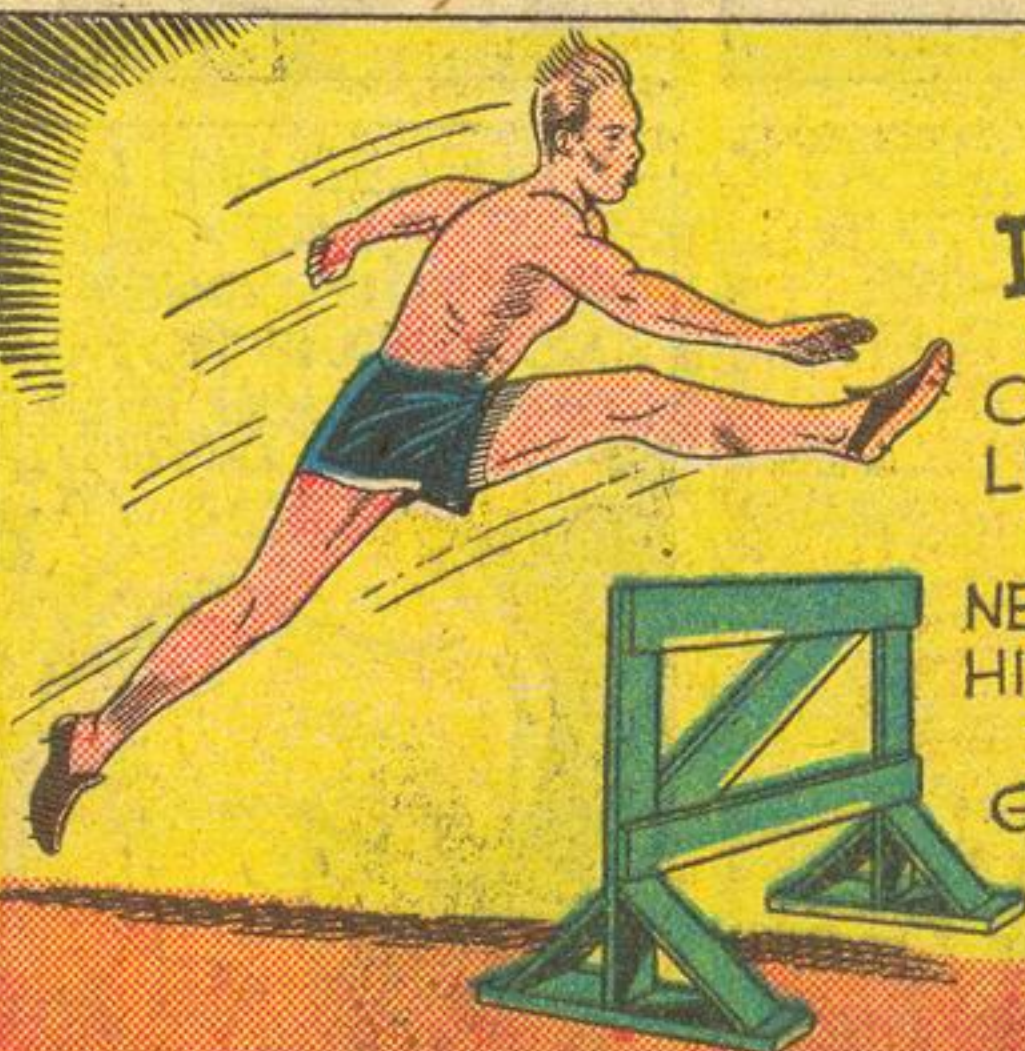
JIM, WHO WAS UNDEFEATED IN 1939 IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE BEST HIGH-HURDLE PROSPECTS FOR THE 1940 OLYMPICS!

YES SIR!—IT TAKES THE CHIN TO WIN!

WHILE COMING EAST ON THE TRAIN FOR THE IC4A TRACK MEET, JIM KEPT IN TRIM BY CHINNING ON A BAR SWUNG BETWEEN TWO UPPER BERTHS!



IN ORDER TO BECOME A CRACK HURDLER LIKE HUMPHREY, ONE MUST NEVER BREAK HIS SPRINTER'S STRIDE IN GOING OVER THE HURDLE!



The PHANTOM FOG

JOHN LAW

Scientective

ONE BY ONE, A GROUP OF 13 WEALTHY MEN HAVE BEEN MENACED WITH DISGRACE, RUIN OR DEATH BY A MYSTERIOUS ENEMY... "THE AVENGER."

JOHN LAW, SCIENTIST, LAWYER, AND ACE INVESTIGATOR OF UNUSUAL CRIMES, HAS BALKED THE AVENGER IN 6 ATTEMPTS...

IN THE LAST EPISODE THE AVENGER PROVED TO BE NONE OTHER THAN ALBERT LEWIS, ONE OF THE 13 WHO HIRED LAW! THE AVENGER HAS VANISHED... AND LAW IS ON THE ALERT FOR HIS NEXT MOVE

HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL

WHAT'S COMING OFF? WHAT'S THIS STRANGE FOG, OFFICER?

YOU'LL HAVE TO DETOUR, SIR!

RETURNING FROM A CASE, LAW IS DRIVING THRU PHILADELPHIA...

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

IT'S THAT FOG ON LOCUST STREET... WE'VE HAD IT FOR THREE DAYS!

THIS IS THE FIFTH BLOCK THAT'S CLOSED!

STREET AFTER STREET IS CLOSED!

THERE WAS SOMETHING WACKY ABOUT THAT FOG IN 'PHILLY'! IT SMELLED LIKE CHEMICAL SMOKE TO ME!

NEW YORK 8

LAW PONDERES AS HE SPEEDS TO NEW YORK

LAW'S LABORATORY, THE NEXT DAY

ROLLS?

MR. ROLLS HAS BEEN TRYING TO REACH YOU!

WASN'T HE ON THE AVENGER'S LIST, JUNE?

HELLO! LOOK AT THIS! ROLLS IS PRESIDENT OF THIS BUS LINE!

STANDARD

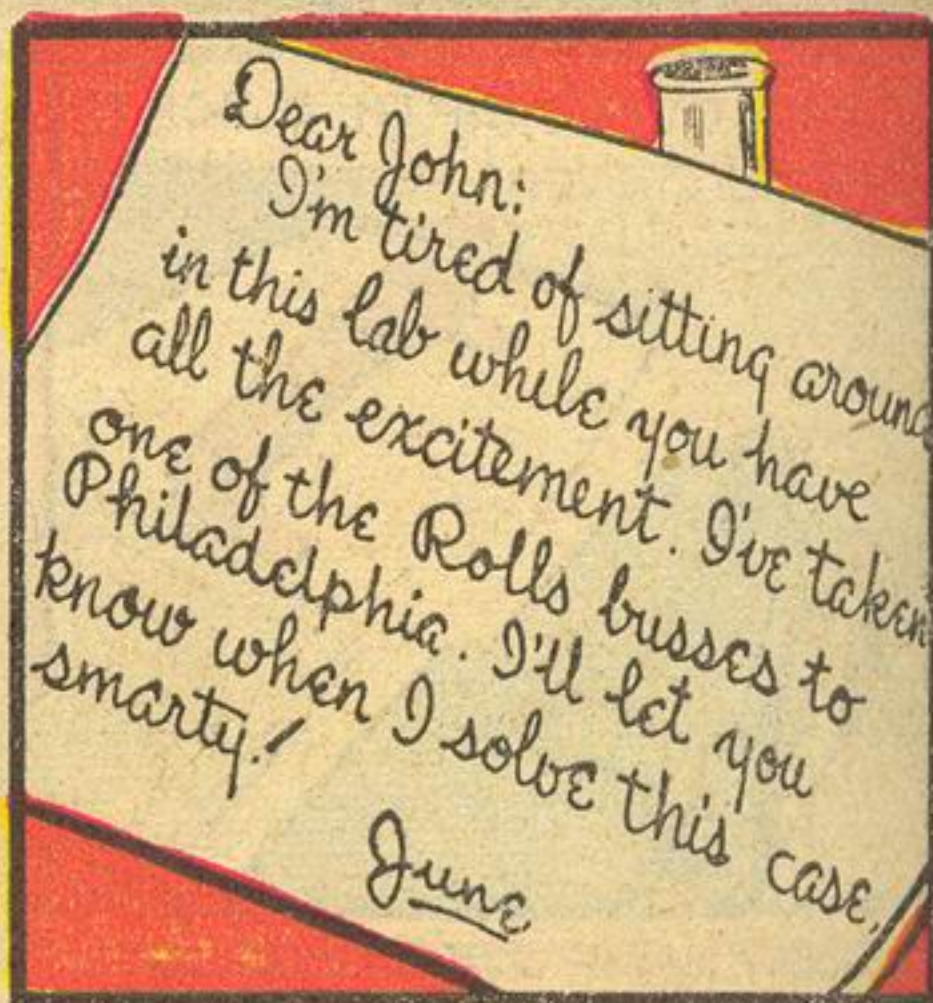
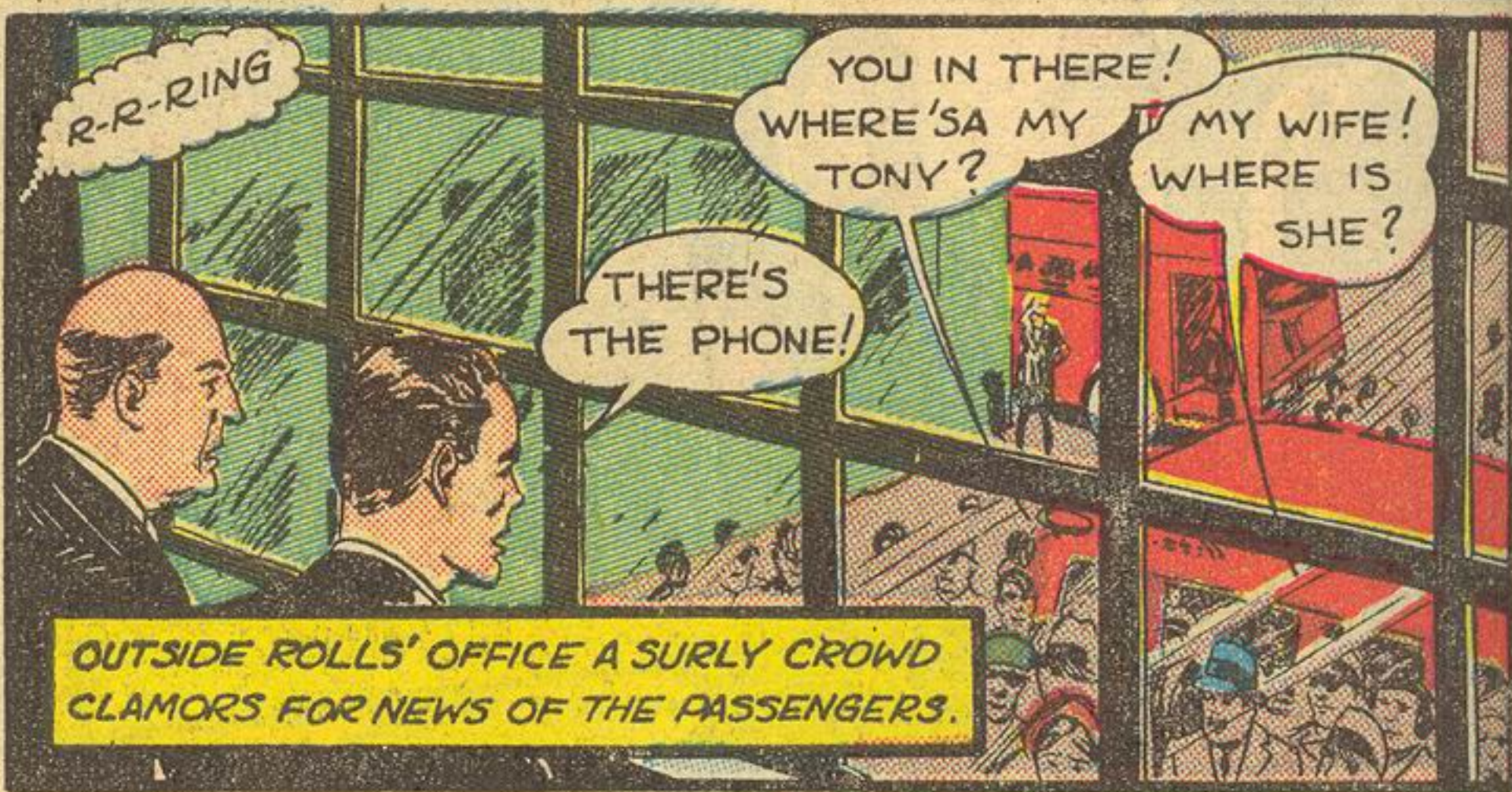
2 Busses AND 7 PASSENGERS MISSING

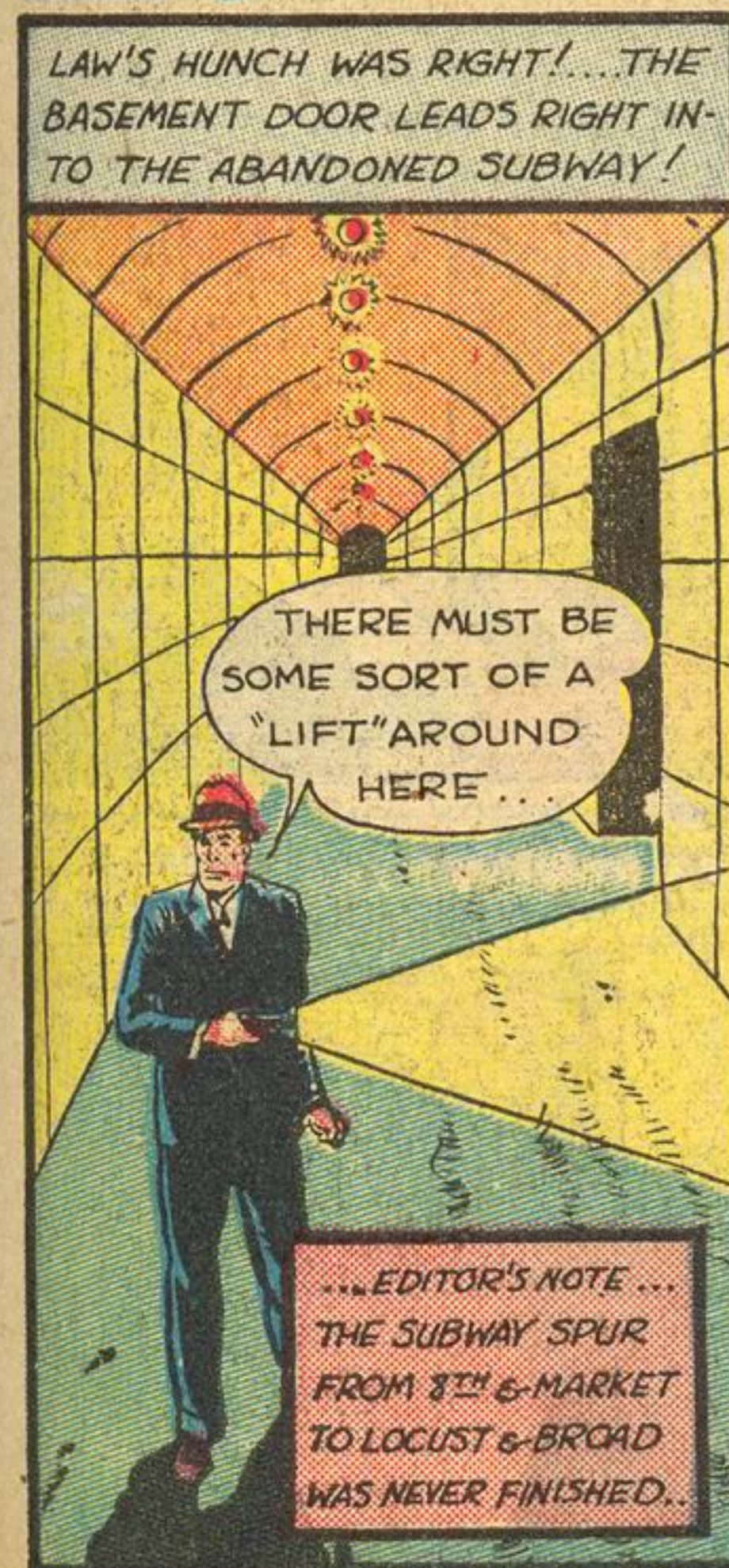
ROLLS SILENT

JUNE, YOU WAIT HERE AND KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF THIS OFFICE!

I'M GOING OVER TO SEE ROLLS!

"KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE" INDEED!... I'LL SHOW HIM A FEW THINGS!







HAUL HIM IN HERE!
THE AVENGER WANTS A
LOOK AT HIM!

STILL GROGGY, LAW IS HAULED
THRU A CHAIN OF SUB-CELLARS!



SO...LEWIS!...YOU ARE
THE AVENGER! I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOUR GAME IS, BUT
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY
WITH THIS!

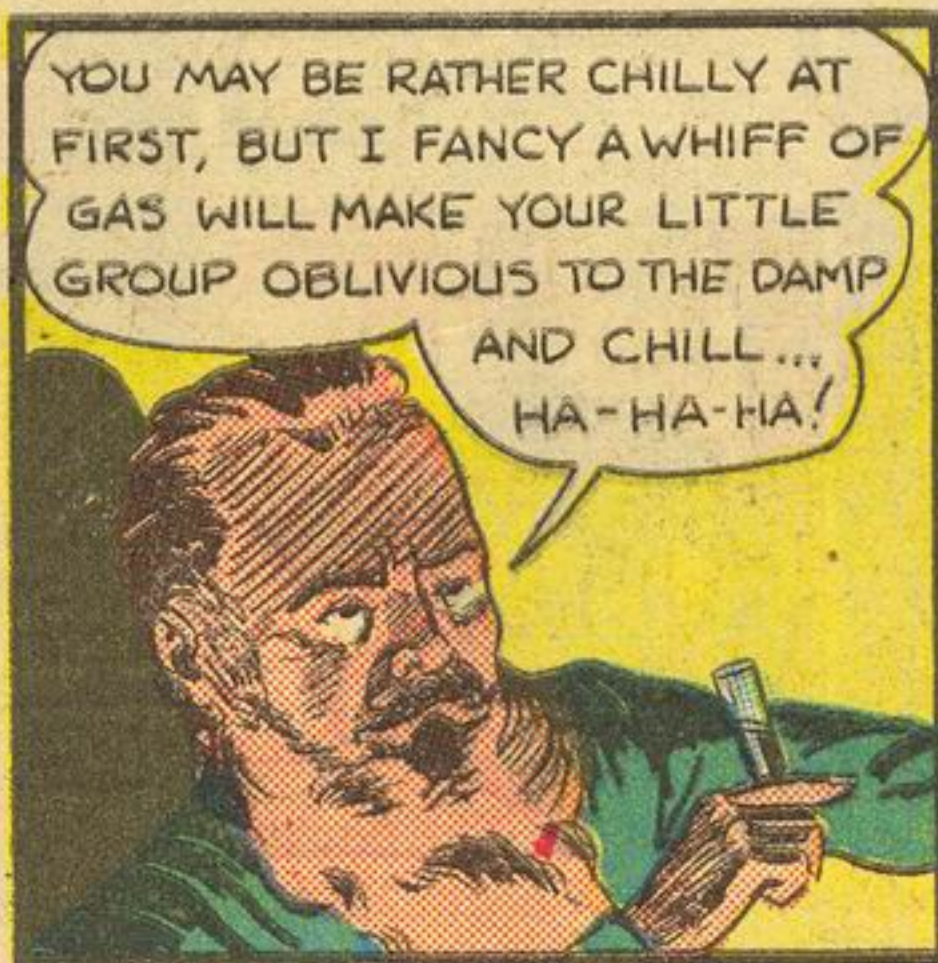


AH, THE SCIENTECTIVE AGAIN!
I THOUGHT YOU'D BE SNOOPING
AROUND. YOU'LL FIND A FRIEND
HERE...A CERTAIN MISS
JUNE CARTER!

LAW RECOVERS IN A VAST AND
CHILLY ECHOING LABORATORY.



WHY...YOU!
BLINDFOLD HIM
AND DUMP HIM
IN WITH THE BUS
PASSENGERS!



YOU MAY BE RATHER CHILLY AT
FIRST, BUT I FANCY A WHIFF OF
GAS WILL MAKE YOUR LITTLE
GROUP OBLIVIOUS TO THE DAMP
AND CHILL...
HA-HA-HA!



IN YOU GO,
PAL!

HIS EYES BLINDFOLDED, LAW IS
THRUST THRU A SLIDING DOOR!



JUNE!...HOW DID
IT HAPPEN?

THE DRIVER HAD TO STOP BECAUSE
OF A SUDDEN FOG, AND SUDDENLY
DOWN WE SANK, RIGHT THRU THE
STREET! PLEASE GET US OUT.
IT'S SO COLD!

ROLLS RYANES

IN A HUGE, BLEAK CHAMBER, JUNE
AND THE OTHER PASSENGERS HUDDLE
AROUND THE KIDNAPPED BUSES!



THAT LOCKED STEEL DOOR IS THE
ONLY EXIT, AND WE
CAN'T BUDGE
IT!

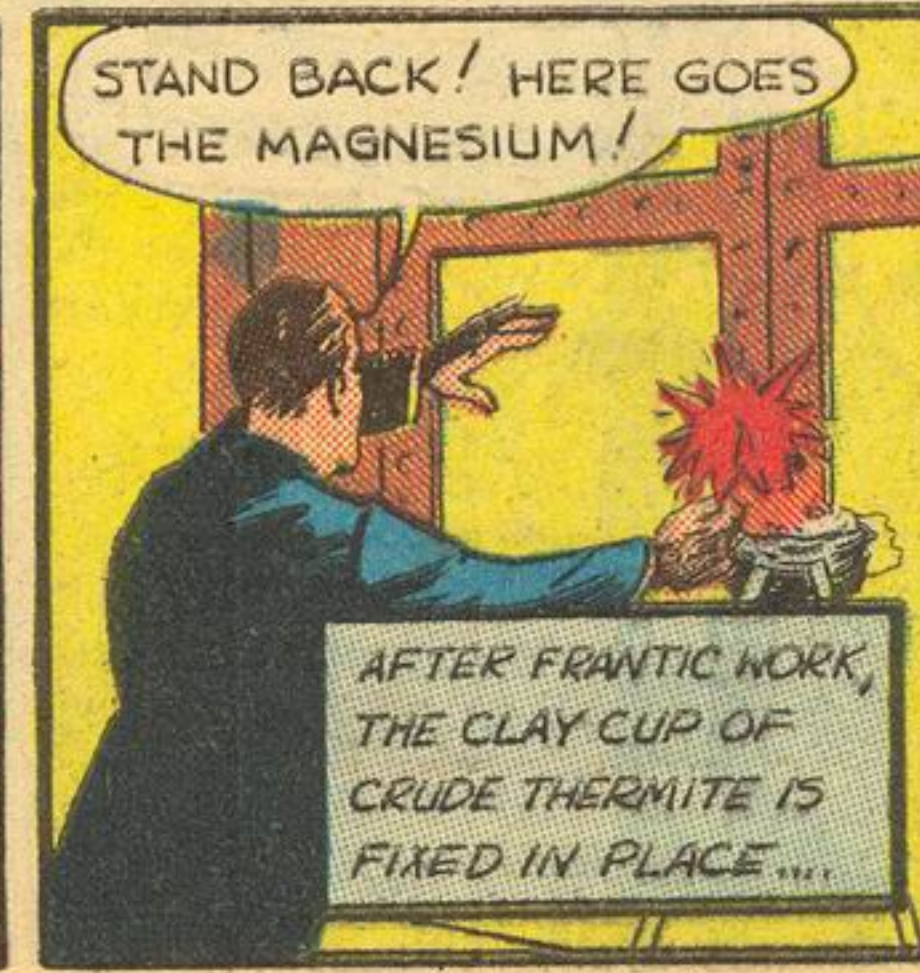
THERMITE
WOULD BURN
THRU IT!..IF
ONLY...



WAIT! WE COULD MAKE IT WITH
ALUMINUM FILINGS FROM THE
BUSES AND RUST FROM THESE
OLD GIRDERS... BUT WE'D
NEED MAGNESIUM
TOO....



I'M A CAMERA-MAN- SWELL!
WOULD FLASH POWDER HELP?
THAT'LL DO IT...
QUICK JUNE, DIG
SOME CLAY FOR A
CONTAINER..WE'VE
NO TIME TO
LOSE!



STAND BACK! HERE GOES
THE MAGNESIUM!

AFTER FRANTIC WORK,
THE CLAY CUP OF
CRUDE THERMITE IS
FIXED IN PLACE....



IT'S WORKING!

THE THERMITE, BURNING AT 5000 DEGREES, EATS THRU THE STEEL DOOR!



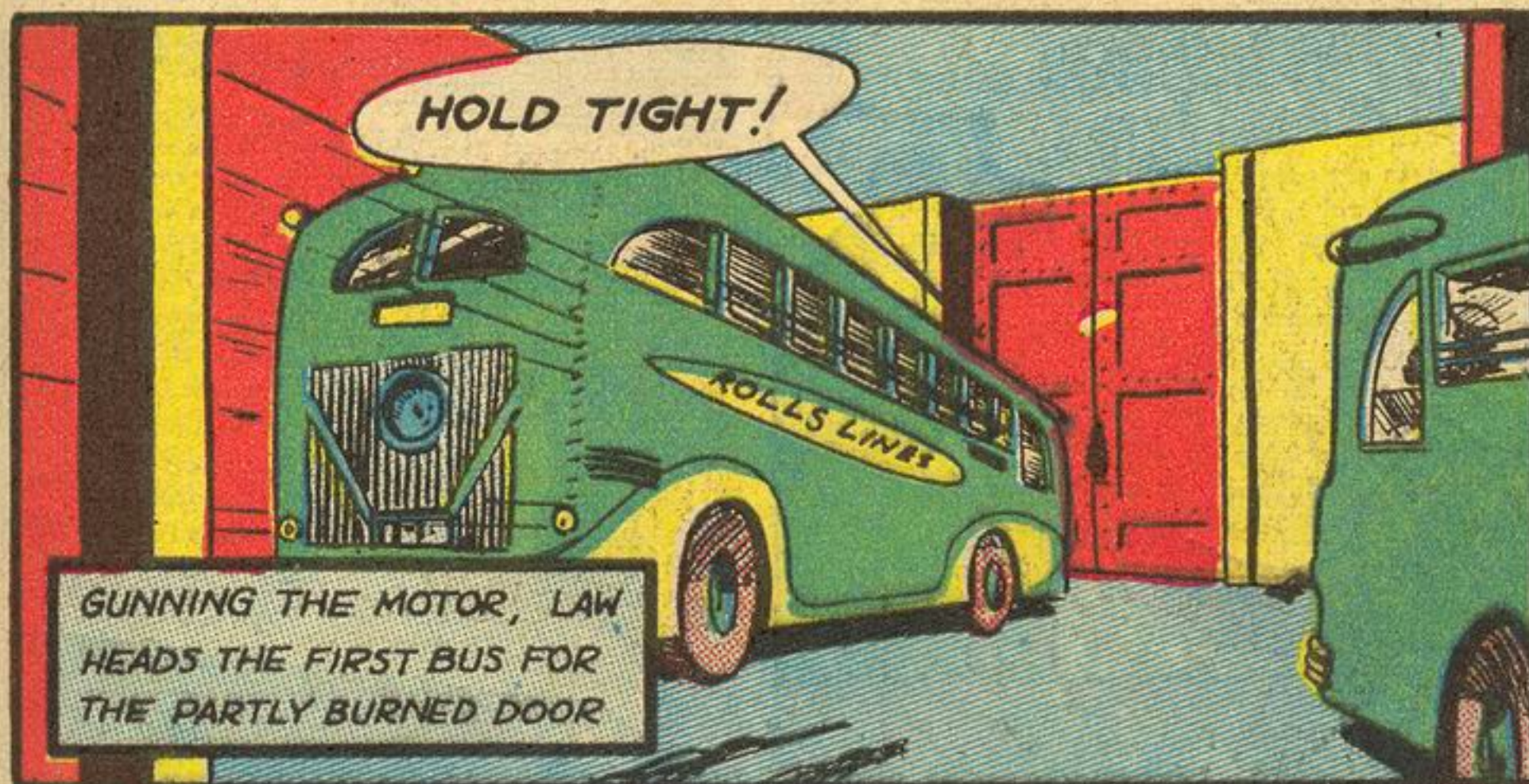
ANOTHER SHOT WILL DO IT!

HURRY! I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!



THAT'S ALL WE HAVE TIME FOR!...QUICK!... FOLLOW ME WITH THE OTHER Busses!

PILE IN, FOLKS!



HOLD TIGHT!

GUNNING THE MOTOR, LAW HEADS THE FIRST BUS FOR THE PARTLY BURNED DOOR



MADE IT!

CRASH!

THE POWERFUL BUS SMASHES THRU!



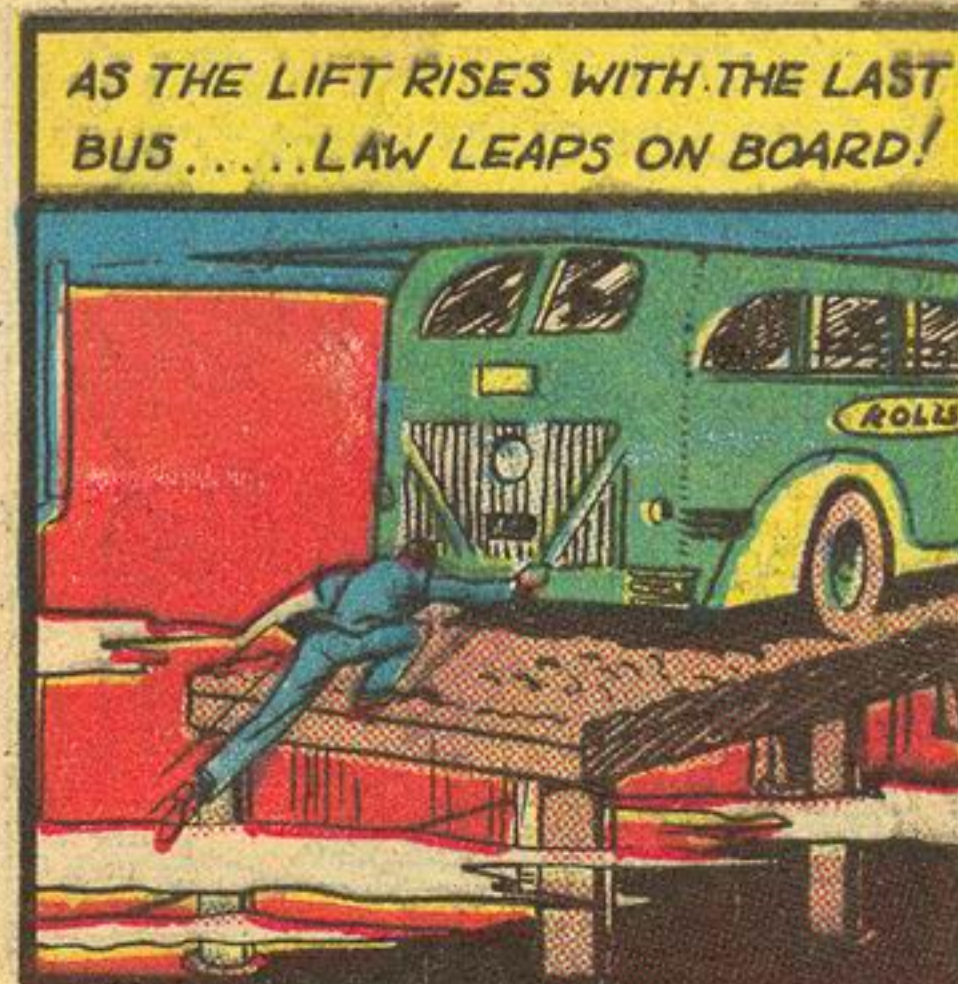
WE'LL GET OUT THE SAME WAY YOU GOT IN!

AT THE TOUCH OF A LEVER, A SECTION OF CEILING DESCENDS...



GET SET TO DRIVE THE NEXT BUS ON!...I'LL FLOOD THE SUBWAY WITH THEIR TRICK FOG!

...IT THEN RISES, LIFTING THE FIRST BUS TO THE STREET ABOVE



AS THE LIFT RISES WITH THE LAST BUS.....LAW LEAPS ON BOARD!



HERE'S OUR BROKEN DOOR, BUT I CAN'T FIND A TRACE OF THE AVENGER'S LABORATORY! IT MIGHT BE ANY SUB-CELLAR IN THE BLOCK!

LATER...A FRUITLESS SEARCH OF THE TUNNEL



YOUR THERMITE SAVED MY BUS LINE, LAW...BUT WHY DID LEWIS WANT TO RUIN ME?

IT'S RUININ' THE CITY STREETS HE WAS 'A-CUTTIN' THAT HOLE!

THERE'S SOMETHING 'PHONEY ABOUT LEWIS! THAT 'LAB' OF HIS WAS TOO BLAMED SCIENTIFIC FOR A RETIRED MERCHANT!

WHAT DOES JOHN LAW SUSPECT? WHAT IS STRANGE ABOUT LEWIS, ALIAS 'THE AVENGER'? READ THE NEXT SMASH COMICS!

CHIC CARTER

ACE
REPORTER



IN THE SMALL COLLEGE
TOWN OF DEVLIN...



THE EDITOR'S OFFICE OF
THE "DAILY STAR," NEW YORK CITY.

CARTER..COME
UP TO MY OFFICE
AT ONCE!



OH, THERE YOU ARE...
HAVE YOU SEEN
THIS YET?

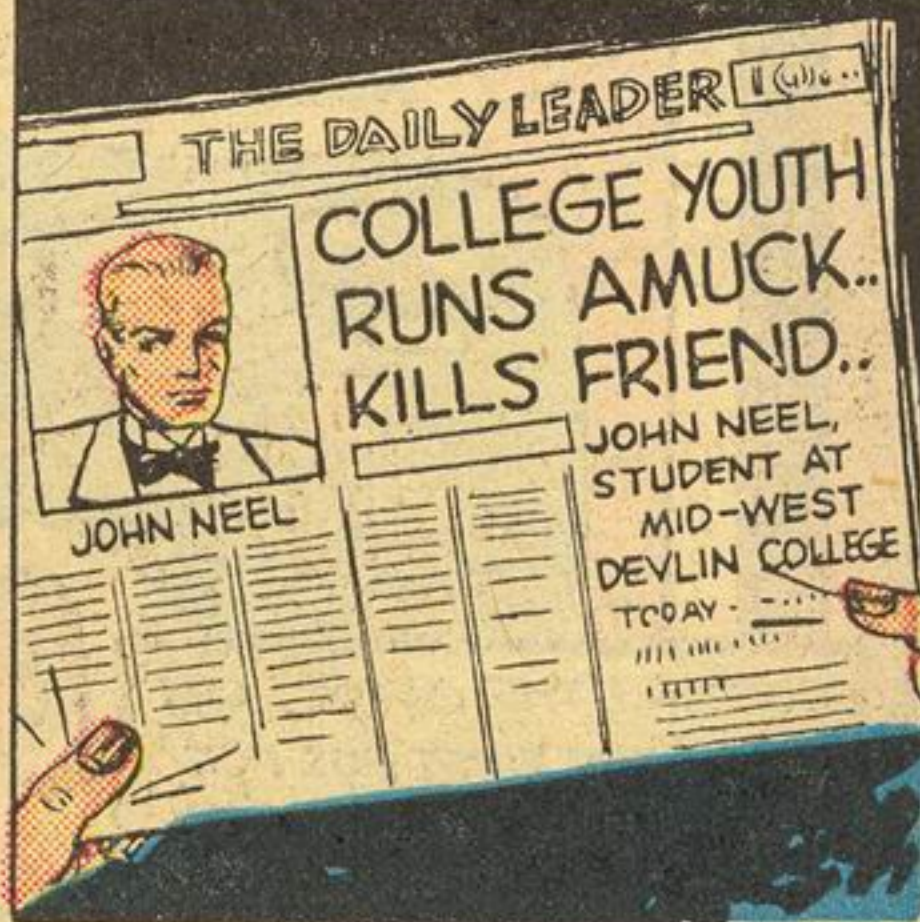
WHAT
IS IT?



THE DAILY LEADER

COLLEGE YOUTH
RUNS AMUCK..
KILLS FRIEND..

JOHN NEEL,
STUDENT AT
MID-WEST
DEVLIN COLLEGE
TODAY -



WHAT'S THE
LOWDOWN, CHIEF?

THAT BOY WAS
DOPED..MARIJUANA!
I WANT YOU TO
GO OUT THERE
AND SEE WHAT
YOU CAN FIND!



THE NIGHT TRAIN FROM
NEW YORK BRINGS CHIC
CARTER TO DEVLIN...



GUESS I'LL SEE THE BOY'S
FAMILY FIRST...

LOCUST STREET,
DRIVER...

RIGHT!



AT THE NEEL HOME ...

WHOM
DID YOU
WANT?

I'D LIKE TO SEE
THE PARENTS OF
JOHN NEEL...



MOTHER AND
DAD ARE DEAD.
I'M MARY NEEL,
JOHN'S SISTER!

I'M CHIC CARTER,
REPORTER...I'D
LIKE TO ASK A
FEW QUESTIONS.



ARE MANY OF THESE
DOPED MARIJUANA
CIGARETTES SOLD
HERE IN TOWN?

YES!
YOU CAN
BUY
THEM
EASILY!





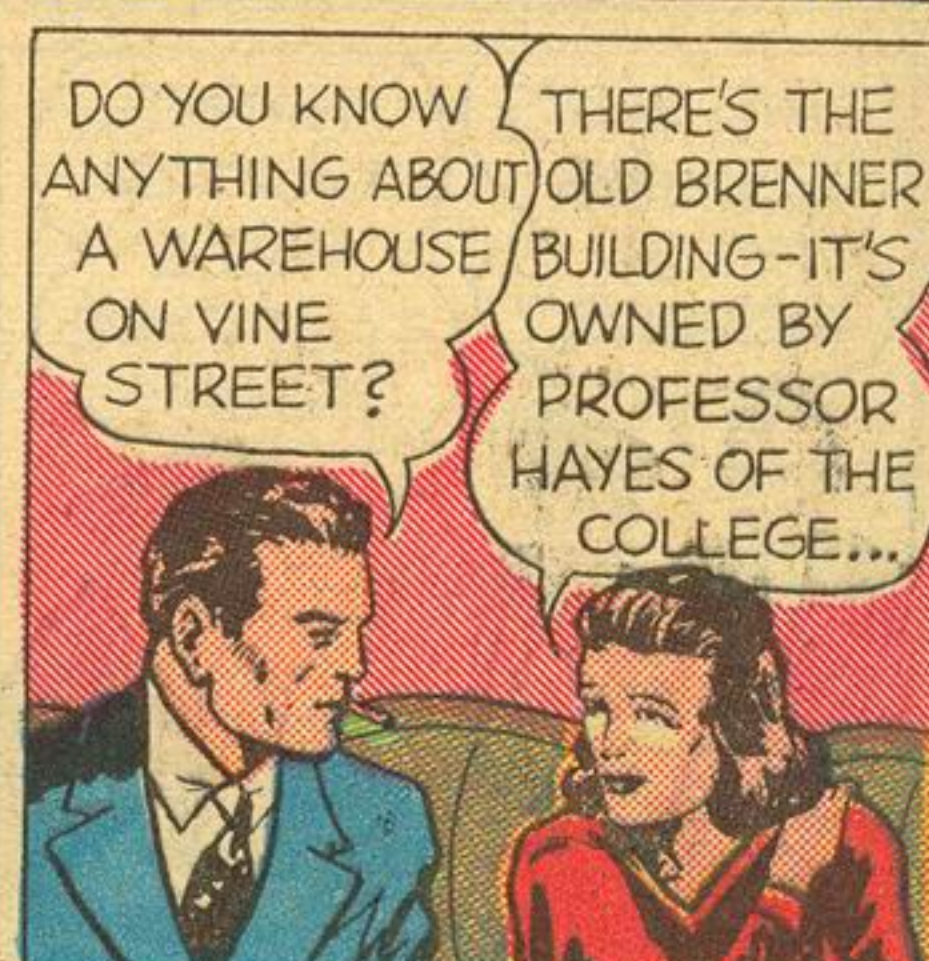
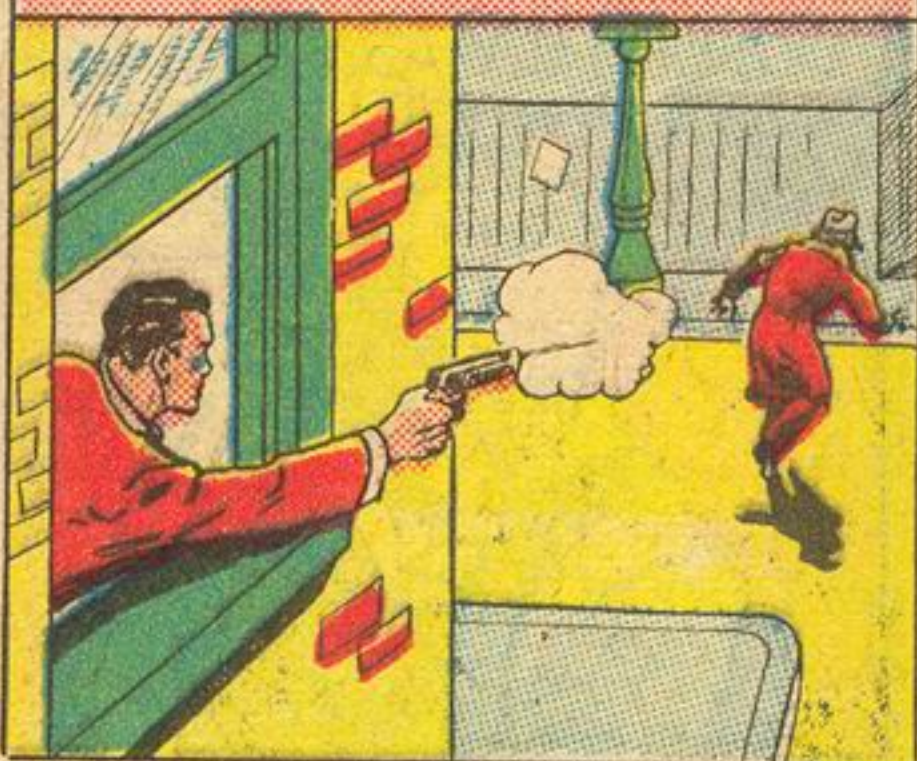
IN HIS ROOM CHIC IS STARTLED
BY A STRANGE SOUND...



THE THUGS MISS...ONE OF
THEM DROPS AS CHIC FIRES...



THE SECOND THUG RUNS FOR
THE CAR.. CARTER AIMS AND...





Follow Chic Carrier in the May issue of SMASH COMICS—on sale March 20th.

THE CAT MEN

By ROBERT M. HYATT

The thunderous roar of a big Diesel split the cold northern silence. The huge "cat" train—three thirty-foot sleighs drawn by a caterpillar tractor—dipped into the valley and came on, spotlight knifing the darkness. A wolf stiffened near the crest of the hill and slunk away with a snarl.

"Burton comin' in," said Squint Casey, glancing up from his paper.

Jimmy Christian, superintendent of the new Great Northern Freight Line, paced the office and watched the wall clock as if it held his life between its slow-moving hands. In a sense it did. The next few hours would decide success or near-ruin for Jimmy and the Great Northern. They *must* land the Norton Mine contract! Two hundred miles of frigid, desolate tundra lay between them and fifty thousand dollars in freight hauling. The first "cat" train to the mine would get the order.

Eight in the morning was the official starting time of the two rival trains—Jimmy's and Bat Drummond's Iron Mountain outfit. It would be an exciting race and Bat would let nothing stand in the way of winning.

At six next morning Jimmy tumbled out of his bunk feeling as if he hadn't slept all night.

The clearing in front of the Great Northern office was crowded with parka-clad trappers, Mounted Police and several Indians. Word of the approaching race had spread by woods' "grape-

vine" and everybody within twenty miles was present to see the start.

A cheer went up when Jimmy stepped out of his office. He waved, then climbed up into the cab of his "cat." Bat Drummond glowered from the window of his cab and spoke in an undertone to Lud Beavers, his pilot. The latter winked slyly.

Inspector Swain of the Mounted, acting as official starter, drew his revolver and looked at his watch. At exactly eight o'clock he pulled the trigger and the whole clearing trembled as the two great trains got under way. Drummond led. From the crummy, or caboose, of his train a pair of evil eyes watched as Squint Casey's bellowing behemoth trailed in the rear.

A mile from the starting line the trail split, and each train took the route allotted to it.

"She's smooth as glass," Jimmy shouted into Casey's ear. "Hope the tanker doesn't have trouble."

Tankers were sent ahead of a train to plaster snow and water over muskeg and creek where the ice was less than four feet thick; it had to be that to bear the tremendous weight of the trains.

There was too much noise to carry on conversation, so Jimmy sat and watched the gray landscape pass slowly, and Casey clung to his controls.

The day wore on. Near four o'clock the window on Jimmy's side of the cab shattered and a bullet pinged off a lever an inch from Casey's hand.

"Leapin' Lizards!" he yelled. "Drummond's ambushin' us!"

Jimmy couldn't see the hidden marksman, but warned Casey to keep down below the window level. A little farther on, Jimmy pointed off to the right of the iced trail. Casey brought the train to a stop.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" he exclaimed. "It's our tanker. Turned over in deep snow. Wonder where in blazes Haines is?"

Haines, the tanker pilot, was gone, investigation revealed—Kidnaped in all probability by Bat's evil crew.

"They most likely have Haines hogtied in their crummy," observed Casey. "Well—"

"I'm not worrying so much about Haines," Jimmy observed gravely. "It's the trail ahead. Without the tanker we may run into trouble—Wolf Creek especially."

Casey grumbled morosely. Wolf Creek was only five miles from the Norton Mines and Bat Drummond's "cat" trail crossed it some three hundred yards from that of Jimmy's route. The race rules stipulated that each train had to use its own crossing of the creek.

Just seventeen hours from the time they left the Great Northern clearing, Squint Casey brought his Diesel to a stop a few feet from the south shore of Wolf Creek.

"Well, son," he said, "here she is, Looks oke, huh?" He focused the powerful spot on the glaring ice that covered the creek from shore to shore, a distance of about two hundred feet.

"Yeah," said Jimmy. "Looks too good to be true. Too white. Well, we'll soon know." He strode down to the ice and put a foot on it. It was slushy—partially melted!

"Good heavens, Casey! This isn't ice at all; it's—Hey!" He reached down and scooped up a handful of the whitish stuff.

"Salt!" he cried. "Why, the dirty cut-throats, they've dumped salt all over our trail!"

Casey piled out of the cab and came running. He muttered something that would not look good in print.

"Where in heck did he get th' salt?" he demanded.

"Search me." Jimmy sprinted back to the train and unfastened the canvas cover on the first sleigh. "Help me, Casey," he said. "I've got an idea."

In a few minutes they had lifted onto the snow a high-pressure hydraulic pump outfit ordered by the Norton Mine. It was a simple matter to hook the pump to the crankshaft pulley on their tractor. Then Jimmy pulled out of the sleigh two lengths of three-inch hose. One of these he fastened to the inlet, carrying the other end down to the creek and poking it through the ice into the water. The other length he fastened to the pump's outlet.

"Start 'er up, Casey," he ordered. "Drummond must be quite a-ways ahead of us, though I can't hear his engine."

Casey kicked the starter and the big Diesel burst into life. The pump began working, forcing a powerful stream of creek water through the outlet hose. Jimmy clung to the nozzle and swept the salt-laden trail with the stream. The salt was washed off in a minute, and, what was better, the water froze almost the instant it hit the ice. Five minutes of spraying from shore to shore of the creek had built up a solid roadway of ice. They were on their way once more, losing only about fifteen precious minutes.

"Gotta step on it now," said Jimmy. "I opened the governor a few notches this morning, and we ought to get a couple extra miles out of her."

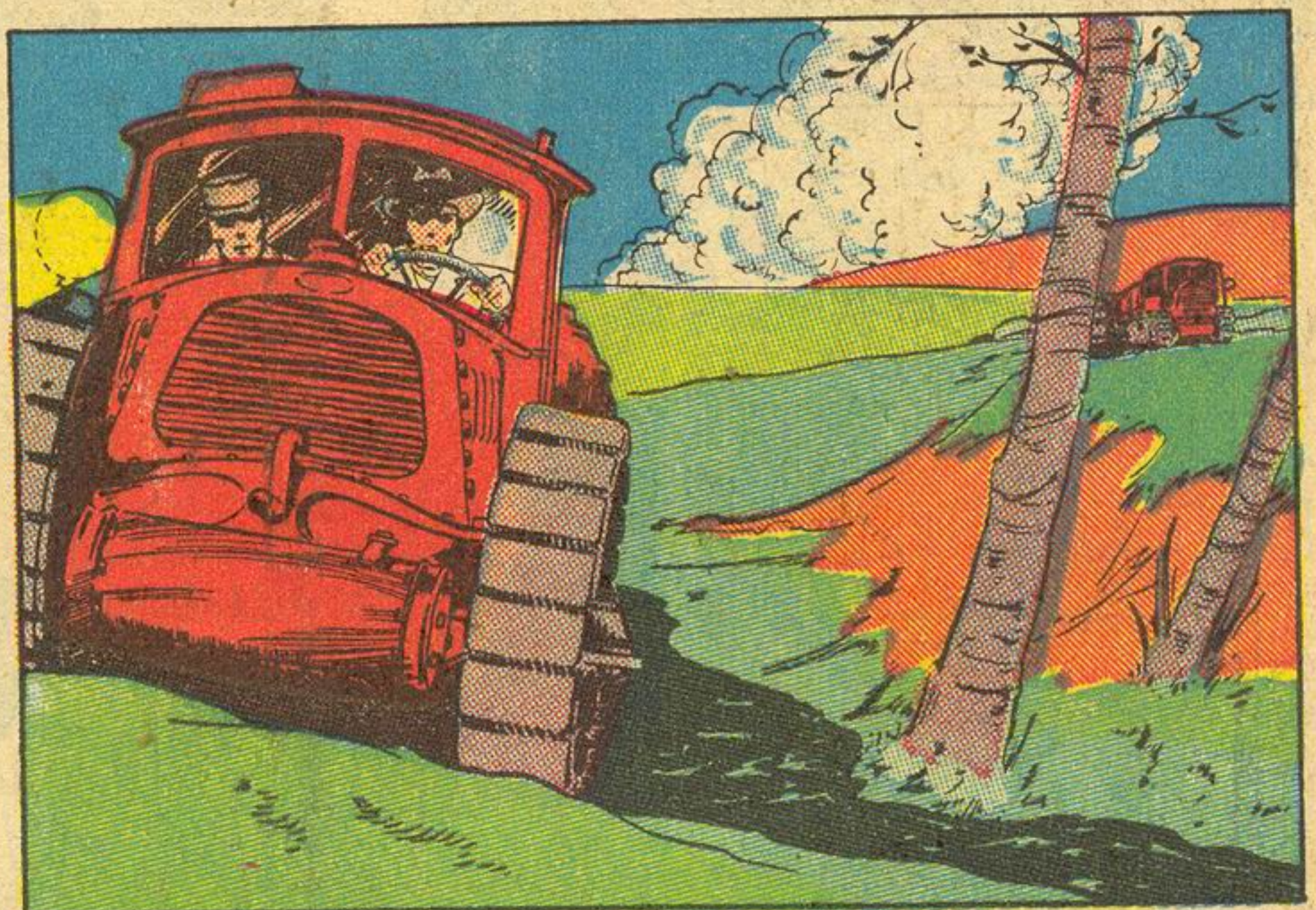
Casey grunted. "Thought she

was turnin' over a bit faster. Okay, we'll try."

For three miles the two trails ran close together. When they had gone perhaps a mile, the roar of Drummond's Diesel reached their ears and the thin finger of his spot was visible.

"Gaining," said Casey laconically. "Not much, but gaining."

"How far yet to the mines?" asked Jimmy. A furrow of anxiety creased his high forehead. If they didn't win—they *had* to win!



"Couple miles," Casey replied, his eyes glued to the oil pressure gauge.

When they were almost directly opposite Drummond's train, a bullet whistled into the side of their cab. There was too much noise to hear the report of the rifle. Jimmy and Casey kept their heads down below the window level, praying that the cab walls were heavy enough to stop the slugs. Two more thudded into the wood; one zinged off the cowl.

The mine lights gleamed in the distance. Would they make it first? Could they? Now they could see the crowd of mine workers watching them, waiting to welcome the winner,

Fifty yards from the finish line, with both trains almost nose and nose, Drummond's Diesel sputtered and died.

"Somethin' happened to Bat's motor," Casey exulted. "Look—he's stopped!"

Jimmy Christian's train flashed over the line and a cheer went up. He had won!

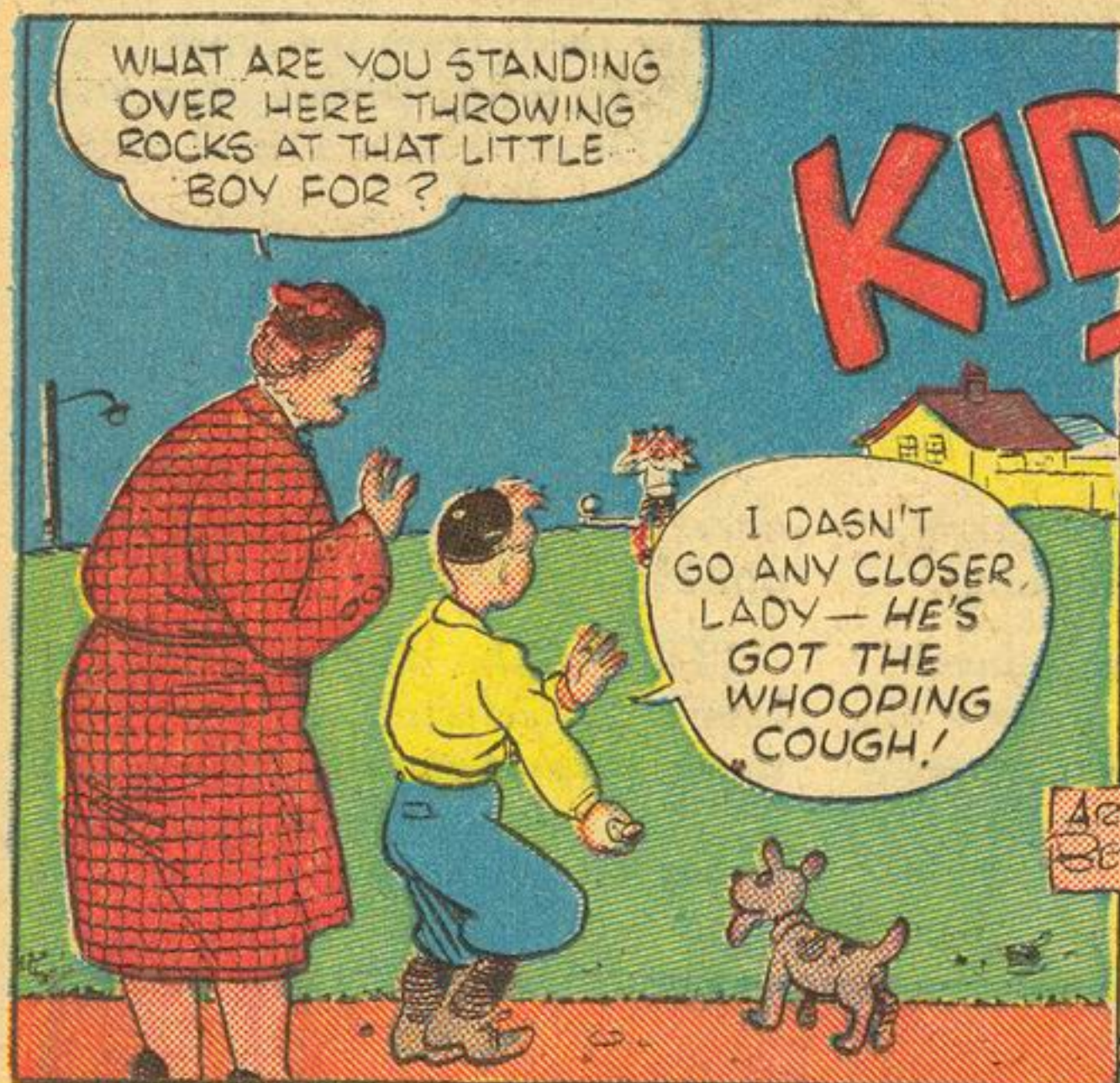
Haines, the Great Northern Line's tanker pilot, came running up. He was grinning. "We made it!" he shouted, executing a crazy dance on the snow.

"What happened to Bat's motor?" Jimmy asked. "Whatever did serves him right—he tried to sink us on Wolf Creek by dumping salt on the ice."

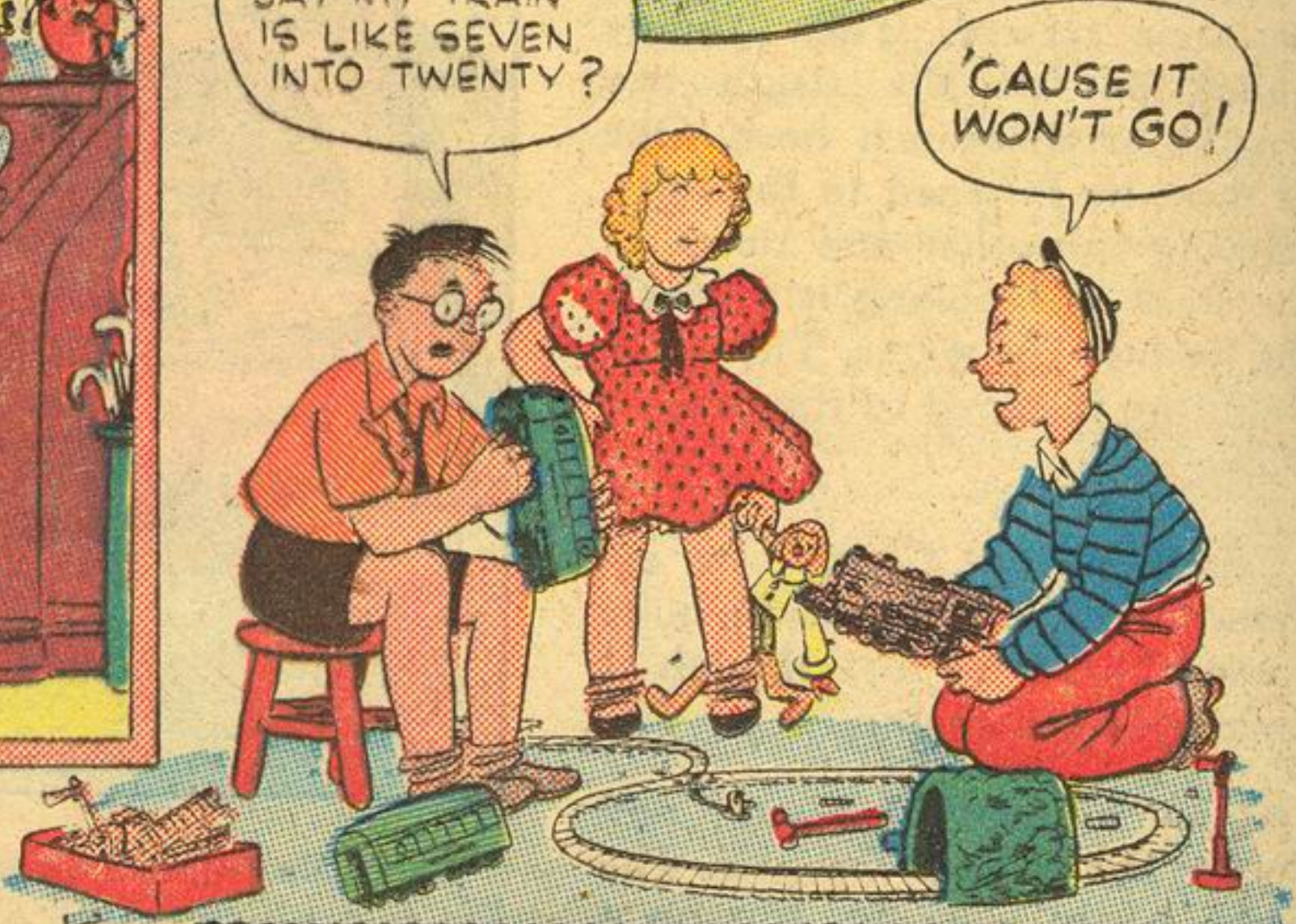
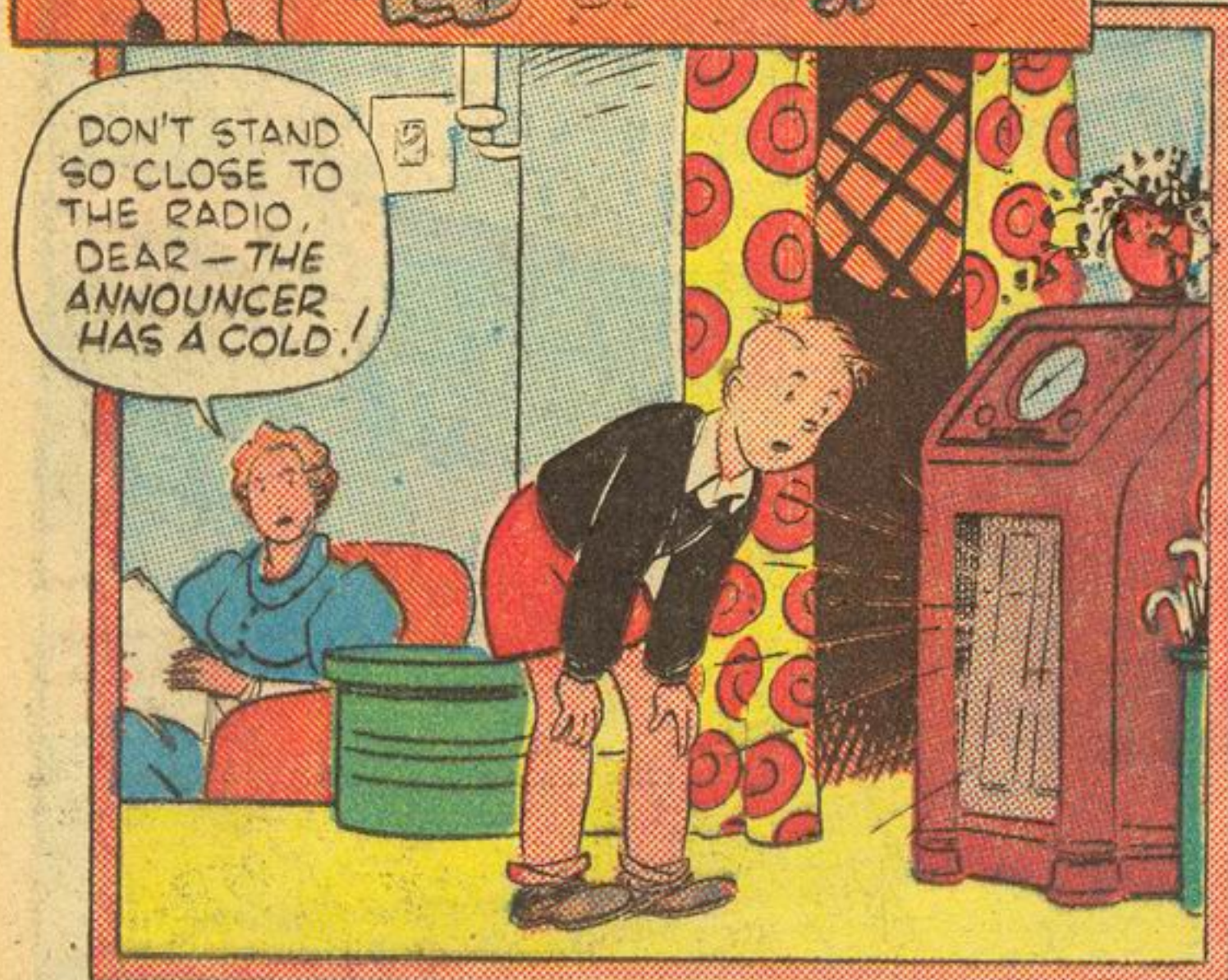
"I know," Haines replied. "I was tied in the crummy; only got loose a minute ago. A bag of that salt ripped open and spilled into his fuel reserve—he pumps it from the crummy, y' know—and it clogged his line."

Casey chuckled grimly. "Beat with his own medicine," he said.

Follow Jimmy Christian in
The Sea Bat in the May issue
of SMASH COMICS—on
sale March 20th.



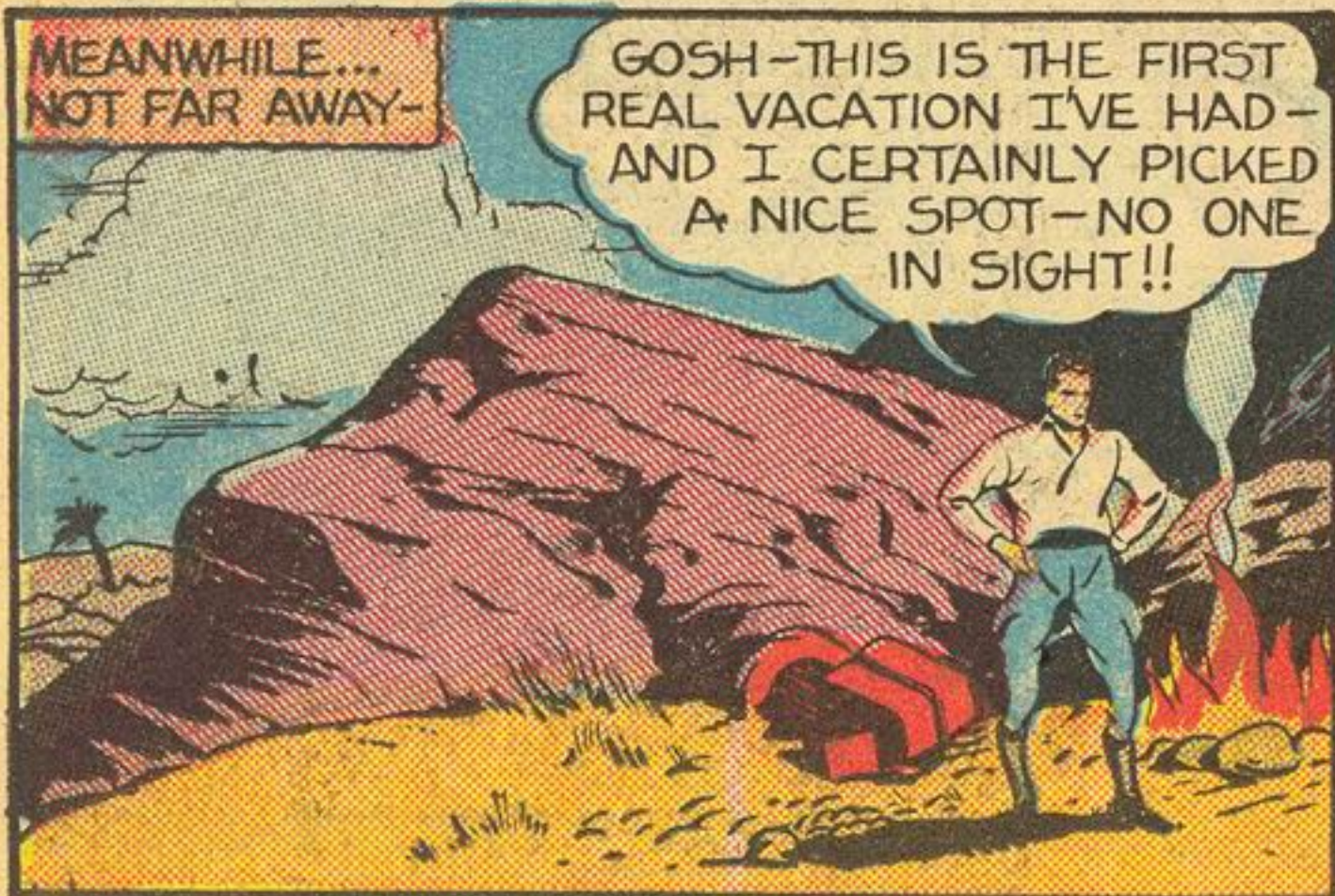
KIDDING THE KIDS



INVISIBLE JUSTICE

ART GORDON





KENT THURSTON, THE INVISIBLE HOOD AND ENEMY OF CRIME, HAS COME TO HAWK ISLAND FOR A SHORT VACATION...





H-HELP-
QUICKSAND!
HELP!!



SUDDENLY THE 'HOOD' APPEARS.

HERE-TAKE
HOLD OF THIS
BRANCH!

WHAT TH-!!
WHO'S
THERE?
I DON'T
SEE ANYONE!



I'LL EXPLAIN LATER
WHO I AM...
I SAW EVERYTHING-
IT WAS THE FELLOW
YOU CALLED 'SLADE'
WHO PUSHED YOU
IN!!

SLADE?



BUT WHY SHOULD
SLADE PUSH ME IN?
HE'S MY SECRETARY-
AND THESE
PIRATES-WHO
ARE THEY??
MAN-I'M
CONFUSED!!

I WISH
I KNEW-
IF YOU
WANT TO
FIND OUT
FOLLOW ME!!



L
A
T
E
R

LOOK!! AN
OLD STOCKADE!

YES-IT
MUST BE
THE PIRATES'
STRONGHOLD!!



I HOPE THAT
DOOR'S OPEN-
WE'VE GOT TO
FIND JOAN!



SUDDENLY A TRAPDOOR GIVES
WAY BENEATH THEIR FEET...



WHERE ARE
WE, HOOD? THE
TRAPDOOR CLOSED
BY ITSELF-MUST
HAVE SPRINGS!
NOW, WHAT DO
WE DO??

THE
PIRATES
MUST HAVE
COME IN
THROUGH
A SECRET
PASSAGE-
SH-! LISTEN-
SOMEONE'S
COMING-!!



HA-HA-SOME GUY
FELL IN....WHAT TH-!!
IT'S TH' GUY WE
KNOCKED IN 'TH'
QUICKSAND...



SAY-HOW DID
YOU...
UGH-!

QUICK!!
CLOSE
THE DOOR,
DEXTER!!

SOCK!

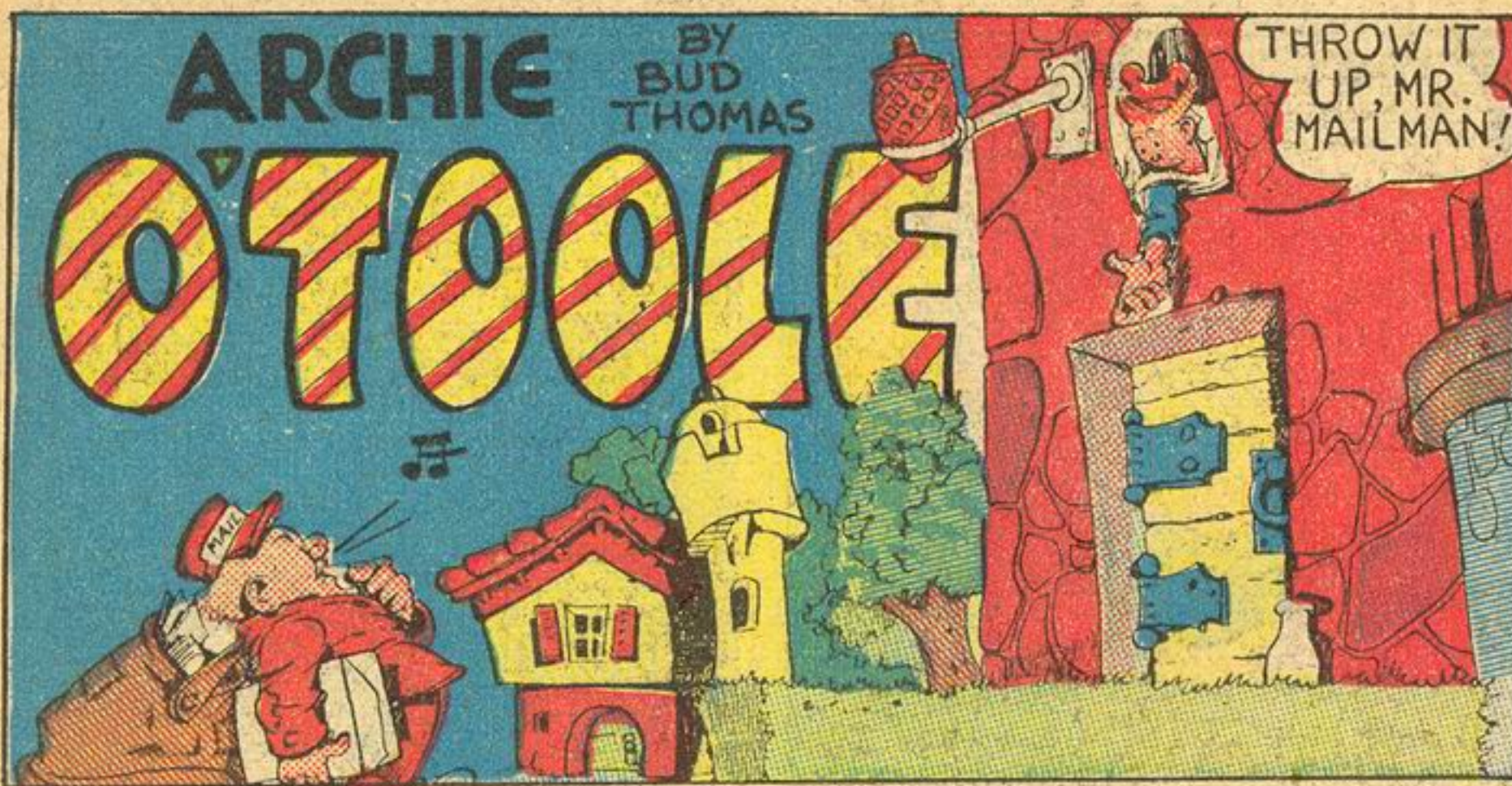


BOY-WHAT
A SHOT!
NICE
WORK,
HOOD!

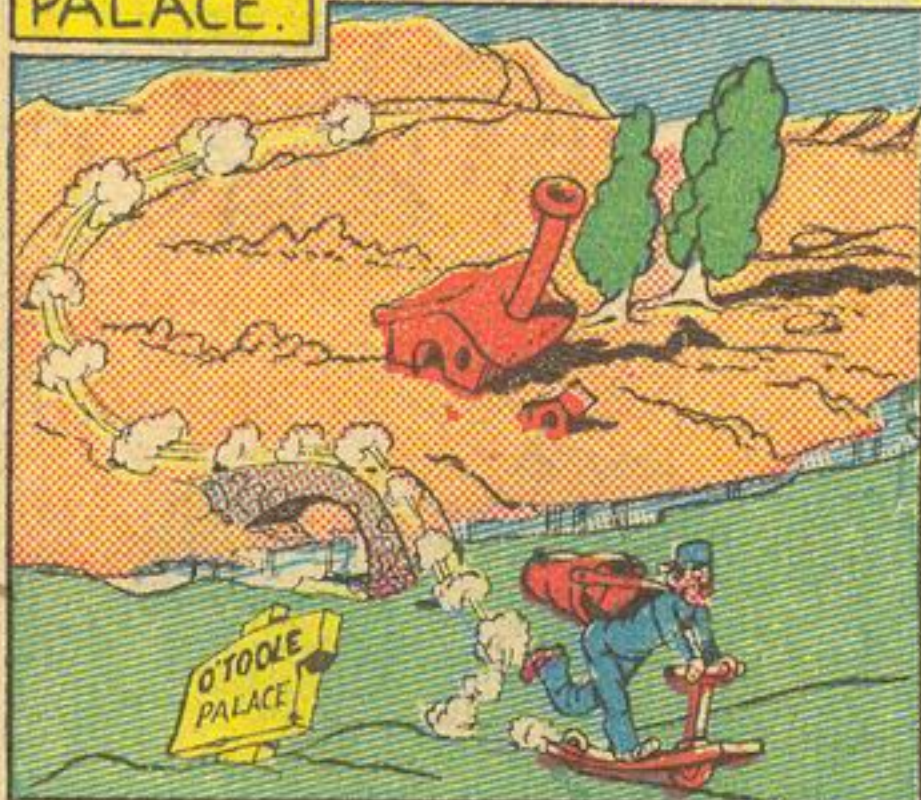
THESE "GHOSTS"
HAVE GIVEN US
A SCARE-BUT
NOW THE GHOSTS
ARE GOING TO GET
A TASTE OF THEIR
OWN MEDICINE-
LISTEN, DEXTER!
HERE'S MY PLAN-



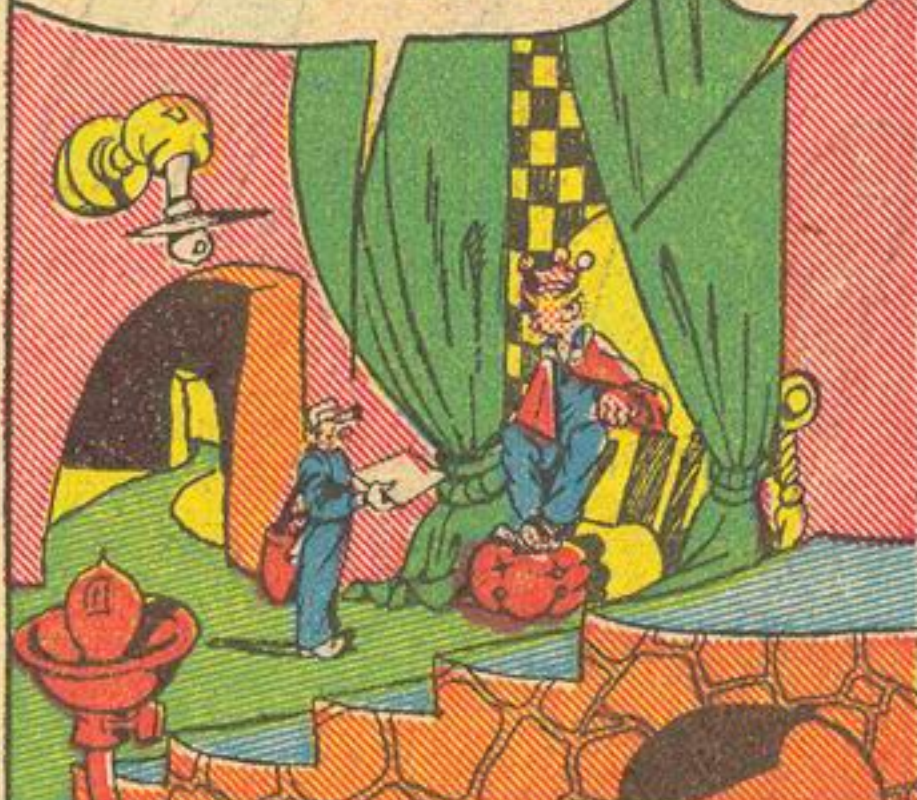




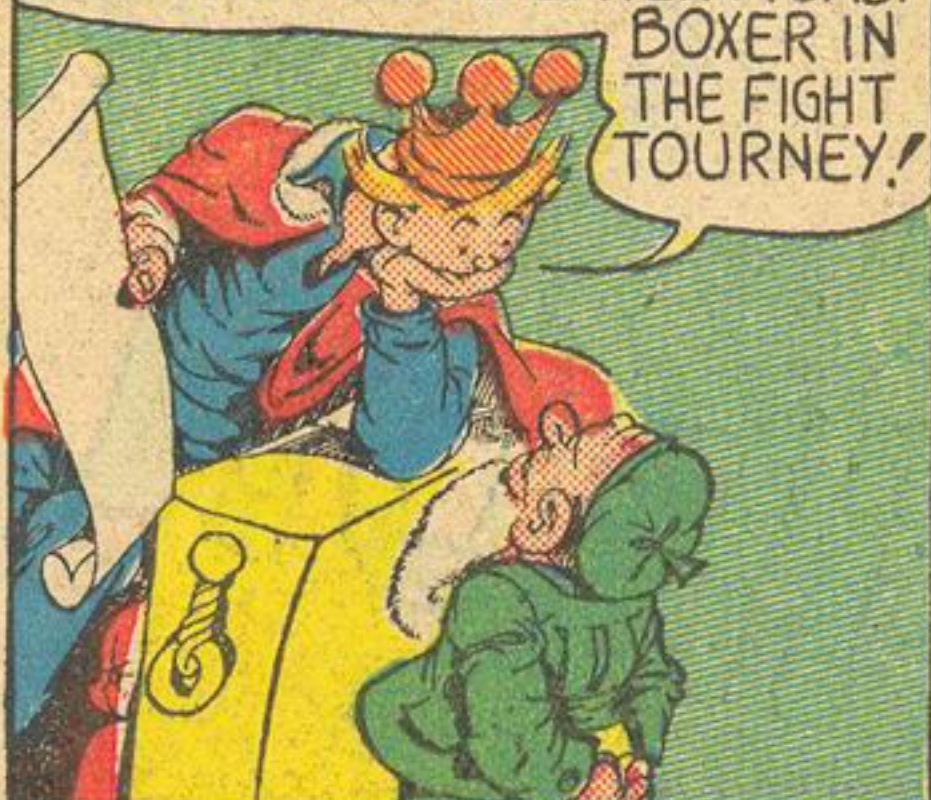
ONE FINE MORNING THE SCOOTER MAIL EXPRESS SPEEDS TO THE PALACE.



A LETTER, Y' MAJESTY.. ER-2¢ POSTAGE DUE! THANK YOU!



LOOK, TUMBLEWEED, KING DING IS INVITIN' US TO ENTER A BABY BOXER IN THE FIGHT TOURNEY!



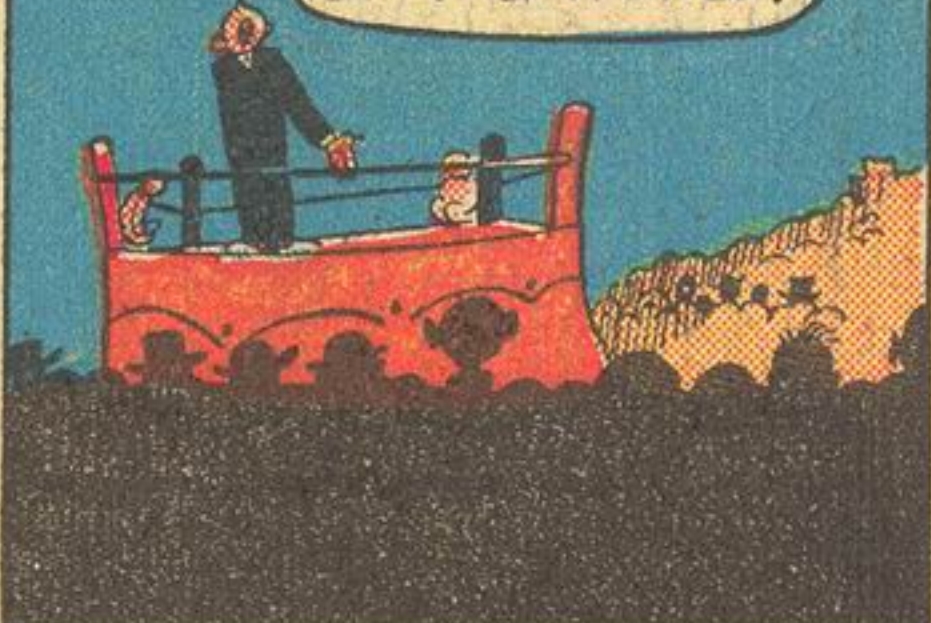
GOSH, YOU'RE SO TINY, I CAN'T ASK YOU TO-



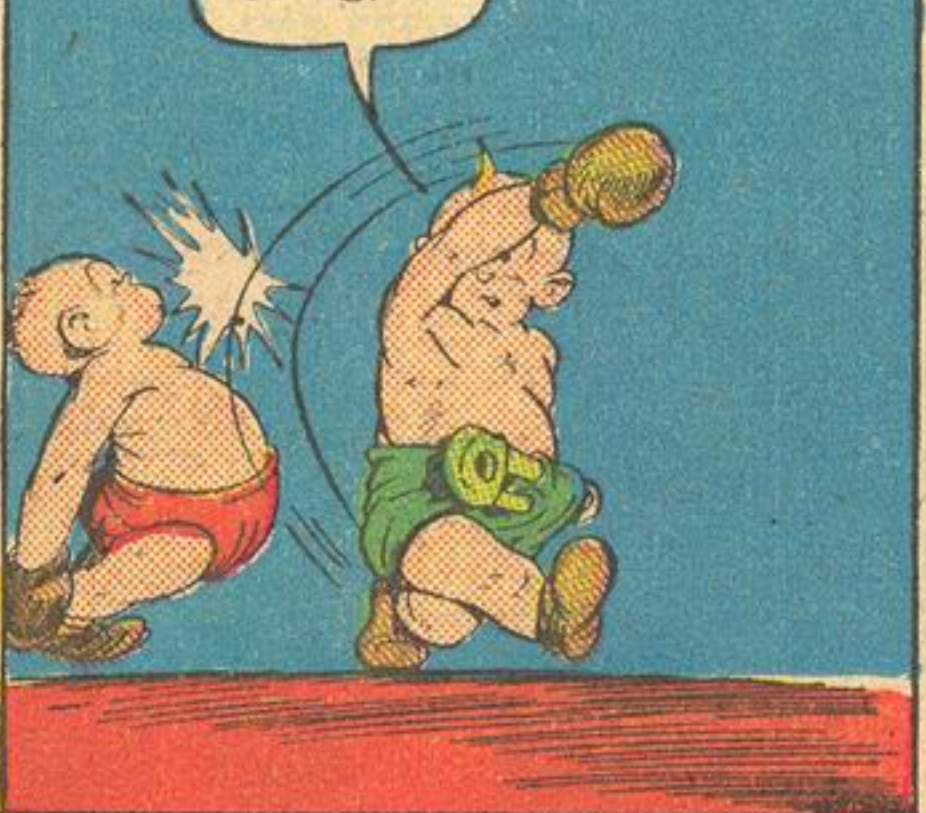
HSST- LET HIM- MAYBE AFTER THOSE BIG BABIES SLAP HIM AROUND HE WON'T BE SO TOUGH!



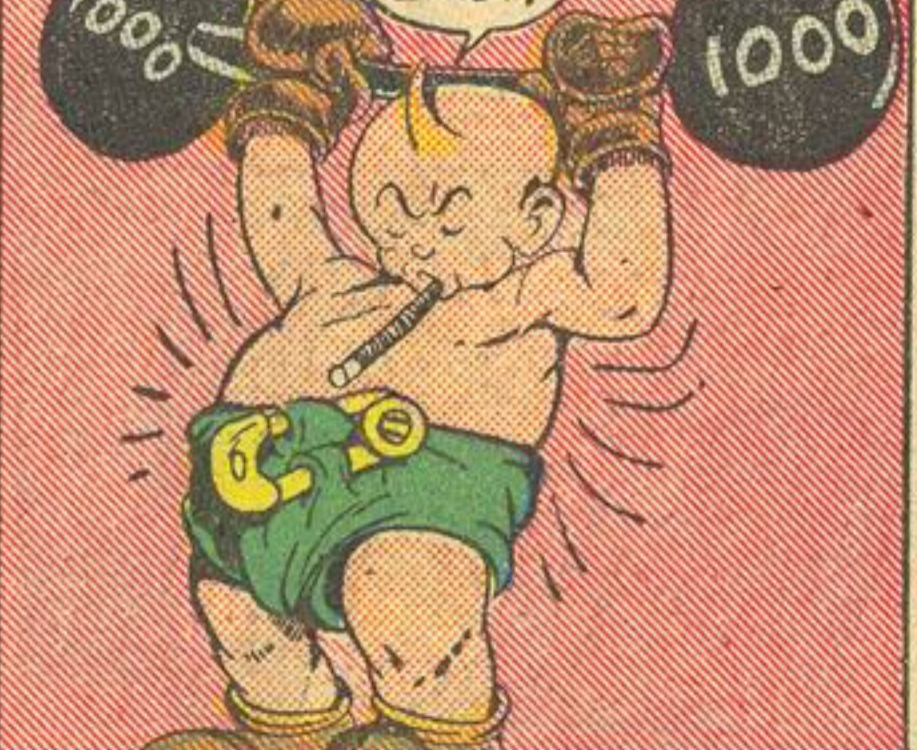
IN THIS CORNAH- SLUG MONTGOMERY! IN THIS CORNAH K.O. TOTT... FOR THE PAPER-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD!



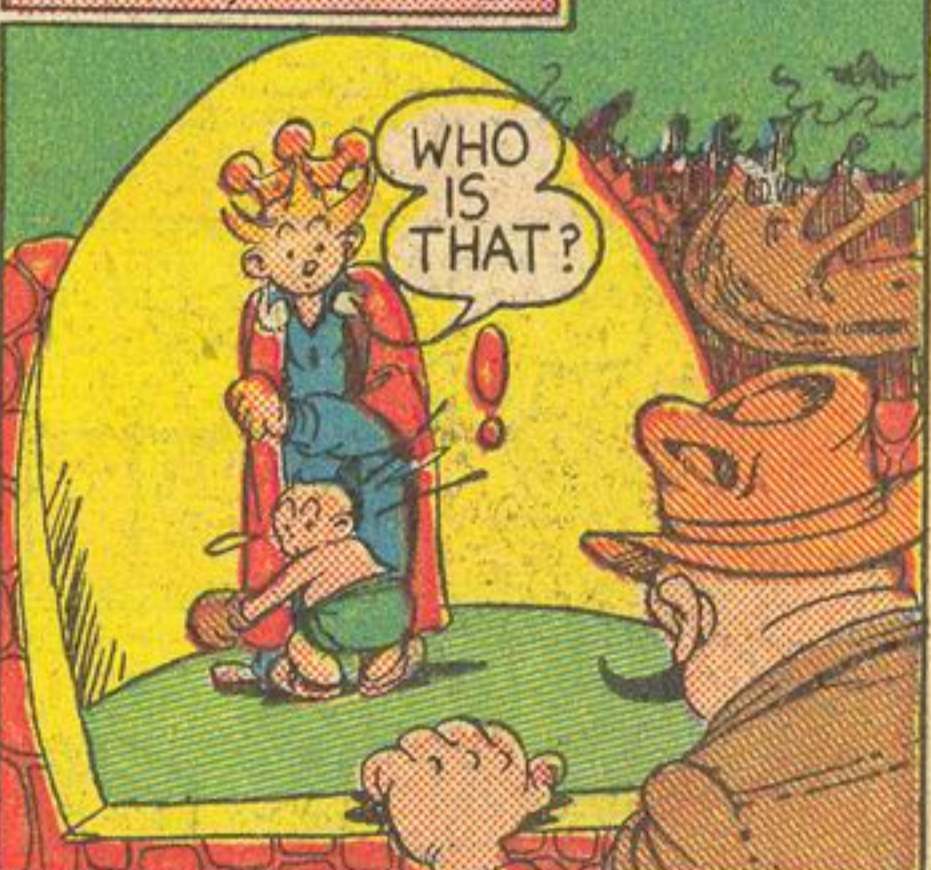
BOY-THIS IS A CINCH!



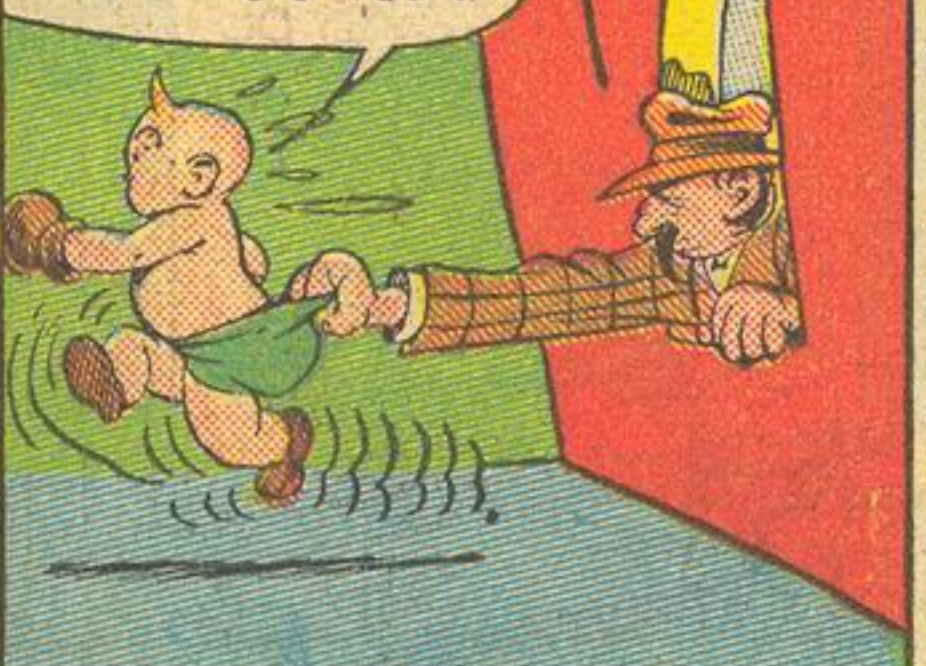
C'MON, COUSIN, LET'S GO HOME, THIS IS TOO EASY!



LATER, AT HOME...

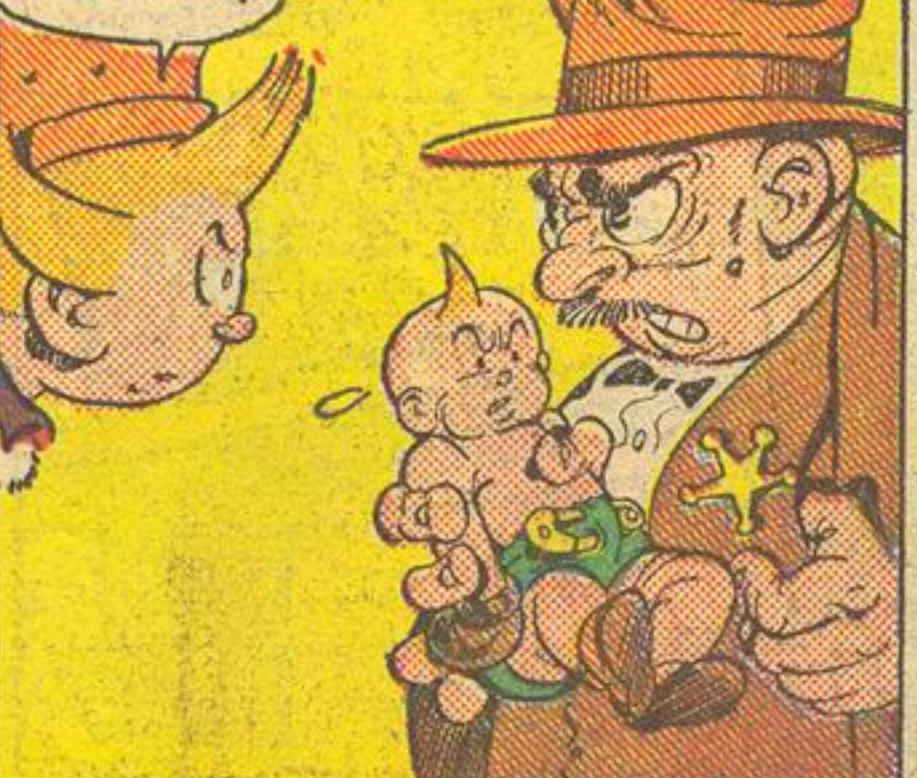


ER-AHEM- PARDON ME, I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A LADY BOUNCER!



NO YOU DON'T!

HEY! LEAVE MY KID COUSIN ALONE!



KID COUSIN? BAH!

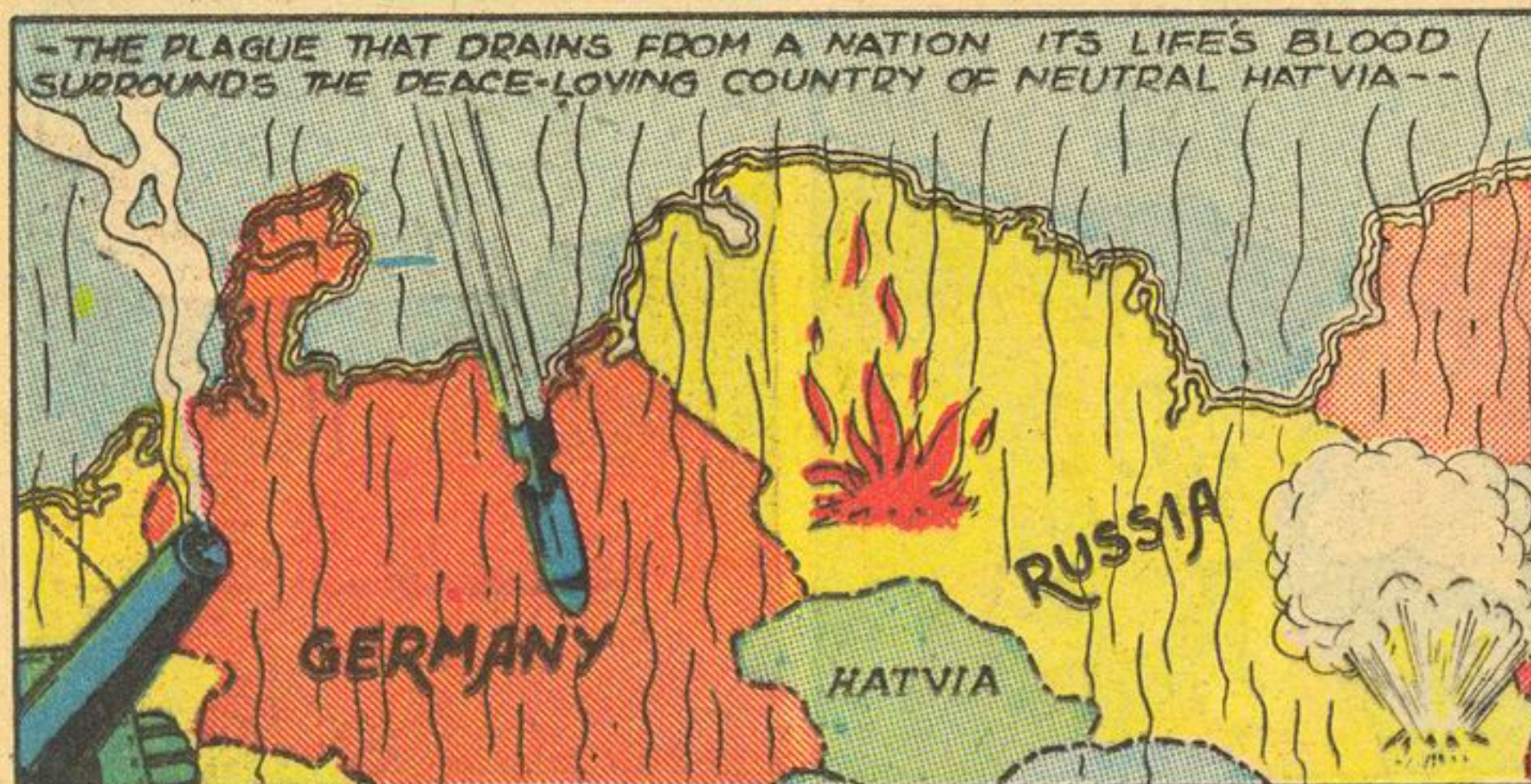
HE'S MIDGET MAX, THE BIGGEST 'PHONEY' IN THE WORLD! HE'S WANTED IN EVERY STATE IN THE UNION!



*Hugh Hazzard
and his*

IRON MAN

by
WAYNE REID



IN THE FIELDS THE PEASANTS TOIL- IGNORING THE GRAVE SITUATION THAT ENGULFS THEM--



BUT THEIR LEADER, PRESIDENT HATCHEC, REALIZES THE FATE TO COME--



- IF WE ARE TO REMAIN NEUTRAL, WE MUST GAIN THE SUPPORT OF THAT GREAT COUNTRY-- THE UNITED STATES---



-WITH THAT NATION BEHIND US-- MOTLER AND HIS GREED WOULD RESPECT OUR DEMANDS, OUT OF FEAR--!



..TO INSURE THIS, I AM SENDING A GOOD-WILL AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES-



I HAVE BOOKED PASSAGE FOR HIM ON THE YANKEE CLIPPER, LEAVING HARVE TOMORROW-



AS THE MEETING CLOSES, A SPY QUIETLY SLIPS THROUGH THE HALLS---



...AND RACES THROUGH THE NIGHT TOWARD THE BORDER--



MOTLER- I MUST SEE HIM--!

PASS--



HERR MOTLER- I HAVE NEWS--

WHAT IS IT?



HATCHEC IS SENDING AN AMBASSADOR TO AMERICA-- ON THE CLIPPER SHIP, LEAVING TOMORROW--



HE MUST NEVER REACH AMERICA ALIVE - I HAVE A PLAN---



GET TWO VOLUNTEERS TO GO ON A SECRET MISSION--HURRY--



YOUR EXCELLENCY, GOEING AND GONN, AT YOUR COMMAND!



I WILL BE BRIEF - THE YANKEE CLIPPER MUST NEVER REACH ITS DESTINATION -



EQUIP A PLANE WITH A DESTRUCTION-RAY MACHINE - WHEN YOU ARE HALF WAY ACROSS THE OCEAN, FOCUS IT ON THE MOTORS OF THE CLIPPER--SLOWLY---



-IT WILL GIVE THEM ALL TIME TO THINK, BEFORE THEY GO TO THEIR DOOM- HAH- HAH--!

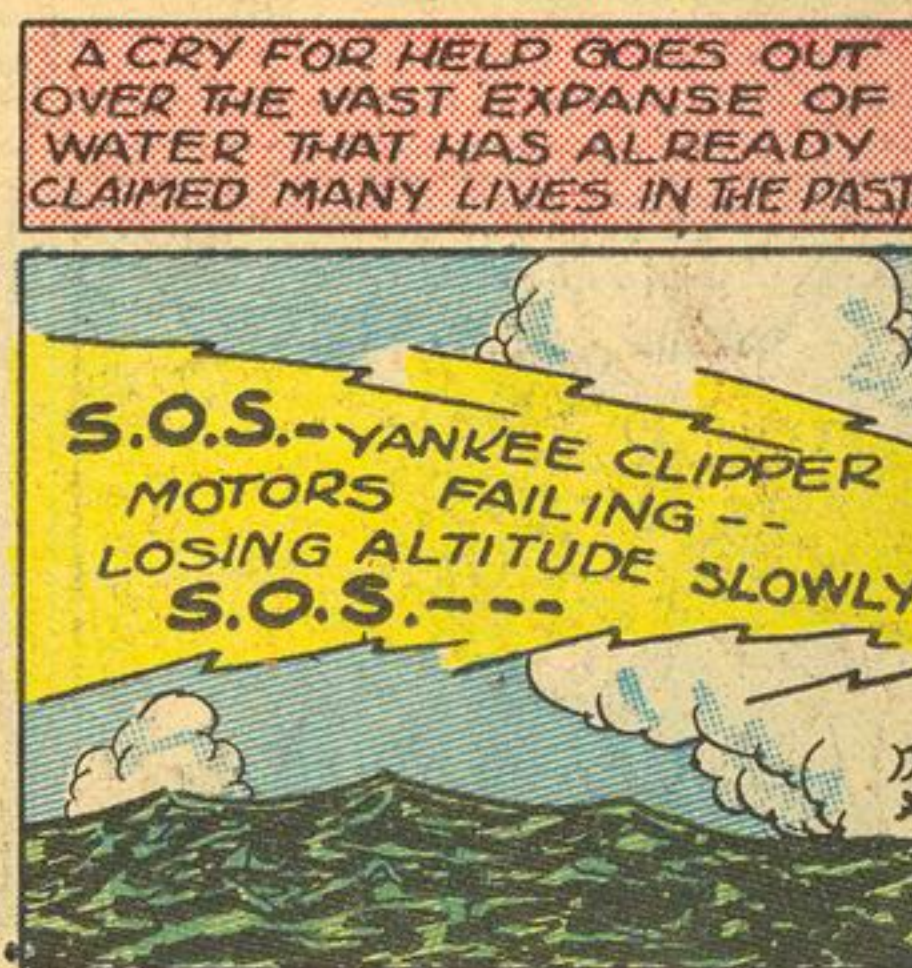
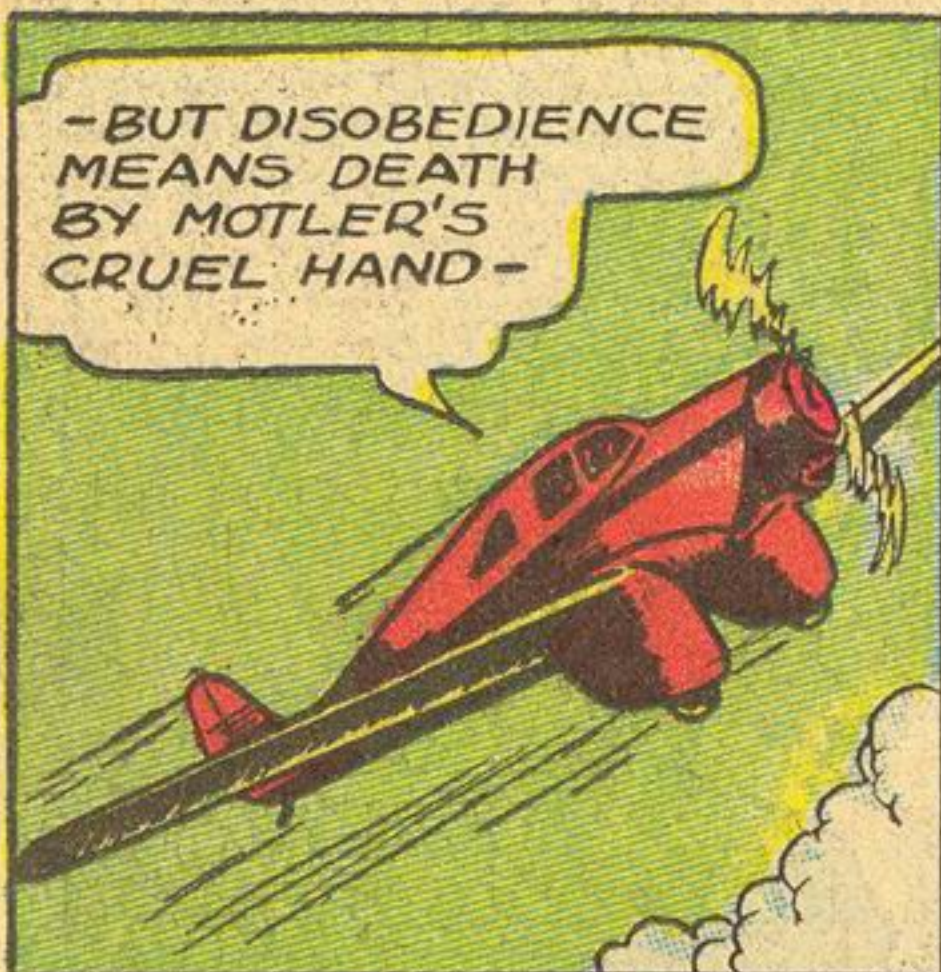
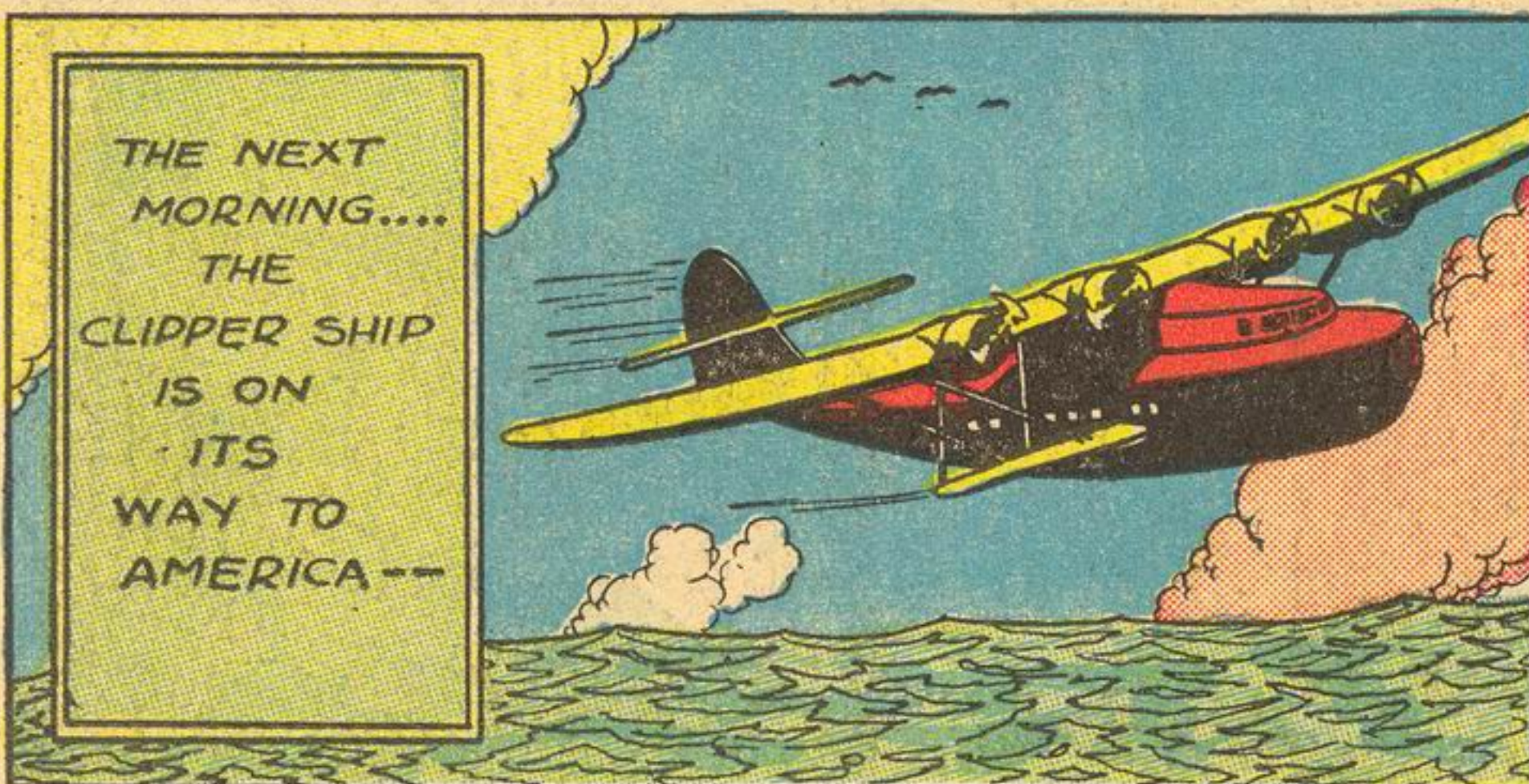


SHOULD ANYTHING HAPPEN TO US, HERR MOTLER - WHAT OF OUR FAMILIES ??

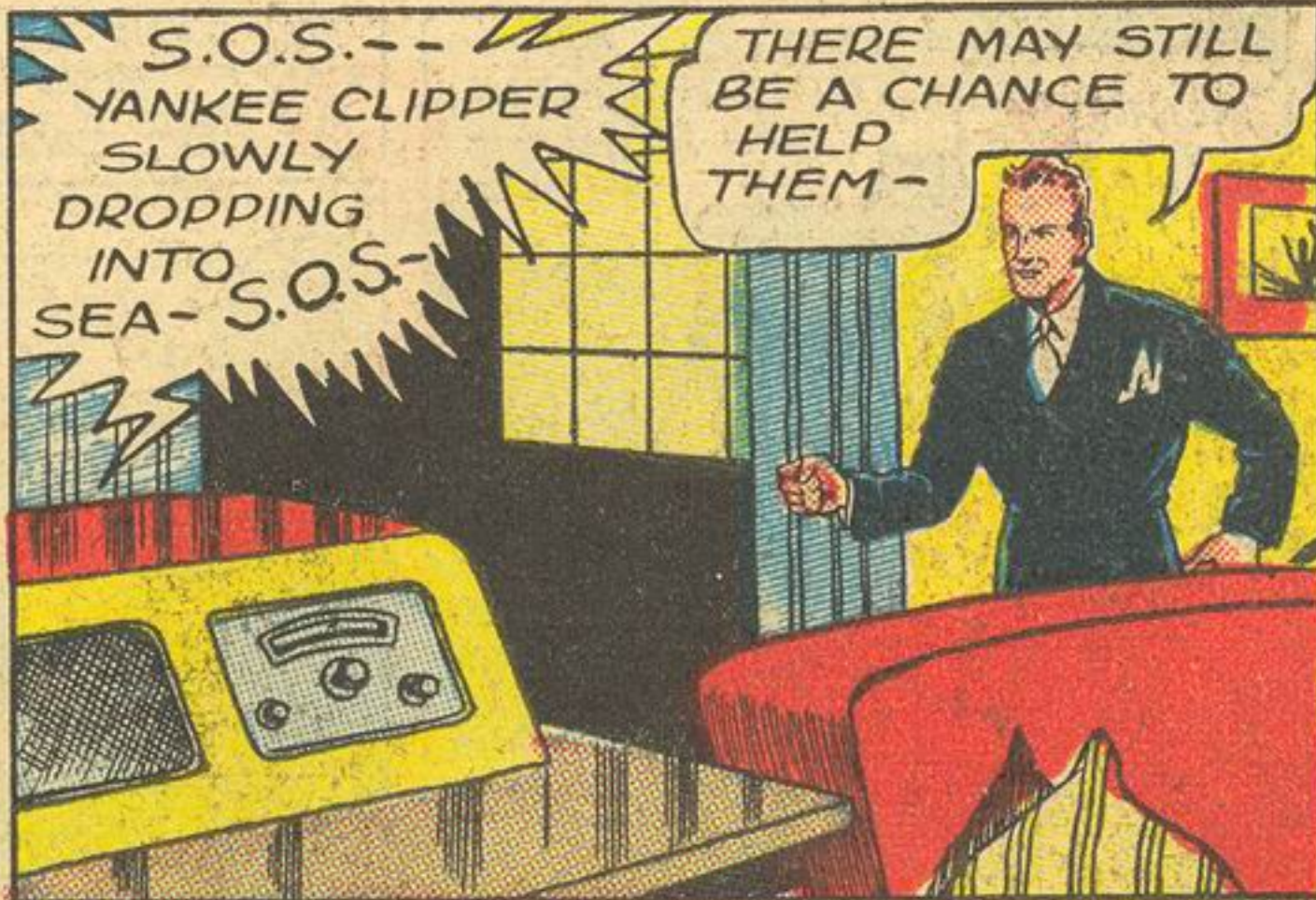


YOUR LOYALTY TO THE DOUBLE CROSS WILL BE REMEMBERED, AND THEY WILL BE TAKEN CARE OF - GOOD BYE AND GOOD LUCK--!

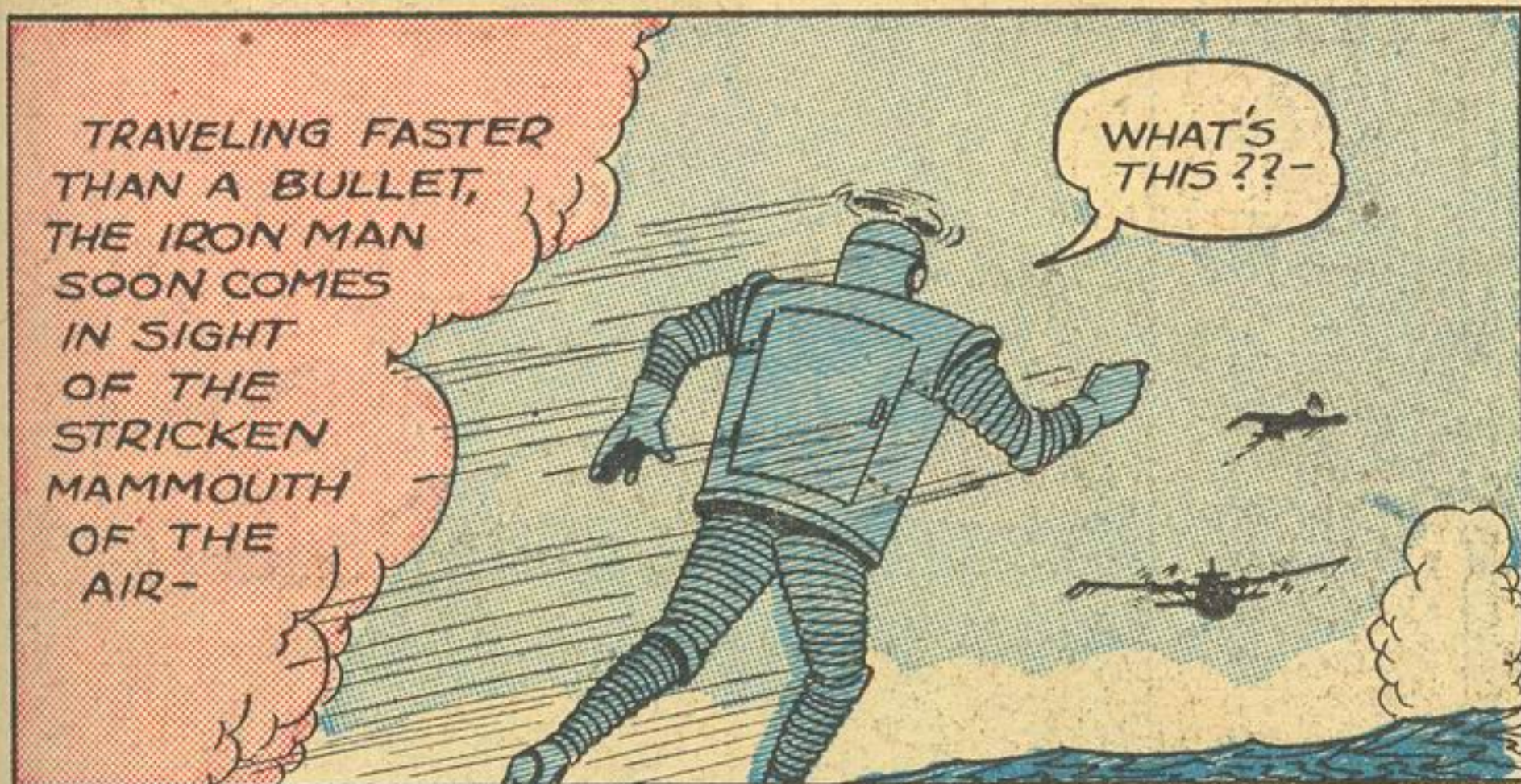
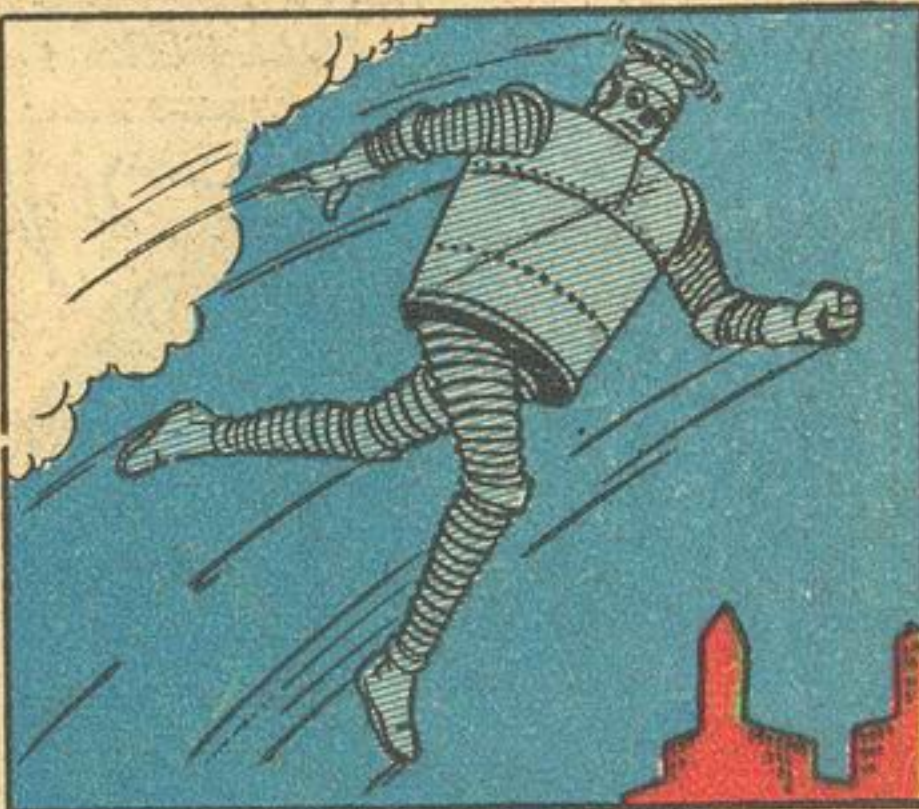




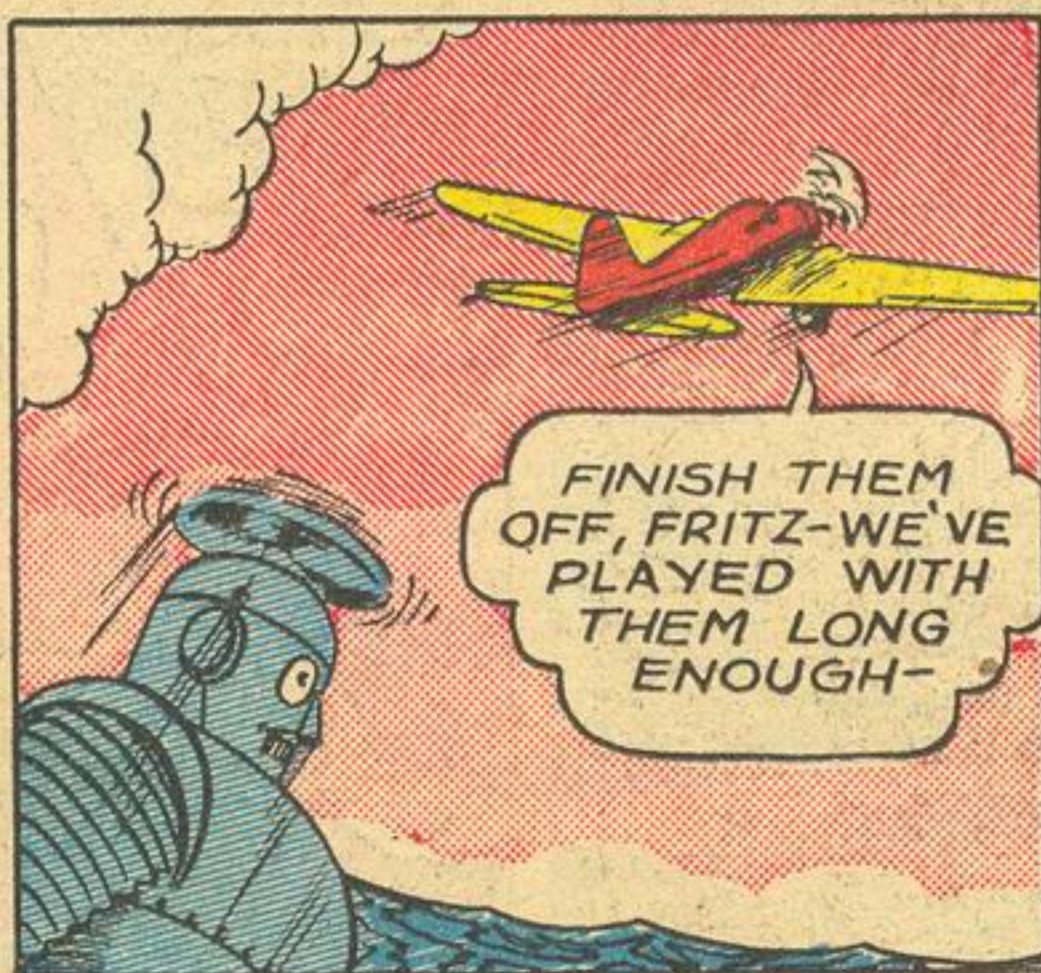
THE
CRY
FOR
HELP
IS
PICKED
UP ON
HUGH
HAZZARD'S
SHORT
WAVE
SET--



...AND HUGH, INSIDE THE IRON
MAN, IS OFF TO THE RESCUE--



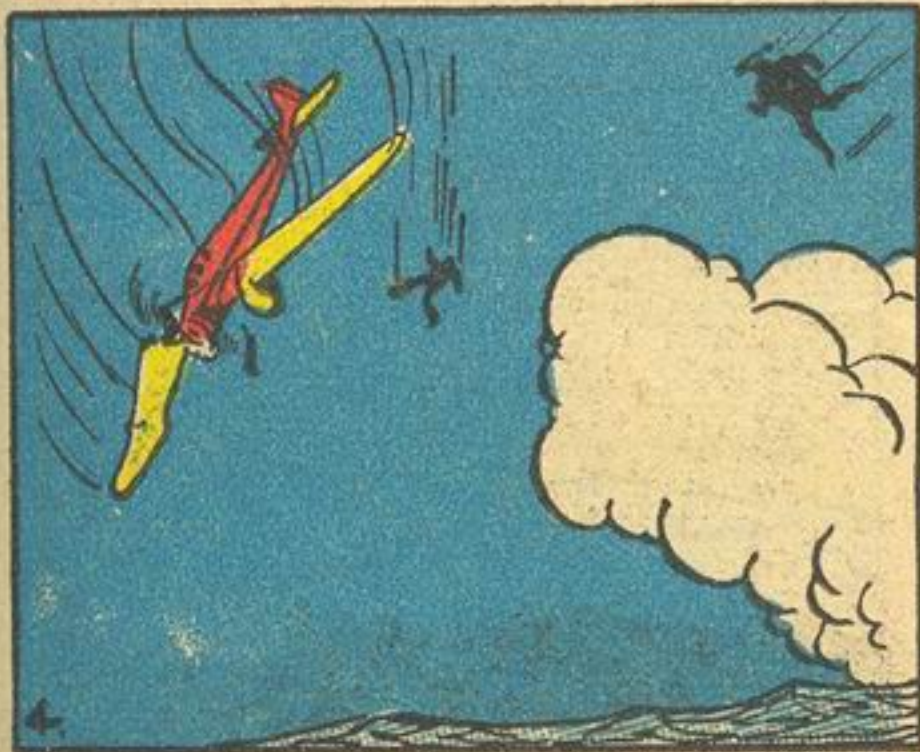
BY
MEANS
OF A
SOUND
DETECTOR,
HUGH
PICKS
UP THE
CONVERSATION
OF
GOEING
AND
GONN--

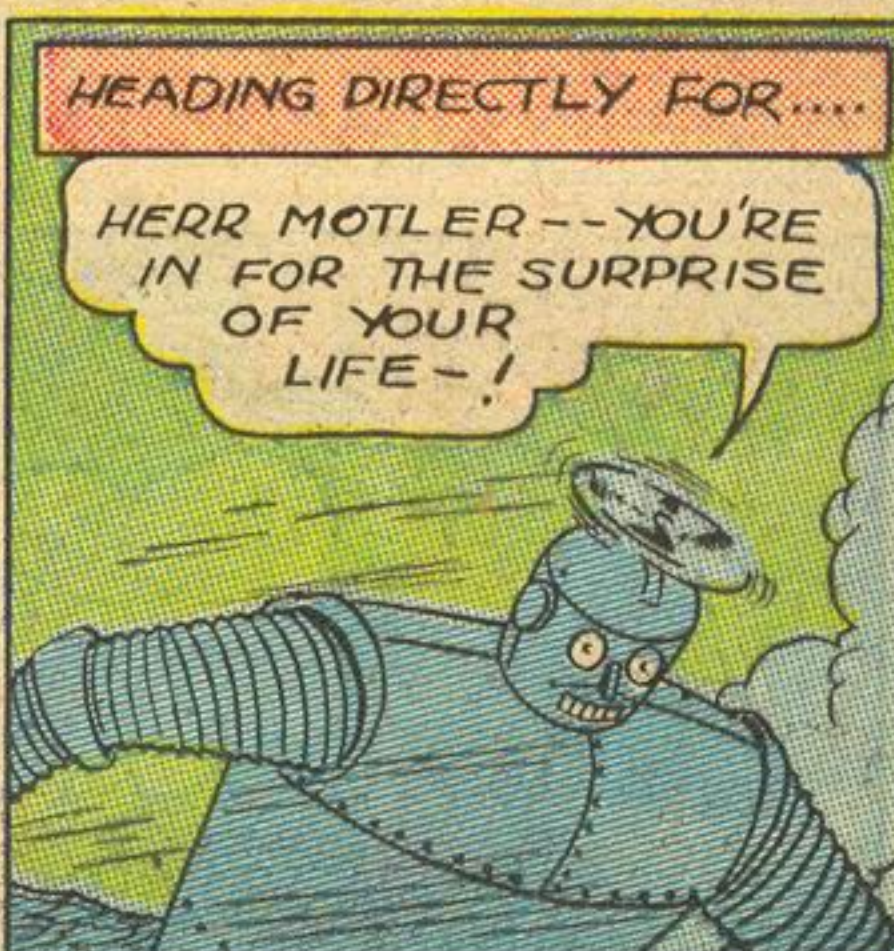
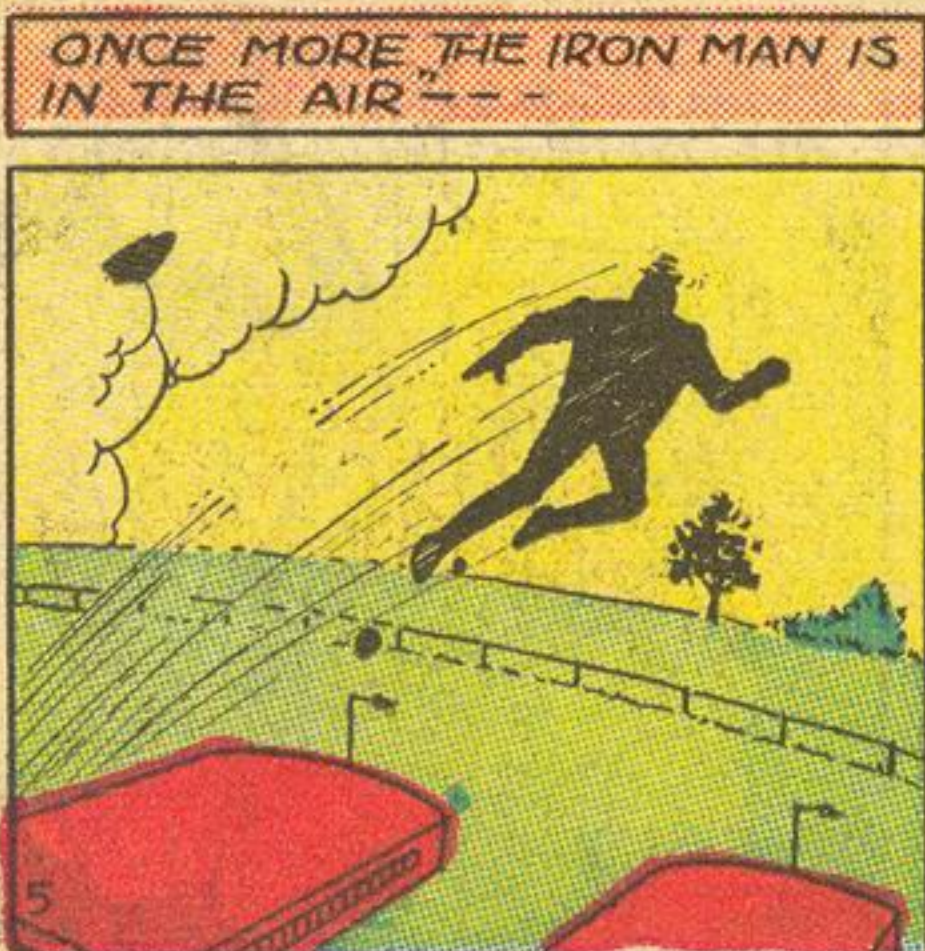
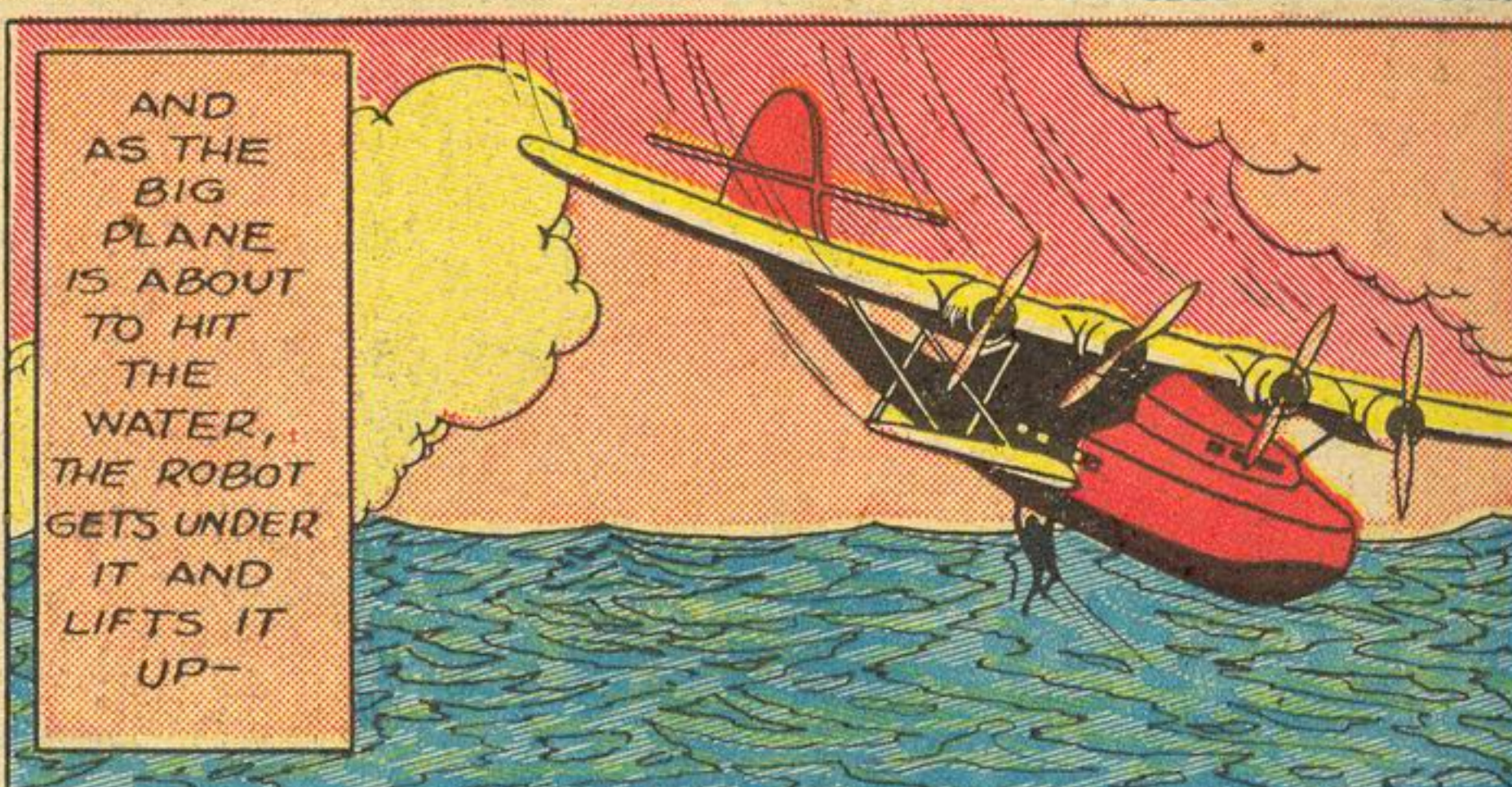
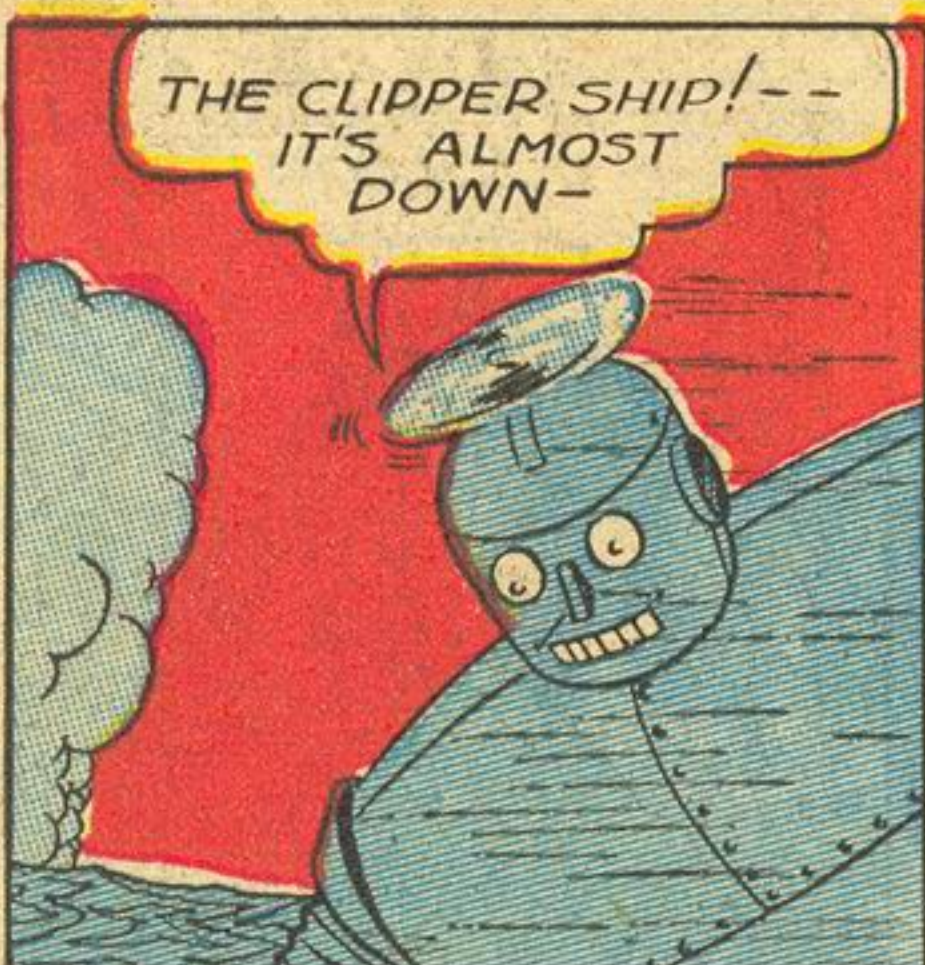


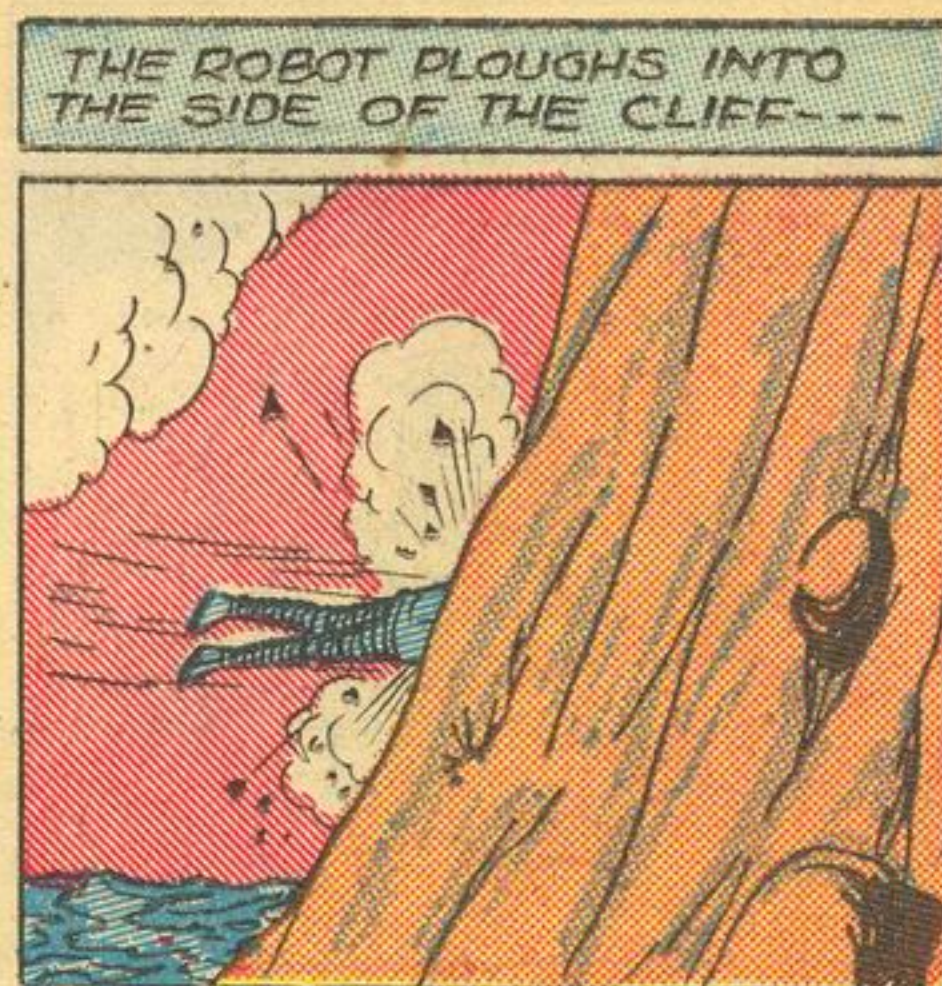
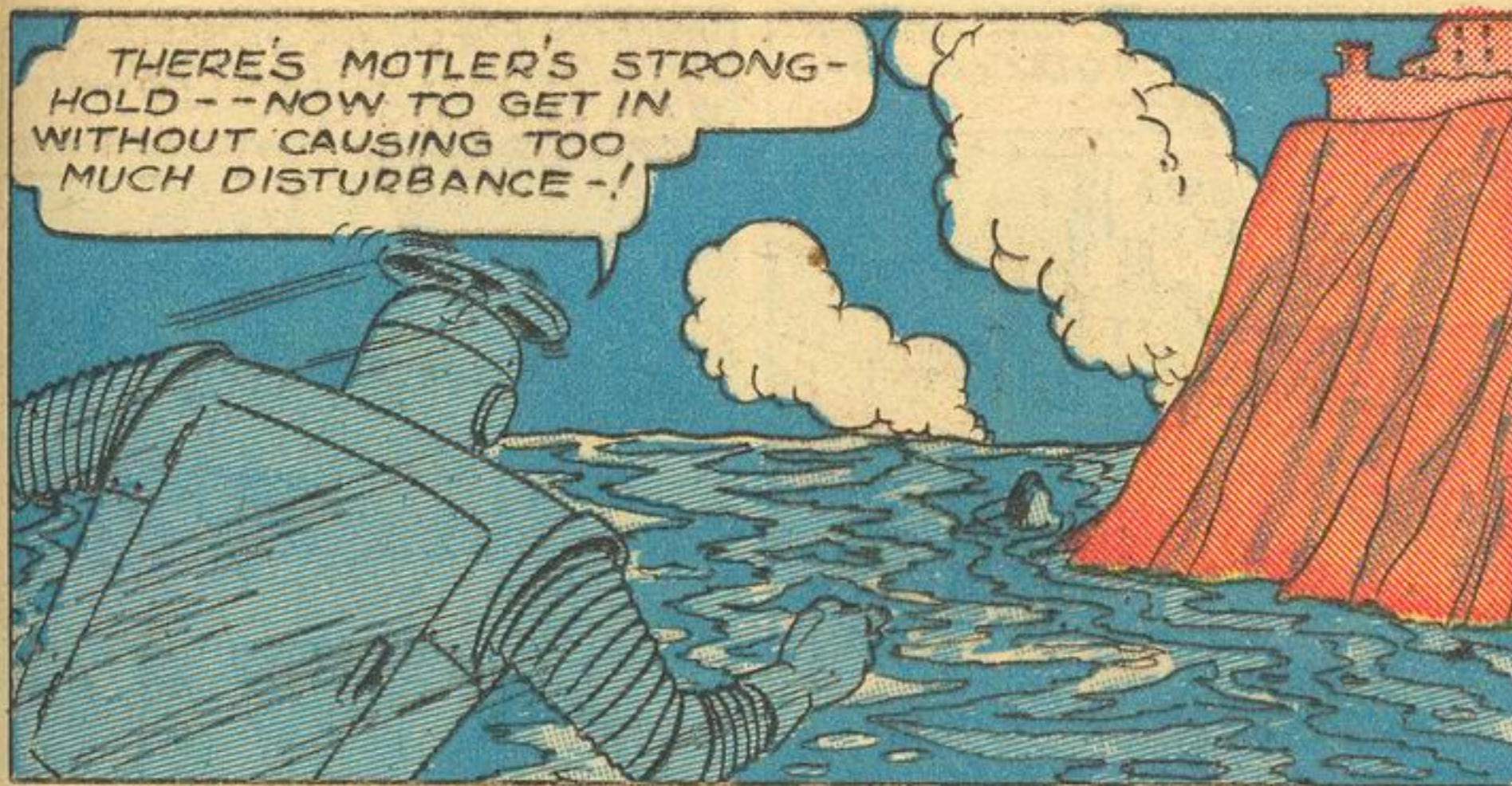
AND
THE
ROBOT
GOES
INTO
ACTION
AGAINST
THE RAY-
EQUIPPED
SHIP--



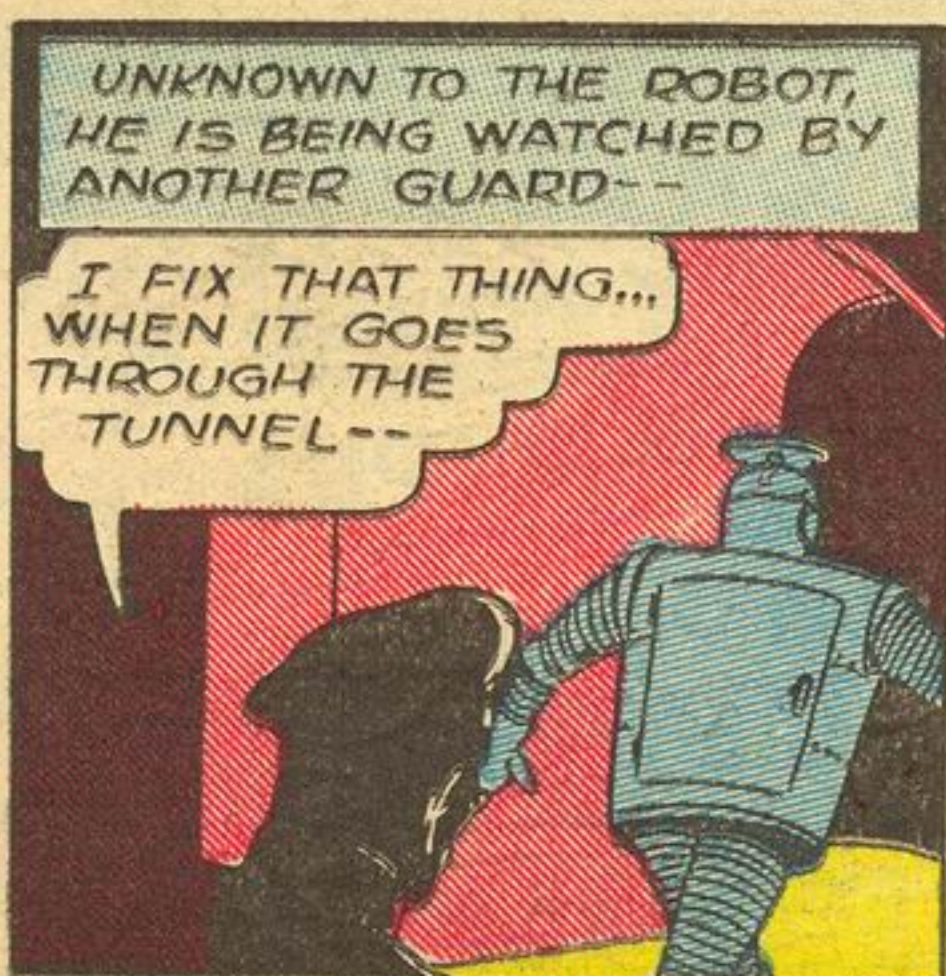
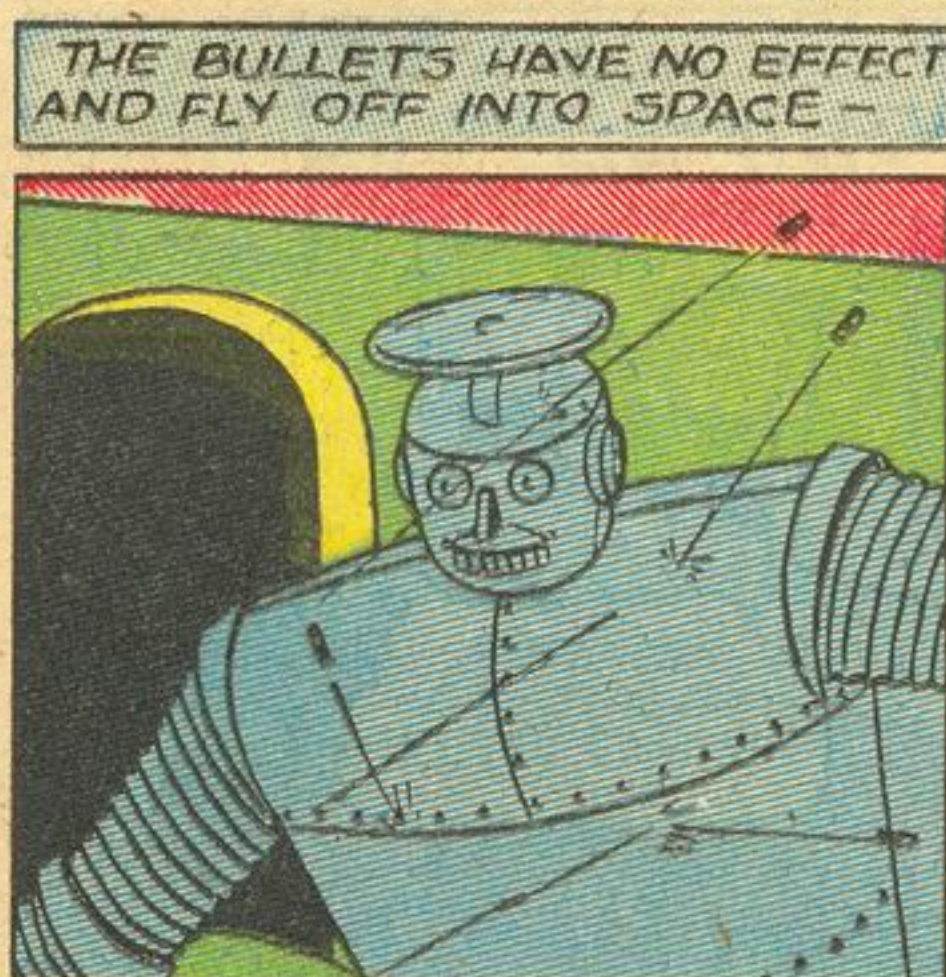
AS THE PLANE FALLS, GOEING
IS THROWN CLEAR OF THE
WRECKAGE--



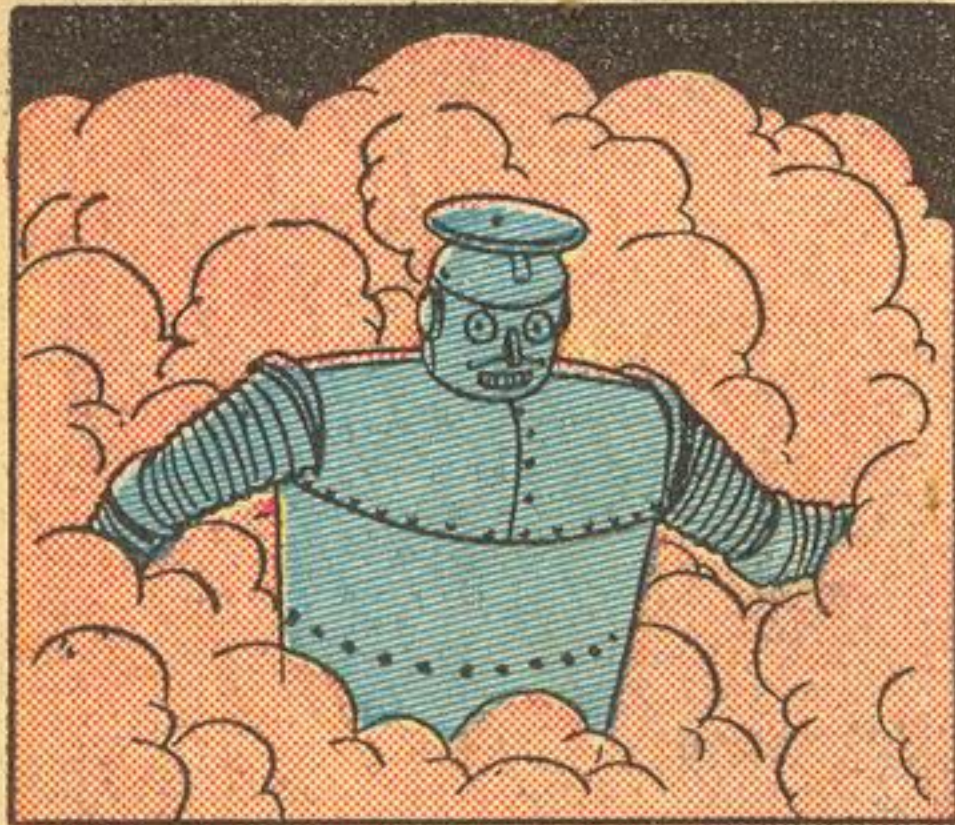




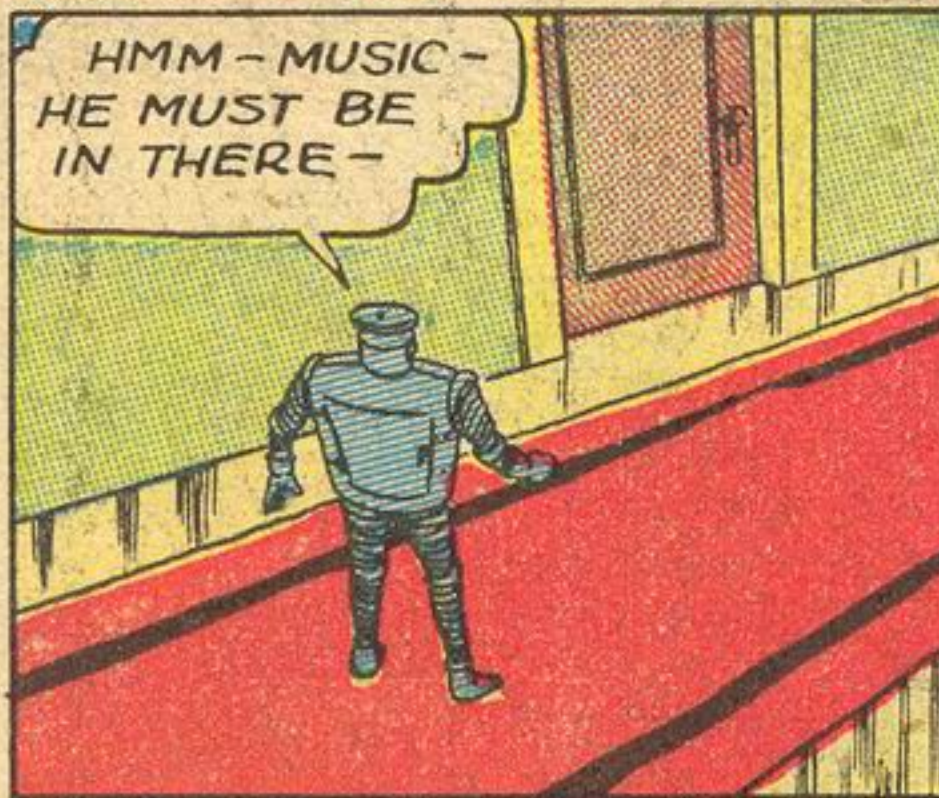
..BUT IS SEEN BY AN ALERT GUARD--



STILL THE IRON MAN GOES, ON UNHARMED--

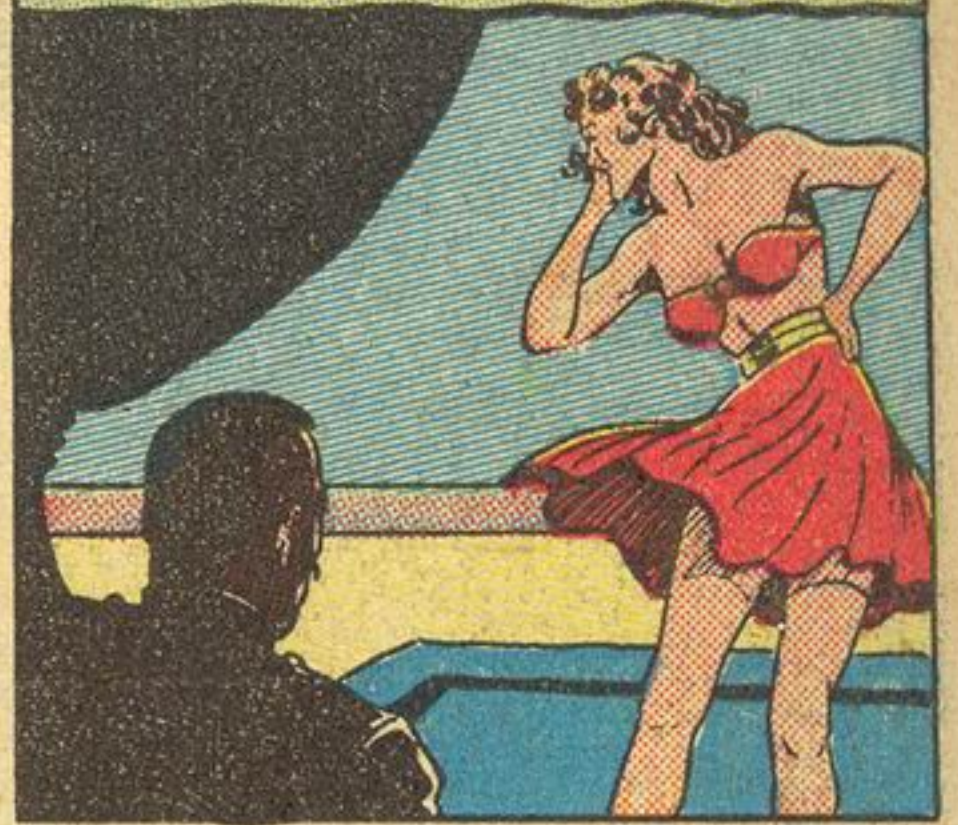


MINUTES LATER, THE ROBOT IS ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE NORTH WING--

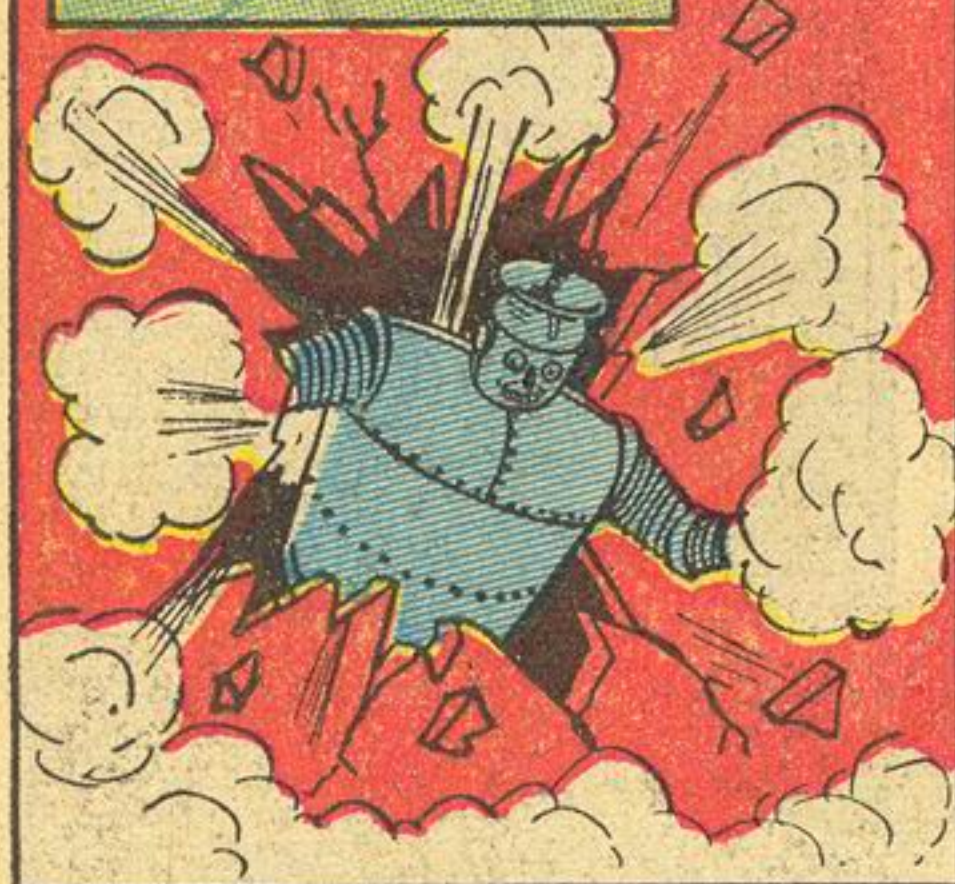


HMM - MUSIC - HE MUST BE IN THERE -

AND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR..MOTLER IS ENTERTAINED BY A DANCING GIRL---



WHEN SUDDENLY--

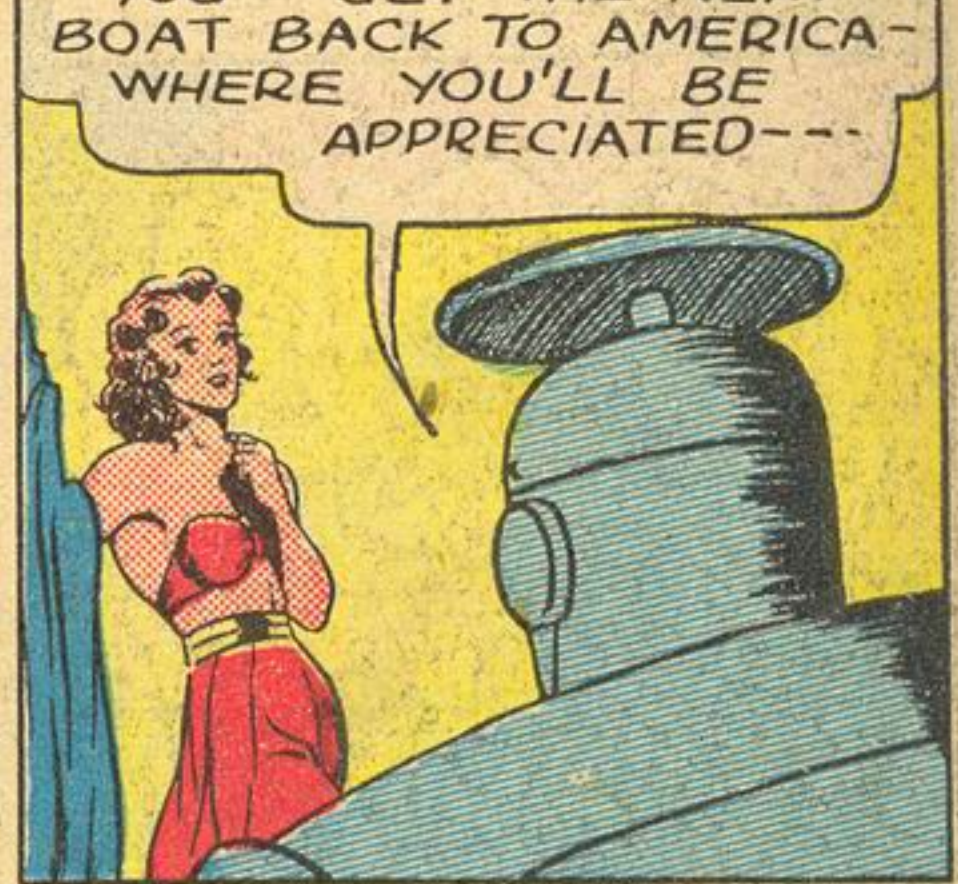


OH H H H H H--
THAT THING--
WHAT IS IT??--
SAVE ME--

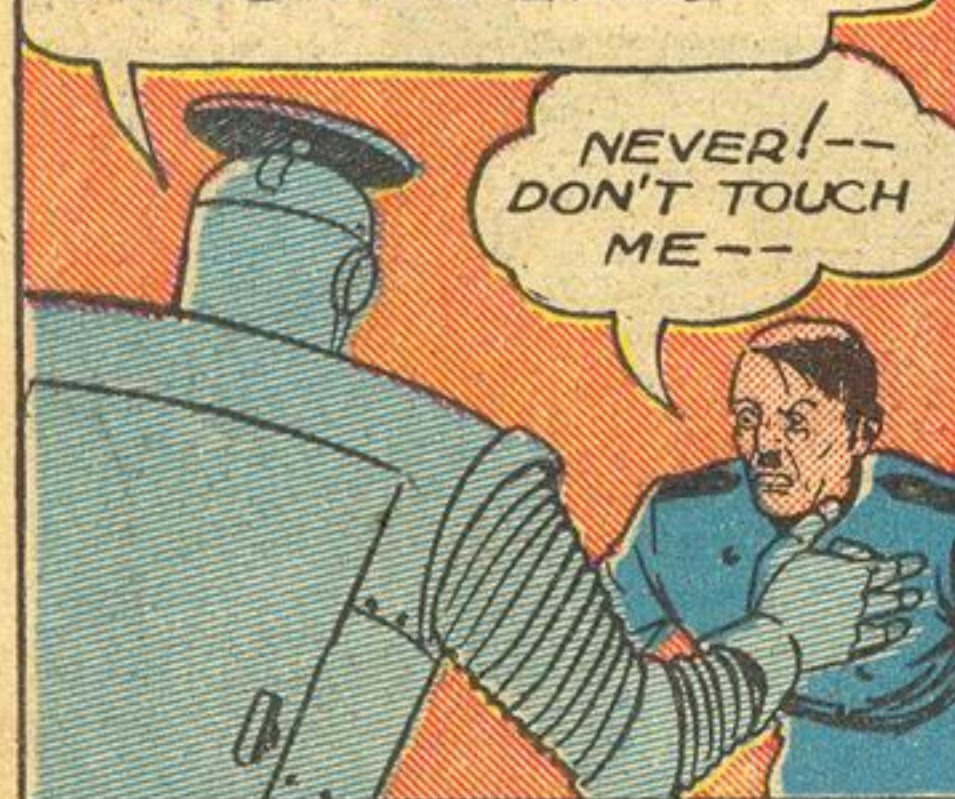


SAVE YOU??

YOU-- GET THE NEXT BOAT BACK TO AMERICA-- WHERE YOU'LL BE APPRECIATED---



AND NOW, MOTLER--FOR THE GOOD OF THE WORLD--YOU'RE GOING INTO EXILE--



NEVER!-- DON'T TOUCH ME--

GET BACK-- I'LL HAVE YOU SHOT FOR THIS--



MOTLER, YOU FOOL-- STAND STILL--

YAAAAAAA--



THE MAD DICTATOR DOES NOT HEED THE IRON MAN'S COMMAND AND BACKS OVER THE LOW RAILING, TO THE ROCKS BELOW---

MOTLER--THE WORLD IS NOW RID OF ITS WORST ENEMY, AND NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED--



LATER--IN NEWSPAPERS THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE---

TAIL
MOTLER'S DEATH A MYSTERY.
BODY FOUND AT BASE OF CLIFF
WORLD PEACE PROCLAIMED.

HATVIA HAILS MOTLER'S DEATH.

POLAND RESTORED.

? WAS MOTLER MAD?

IN THE February issue of **SMASH COMICS**, we asked our readers to pick a name for our new comic magazine and offered \$100.00 in prize money for this contest—\$50.00 first prize, \$20.00 second prize, \$10.00 third prize and twenty prizes of \$1.00 each. Here are the winners of this contest—

\$50.00 First Prize to

IRVING LEVY,
57 Schley Street,
Newark, N. J.

\$20.00 Second Prize to

KENNETH H. STROUT,
116 Spring Street,
Springfield, Mass.

\$10.00 Third Prize to

JANE RINGLER,
2818 Norwood Street,
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

\$1.00 Consolation Prizes to

MARIAN BLACK,
Box 250,
Kingman, Arizona.

MARY J. FUGET,
1338 Montgall Avenue,
Kansas City, Missouri.

ROSE LEFSETZ,
479 Salem Street,
Bridgeport, Conn.

RICHARD ROGERS,
483 West End Avenue,
New York City.

PERRY BLOOM,
94-15 Stafford Avenue,
Forest Hills, N. Y.

FRANK P. FULMER,
662 Cliff Street, N. W.,
Massillon, Ohio.

BOB MEREDITH,
620 Lavelle Court,
Scranton, Pa.

FRANK SMITH,
Riverside Terrace,
Hespeler, Ontario.

JOHN CLEMENS,
36 Fairview Avenue,
Newark, N. J.

JOSEPH GARDNER,
287 Congress Avenue,
Rochester, N. Y.

AGNES MIENTELS,
1035 McReynolds Avenue,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

JAMES SPINGARN,
515 West End Avenue,
New York City.

JANE COOPER,
Box 1054,
Jacksonville, Florida.

MARY JEAN HALL,
88 Fairview Avenue,
Jersey City, N. J.

S. A. MOGAVERO,
126 Main Street,
Cooperstown, N. Y.

THOMAS A. VOSS,
98 Chadduck Avenue,
Buffalo, N. Y.

CLARA CROWDER,
3807 Park Street,
Columbia, South Carolina.

ROBERT JONES,
250 Blain Street,
Batavia, Illinois.

GREEN PENN,
Wentworth Hall,
Exeter, N. H.

JOAN WALLACE,
1404 S. Seminole Street,
Wauwoka, Oklahoma.

The name of our new magazine will be

CRACK COMICS

The first issue will be dated May 1940 and it will go on sale about March 20th. Reserve your copy now from your regular newsdealer.



ACT NOW!

ON THIS BARGAIN OFFER.

**THIS
BEAUTIFUL
DESK** FOR ONLY **\$1.00**

WITH ANY
REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibre board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

**THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU
LEARN TYPING FREE**

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

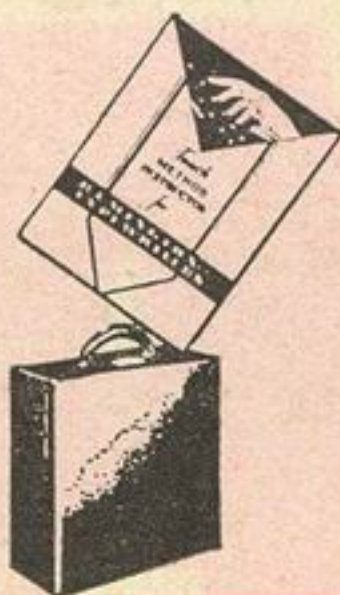
SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

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The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

**THE
COMBINATION
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How easy it is to pay for this combination. Just imagine! A small good will deposit and terms as low as 10c a day to get this combination at once. You will never miss 10c a day. Become immediately the possessor of this combination. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon.



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Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Booklet, for as little as 10c a day. Send Catalogue.

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Address.....

City..... State.....